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APRIL 12, 1924

Garet Garrett—Elizabeth Frazer—Richard Connell—Albert J. Beveridge
Josephine Daskam Bacon—C. E. Scoggins—Sophie Kerr—I. F. Marcosson

Original and only one-piece steel base, hollow centre truck tire

Semi-Pneumatic *defined in terms of* Performance

Eventually a truck tire tells what it is in figures of mileage; the Goodrich Semi-Pneumatic is ready to report on itself. After nearly three years of service with all types of trucks and every sort of work to which a truck can be put, the tire speaks for itself in the words of men who bought Semi-Pneumatics and watched them prove themselves.

The first performance of the tire wrote a new word, *Semi-Pneumatic*, into truck parlance; its final rendering of service has given the word a meaning unique among truck tires. Its records prove Goodrich in Semi-Pneumatics builded better than we knew, and praised them more conservatively than we dreamed.

The records

that we print here carry a valuable message for every owner and operator of a truck:

Buses Roll Up Mileage . . . "We have forty-two buses in operation daily, and practically all our equipment has been standardized to Semi-Pneumatic Tires . . . The mileage we receive averages between 30,000 and 40,000 miles . . . We know that the easy-riding qualities of the tire go a great way towards reducing the running expenses of our equipment." **C. H. Bean, Long Beach Transp. Co., Long Beach, Calif.**

* * *

Big Figure Mileage . . . "To date our Semi-Pneumatics have covered approximately 20,000 miles and show little sign of wear. In our opinion this is wonderful service, considering the excessive loads we carry, and we will be very much surprised if these tires do not deliver at least 35,000 to 40,000 miles." . . . . **Thos. F. Kennedy, John T. Kennedy Sales Co., Kansas City, Mo.**

* * *

May Last Four Years . . . "We have, at the present time, fifteen of our twenty-eight trucks equipped with Goodrich Semi-Pneumatics . . . Judging from past performances and the present condition of the oldest tires, we believe they will give us about four years' service."... **J. T. Callaghan, The Baker Evans Ice Cream Co., Cleveland, O.**

* * *

Read Between the Miles ..."In December, 1921, we bought six new 2-ton Macks, and specified your 36 x 5 Semi-Pneumatic equipment all around . . . . The tires ride easy, they give the motor wonderful protection, they protect the load and are the best non-skid tires we have ever had on any of our trucks . . . . Some of the Semi-Pneumatics have already gone over 20,000 miles, and if you were to look at them today you would think the tires were put on a month ago, for you can still see the grooves." . . . . **Buckley-Newhall Co., New York City.**

* * *

The nearest Goodrich Truck Tire Distributor has many similar records of Semi-Pneumatic performance, but these are only part of the remarkable story of what Semi-Pneumatics can do for your truck.

***Caution:** Only Goodrich makes Semi-Pneumatics, and the name stamped on the side of a truck tire is your guaranty of it.*

Goodrich

Semi-Pneumatic TRUCK TIRE

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY

BEST IN THE LONG RUN

OUR RESEARCH DEPARTMENT INVITES SUGGESTIONS FOR NEW USES OF RUBBER

IT'S THE CUT OF YOUR CLOTHES THAT COUNTS

THE CUT MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN EASY FITTING CLOTHES

Everywhere you see the easy fitting suit; it's generally worn now. The unusual thing is the correct cut in this style, the loose, straight line suit with the tailored look that well dressed men require. You will find it in the Society Brand Cornell. Note the broad, easy shoulders; the long soft roll to the lapel; the straight, wide trousers. The correct cut for Spring.

Society Brand Clothes

ALFRED DECKER & COHN, MAKERS • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • IN CANADA: SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES LIMITED, MONTREAL

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Why the new mode requires new methods

WOMEN with soft, dainty hands who once would never have dreamed of washing even a handkerchief, except in an emergency, now launder their own precious stockings and blouses and underwear, their own treasured sweaters and scarves, in gentle Ivory suds which is as harmless to hands as to the dainty garments themselves.

There are two good reasons for this change:

1. Fine things of this sort cannot be trusted to unskilled hands, rough treatment, and harsh soap.
2. Delicate silks must be washed *as soon as they become soiled,* else the acids of perspiration will rot the fabrics and fade the colors. To leave such garments for several days in a damp, dark clothes hamper or bag is to cut months from their life. (If there is no time for ironing immediately after washing, the garments should be laid away *clean* for ironing day.)

For one's modern things, delicate enough to draw through a finger-ring, only a gentle squeezing in pure Ivory suds will do. Ivory suds—so mild, so gentle, yet so thoroughly cleansing—may be quickly made from Ivory Flakes or Ivory cake soap. Since millions of women use Ivory to protect their complexions, its safety for silks and woolens is obvious.

Probably, after seeing how beautifully Ivory suds washes your dainty personal things, you will want your laundress to use Ivory even for your general wash, as is done in thousands of households every week.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

BLANKETS

How to wash them safely

The chief causes of matted, harsh or shrunken blankets are strong soap, excessive rubbing and extremely hot or cold water.

Keep blankets fluffy this way:

For 1 double or 2 single blankets, dissolve 1 teacupful of Ivory Flakes in hot water; pour into washtub ⅔ full of *lukewarm* water, and beat up a thick suds. (If water is hard, use a little Sopade or powdered borax.)

Shake the dry blanket well to remove dust; plunge into suds, working up and down with the hands, squeezing suds through it. To remove spots, soap with Ivory Soap and rub *lightly* between hands.

Press water from the blanket and repeat operation in *fresh* suds of *same temperature,* using half as much Flakes.

Put clean blanket through loose wringer, and rinse in three clear lukewarm waters. In the last rinse, dissolve enough Ivory Flakes to make water milky.

Wring loosely. Hang in open air—in sun if possible. When partly dry, shake well from corners. When dry, press binding and air in warm room.

A conclusive safety test for garment soaps

It is easy to determine whether or nor a soap is gentle enough to be used for delicate garments.

Simply ask yourself this question:

"Would I use this soap on my face?"

In the case of Ivory and Ivory Flakes your answer is instantly "Yes," because you know that for forty-five years women have protected lovely complexions by the use of Ivory Soap.

Let us send you a

Free sample of Ivory Flakes

It will give us great pleasure to send you without charge a generous sample of Ivory Flakes, together with our beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments" (a veritable encyclopaedia of laundering information). A request by mail will bring you a prompt response. Address Procter & Gamble, Dept. 25-DF, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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That Pain in Our Northwest

The State Mill and Elevator at Grand Forks, North Dakota

By Garet Garrett

OH, WRETCHED abundance! Ruin and plenty are as twin specters stalking to and fro in the land. The Department of Agriculture causes expensive color posters to be displayed on the walls of the post offices, urging people to eat more meat. This is for the sake of the cattle raisers. There is propaganda in the same spirit for the sake of the grain growers. Bread is man's perfect food. Increase thereof thy morsel.

We eat what we can. Yet of precious sustenance there is a surplus left. American agriculture is at the verge of economic despair. Over great fertile areas it is bankrupt. The Government is called upon to save it, either directly by grants of money from the United States Treasury, or indirectly by law, or both. It is believed to be unable to save itself. Also it is believed that unless it is saved the whole country will sink under the calamity of excessive abundance. Does it lie in riddle between God and man that you can have ruin and plenty at the same time? Hath man himself invented this contradiction? Or is the omen of disaster a product perhaps of the political imagination?

For the dispassionate answer consult statistics. What in the broadest outline is the statistical history of American agriculture these last few years? We take the Statistical Abstract of the last census, turn to page 682, and see that the value of farms and farm property has increased in twenty years as follows:

In 1900 it was 20 billions
In 1910 it was 41 billions
In 1920 it was 78 billions

Increase in twenty years, 290 per cent, or at the rate of 14½ per cent a year.

However, this is the Census Bureau talking. Its word on agricultural matters is perhaps incomplete. We want to know if the value of the land's produce has been increasing, and at what rate; for of course the value of the land is determined, or should be determined, by the value of what it produces. So we take down the latest yearbook of the Department of Agriculture; and therein it appears that the annual value of farm products has been as follows:

1900, 5 billion dollars	1916, 13½ billion dollars	1920, 18½ billion dollars
1905, 6¼ billion dollars	1917, 19½ billion dollars	1921, 12½ billion dollars
1910, 9 billion dollars	1918, 22½ billion dollars	1922, 14½ billion dollars
1915, 10¾ billion dollars	1919, 23¾ billion dollars	

In fifteen years from 1900 to 1915 the aggregate value of the land's produce more than doubled; in the next four years, representing the war's demand, it more than doubled again. In 1920 and 1921 it was roughly halved, owing to the great postwar price deflation, but in 1922 it somewhat recovered, and in 1923 it was even a little better. The remarkable fact is that after all the deflation of prices the value of the land's produce is nearly 50 per cent greater than it was in any year preceding the war.

How much of this increase may have come from an extension of the area farmed? Let us regard that factor. There must

The Coöperative Packing Plant at Fargo, North Dakota

The Man is Sticking it Out on This Farm in the Montana Triangle

An Abandoned Farm in the Dry-Farming Region of Montana

have been an increase in the number of farms and in the number of acres tilled. So it is. But the increase has been unimportant. Only about 21 per cent in twenty years, against an increase of 290 per cent in the value of farms and farm property. So now we look for the value of crops per acre. That will be the final test. Finding it, in the yearbook, we see that this corresponds to the increase in the aggregate value of crops. In fifteen years from 1900 to 1915 the value of crops per acre doubled; then in the war period it doubled again. In 1920 and 1921 it was halved; in 1922 it somewhat recovered and is still, after all the postwar price deflation, very much higher than in any year before the war. Clearly, the value of the land's produce has enormously increased. But beware of statistics. They have been known to bite the hand that made them. You would think an industry ought not to be ruined and was certainly not doomed whose plant and equipment had been increasing in value for twenty years at the rate of 14½ per cent a year, and whose product in that time had more than twice doubled in value, with a setback in the next three which, though it was very severe, leaves it still much higher than ever it was before the war, considered either in gross or in value per acre. You are tempted to say if it is ruined it has only itself to blame, even to suspect that the agricultural crisis is perhaps greatly imagined. You may be right—statistically, rationally right—and everyone else may be emotionally wrong. That will not dispose of the situation.

Some Striking Figures

FOR a situation does exist. Everything about it is controversial. All its premises are debatable. Even its geography is vague. Generally it is referred to as the situation in the Northwest. The American Northwest is no precisely delimited area. Yet from certain phenomena a rough fact appears. The fact is that a situation, itself undefined, is most acute in what is called the Ninth Federal Reserve Bank District, which comprises principally Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota and Montana.

Having so far as possible isolated the situation, it is natural then to ask, What is it?

Stupid question! As well ask a mathematician what one is. If you insist on a simple definition and will not stay for a dissertation on the properties of number, all he can say is that one is one. Likewise, if you insist upon a simple definition of what the situation in the Northwest is, upon having it without a compendium of economic and social theory since Adam Smith, all that anyone can do is to refer you to it. There it is. Look at it. Among its effects and phenomena are these:

1. In January the Department of Agriculture published the findings of a special survey touching 2,289,000 farmers in fifteen wheat and corn growing states. In two years—1921 and 1922—the number of them that went bankrupt was 600,000. Of these, 108,000 lost their property by foreclosure or other legal process; 122,000 lost their property by default without legal process; 373,000, though bankrupt, retained physical possession of their property through the leniency of creditors. Since this survey was made the economic mortality has continued.

It is highest in the states of North Dakota, South Dakota and Montana. If the foreclosures, farm by farm, are laid upon a large-scale map certain areas, whole counties, are seen to be solid black, with only here and there a little white spot.

The Vicious Circle of Depression

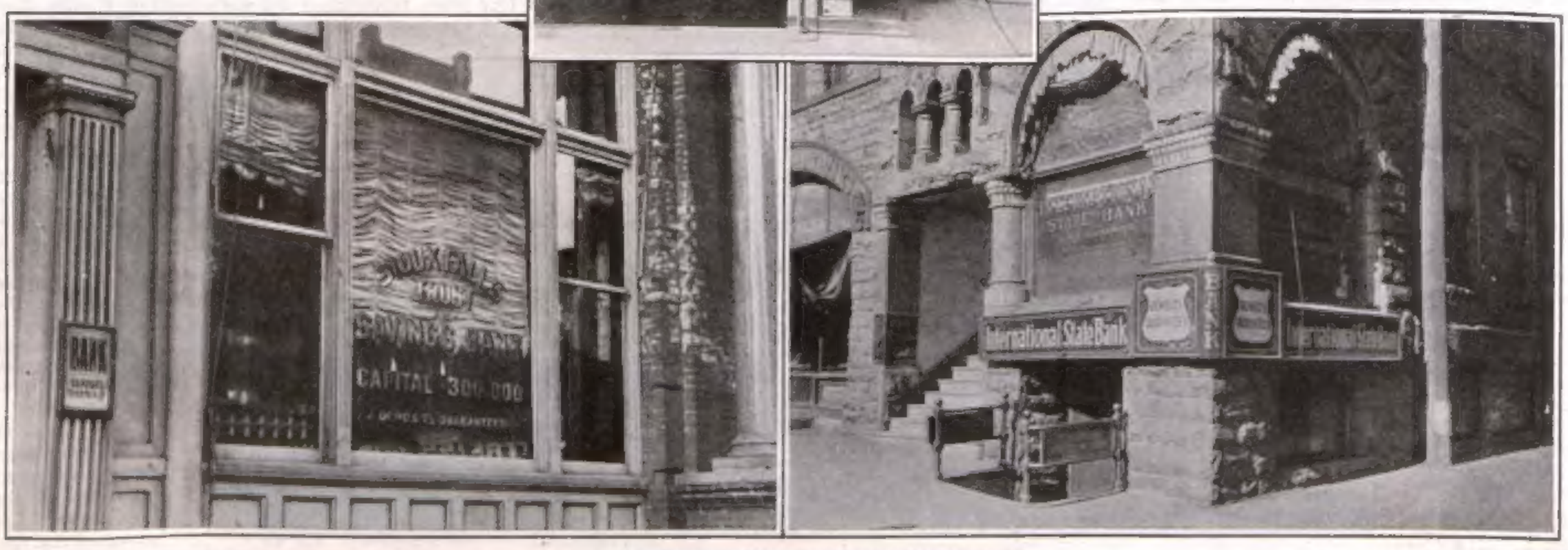
MANY lawyers specialize in foreclosure practice and make wholesale prices to loan companies that have many cases in the neighborhood. One lawyer in Montana has 1500 foreclosure cases in his office, current; he puts system into the work and uses multiple forms which his stenographers know how to fill up and file.

2. Practically all these bankrupt farmers, besides having mortgaged their land, borrowed money also on their notes at the local bank. They cannot pay these notes. Therefore the banks fail. In the four Northwestern states—North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana and Minnesota—nearly 550 banks have failed. In Montana every third bank has failed. They are still closing. There are large towns, like Lewistown, and whole counties, in which all the banks have shut up. Business is on a cash basis.

3. Farmer and banker bankruptcy on such a scale creates a state of general anxiety. The elements of sympathetic danger are fairly obvious. No bank stands alone like a solitary cedar tree. Banks rest upon one another. A country bank in South Dakota borrows from a Sioux Falls bank, the Sioux Falls bank borrows from a Minneapolis bank, the Minneapolis bank borrows from a Chicago bank, and the Chicago bank borrows in New York. Thus no bank can fall anywhere without in some degree affecting other banks. Nor does any one section of the country stand alone and self-contained. When an agricultural section is in distress it will buy fewer automobiles and less of all the products of industry, and if this continues long there begins to be unemployment in the industrial centers, which causes the industrial population to buy less food, which reacts in turn upon agriculture, and so on in a circle.

4. The Government has declared that a grave emergency is present. In a message to Congress at the end

(Continued on Page 47)



Three Banks at Sioux Falls, South Dakota

PRESTIGE FOR SALE

By ELIZABETH FRAZER

"Blessed are the Pure in Heart."

I WAS in the general office waiting to see a distinguished citizen who was also a lawyer of international repute. Outside, in Washington, a heavy blizzard had blown up, the first big snow of the season, obscuring the beauty of the city, lashing the bare trees, turning umbrellas inside out and shrouding the familiar landmarks in a thick white driving mist. The nation, too, under bad steering by the politicians, had sailed into some dirty weather. And in the wild violence of the political tempest which had suddenly broken loose in the capital, instead of an exhibition of fine, cool commandership and a firm charting of the course according to those undeviating North Star principles of justice, decency, right, which have been the guides of this republic since its inception, the general public beheld, to its added consternation, a wild, disorganized orgy of blind partisanship, a mad individualistic scramble for place, together with a rush on the part of a timid majority to put distance between themselves and what they termed the wrong side—meaning by that, any side which found itself temporarily under fire.

PHOTO, BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS REEL CORPORATION, N. Y. C.

Senator Carter Glass and, at the Right, Former Secretary of Agriculture, David F. Houston

Washington Keyed Up to Hysteria

IN THE wake of the political gale were observable a number of presidential umbrellas, which, put up too prematurely, had been turned inside out by the frenzy of the blast and were reduced to sopping wrecks of rent silk and twisted wires, to be gathered in by the ash man. Some of these umbrellas bore imposing names on the handles and looked as if they had cost a million or two. Fabricated in press agents' factories, they were not intended to withstand rough political weather. Standing above this ugly mess, like normal-sized men among pygmies, were a few leaders whom the people in the end will be found delighting to honor, for they have kept their heads in the midst of frenzied clamor and stood forth boldly for what they held to be decent and right, irrespective of partisanship values. It was in the office of one of these men, a former high public servant himself, that I now sat, hoping that he would let his illuminating common sense play over the situation, pick out the essential elements and consign to the incinerator the trash.

His secretary came over to my side.

"Mr. Blank"—for obvious reasons his name is withheld—"will see you in a few minutes. He has read your note and intends to speak frankly with you about this situation."

I thanked him and continued my scrutiny of the storm. In the few days I had spent in Washington I had been struck by the cheap, tawdry sensationalism of the atmosphere. A tense, febrile excitement prevailed. It recalled Paris in the black days of the Peace Conference, when Wilson, in his struggle with the Big Three who wished to partition Europe as loot between them, fought with his back against the wall. It recalled Rome, just after the debacle at Caporetto, when certain senators fought fist fights on the floor of their senate to consummate a shameful peace while up to the north Italian soldiers poured out their lives in a crimson tide.

All capitals are more or less alike in their sophisticated emphasis on names, personalities, high-colored pageantry and sham-battle effects, rather than upon the real issues. For real issues are generally dull and drab affairs. In Washington everybody seemed mightily keyed up—but keyed up over the wrong thing. Hysteria had them in its grip. On the street, in senators' offices or under the Capitol Dome, in drawing-rooms above the clatter of teacups and in elevators and public restaurants one heard the incessant boom of the partisan tom-tom, jazzing up the blood. Rational thinking seemed obliterated, big landmarks of conduct erased. The wildest rumors sprang into being and mushroomed into grotesque eminence overnight. There was about it all a kind of Mad Hatter upside-downness and unreality that would have been entertaining had not such grave fundamentals been involved.

From certain bitter feudist quarters a steady stream of obloquy and personalities was being poured out into the public press, and from this flood certain choice morsels and titbits of gossip were being constantly snatched, tasted and circulated around. On the surface, the spectacle had all the speed and garish color, vulgarity and bad taste of a cheap five-reel melodrama of a fake bull fight—and the house was all sold out.

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Senator S. D. Fess, of Ohio

Behind the scenes all manner of fierce partisan and individualistic drives were under way. Drives of the Democrats against the Republicans and of the Republicans against the Democrats, each trying, with fair success, to prove the other side a whited sepulcher filled with loathsome decay. Drives of certain Democrats against other Democrats, intertribal fights of savage ferocity, carried on with the relentlessness of Apaches on the war trail. The barbaric war whoops of these gentlemen reverberated in the air; one could hear them fulminating almost any day on the floor of the Senate, hoarse with forensic rage. One could hear their secretaries in the senatorial offices rolling out messages through the telephone to the partisan press: "It is authoritatively stated in highest quarters——" and so on.

Drives

AND then there was the drive of the rock-ribbed, standpat, old-time Republican leaders against the lively insurgent lads from the West who were shattering party alignments to bits and scaring their leaders into fits by going over to play on the enemy's side. In addition, there were the strictly individual drives of various and sundry personages, chiefly senators, who entertained modest presidential aspirations themselves, but who, in view of the prevailing high winds, were still keeping their campaign umbrellas discreetly furled.

Some of these old gamps have been brought out regularly from the under-stairs closet and hopefully brushed up—"groomed" is the technical term—every presidential year since the Spanish War. Added to these there were numerous minor but interesting little drives engineered by those who for strictly private and personal reasons would like to clamp down the lid on the investigation, and were only deterred from sitting on it themselves out of fear of the bodily damage which might ensue.

And finally there was the big drive by the organization leaders of both sides, who, fearful in view of the impending presidential conventions lest this dangerous milling around might end in a destructive stampede, were riding herd on their outfits, shooting off guns over the tops of the frightened animals, shouting sharp rebukes to refractory steers and striving to lull them to quiet by crooning familiar lullaby airs. The net result of all these drives was that a considerable amount of dirt had been kicked up, and that dirt getting into the vision prevented the real issues from being seen. Everything was viewed with a feverish, blood-shot eye.

But these private feuds, presidential aspirations and intertribal fights, passionately absorbing as they are to those immediately involved, and necessary, doubtless, in alleviating the dullness of afternoon chitchats and congressional teas, are not of pregnant interest to the great public dwelling out of sight of the Capitol Dome. The real issues are not what private reputations are ruined or what presidential hopes have crashed,

(Continued on Page 54)

THE TUMTUM TREE

By C. E. SCOGGINS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

—— So rested he by the tumtum tree
And stood a while in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling ——

A SERIOUS man, Pete Buckner. Not a dashing figure: not quite tall enough and a good deal underweight, especially just now. His eyes were blue enough, a deep, translucent shade of blue, but there was no flare of gallantry in them. He was afraid of women, especially pretty ones. Nothing very exciting had ever happened to him, and now when he walked right into something he was too busy to notice it.

He didn't look busy. A cold pipe clamped in one corner of his wide, serious mouth, his hat pulled down to shade the broad sleepy shine of the St. John's River, what he seemed to be doing was an idle prowl along the Jacksonville water front. He stopped to stare into every motorboat he came to; but he was not interested in boats as boats. He didn't notice the lines or even the color of the cabin cruiser that was tucked in the angle of an L-shaped pier near the foot of Hogan Street. Moodily he walked out to it and tried to look under the top. The deck curtains were down. He dropped awkwardly to the gunwale and scrambled in.

"Oh!" he said, startled. "I —— Excuse me!"

Then he grinned nervously. Those shadowy, motionless hats and shoulders were not men. They were dummies; uncanny when you caught an unexpected glimpse of them, but ridiculous when you looked straight at them. They had no faces, only shapeless smears of paint.

Buckner did not know much about art. Some idle foolery, it seemed; and Buckner was a busy man.

The engine, a powerful multicylinder affair, seemed dirty and carelessly kept. For ignition and lights there was a Buckner generator, Type K, with storage batteries marred by slopping acid. If Buckner had been a nautical man, which he waan't, he would very likely have guessed that there were barnacles on the hull—which there were not. He climbed out, frowning. That was no way to treat good machinery!

It Must Have Been the Fourth or Fifth Day When, Dozing Here, He Heard Daphne Carter's Voice and Struggled Awake to See Her Standing Between Him and the Sea

But he forgot it soon. The sun was hot; it made him a little dizzy. Passing the ferry slip, he came to a box against a shady wall, and dropped on it and let his head droop and closed his eyes. At the sound of feet he braced himself and tried to look like a casual loafer, but paid no attention to the man who went past—a handsome, almost too handsome young man in white flannels, consulting an expensive watch. Buckner consulted his own watch and sighed wearily. It was only 1:40. Florida days were very long.

There was not much traffic on the river at this drowsy hour. A ferry churned into the slip. A tug passed upstream. A cabin cruiser, swinging far out into the channel, headed seaward. Gayly a hail came across the water:

"Yea, Tom Hibbard!"

From a window over Buckner's head a jovial voice bellowed in answer:

"Yea, lubbers! Luck to you!"

"Back about two o'clock next spring!"

"If," yelled the voice from the window, "your old barnacle doesn't sink before you get out of the river!"

"Bet you a hundred we make Miami Thursday morning!"

"You're on! Mail me a check Friday!"

Everybody—not Pete Buckner—knew Tom Hibbard, of Hibbard & Co. Tom would sell you a jeweled reel or a tennis racket or a seagoing yacht complete; if you gave him reasonable odds he would bet you water wasn't wet; and if Tom Hibbard was your friend you were no stranger in Jacksonville.

Those fellows on the boat were not strangers. Winter visitors, yes; but good fellows all, as tourists go; amateurs all, but they had a lot of fun with that old tub of Arch Hammond's. Hammond was the one who waved from the wheel; the ones who lounged on deck were McKinnon, Kane and Brooks. Their faces, in the broad light of sky and water, seemed distinct enough; not that Buckner noticed or cared.

The cruiser, swinging very wide to give room to a sailboat beating in, blundered out of the channel and stopped. A jeer from the window:

"Yea, mud hens!"

From the ferry, churning out across the river—the two-o'clock ferry, this was—came distant encouragement and advice:

"Keep her head in the wind, sailor!"

"Clew up the marlinespike!"

"Get out and swim!"

Nothing extraordinary about it; just a quartet of amiable amateurs stuck in the mud. Buckner didn't notice that the sailboat had passed well on before the cruiser got under way again. He didn't notice where the cruiser had come from or where it went; he was not interested in boats.

Head drooping, eyes closed, he went on making magnetos. An insidious habit, making magnetos. In the beginning Pete Buckner hadn't meant to do it any more than a drunkard means to be a drunkard. That was when he was fifteen and greatly in need of the seventy-five cents a day he could make as a machinist's helper.

He had been a serious fellow even then. Indeed, he had felt older than his mother, who was childish in some ways. For instance, she used to laugh at words that didn't mean anything exactly, only sounded as if they did, and made you laugh because they always just missed it. Pete used to laugh at them, too—with her—but secretly he thought they were for children. Oh, well, his mother didn't have much to amuse her. She couldn't walk very well on account of an accident that had happened when he was little, and it wasn't a lively neighborhood where the two of them could live on seventy-five cents a day.

When she felt well enough she liked to read aloud. Pete liked to listen. She knew how to get the music and the magic out of words—words, in that quiet voice, that made the world seem big and magnificent and very old; made you feel brave and queerly full inside, as if it must be something splendid to be alive; made you feel still and solemn, wishing for something you didn't know about. But his mother finally lost interest in words, and it was never quite the same, reading by himself. He was too tired.

He learned to wind armatures—magnetos were something new for automobiles then—and at twenty he was making a hundred dollars a month, which was a great deal of money. After his mother died he didn't need so much, so he quit the machine shop and went to school. Already the habit had him. He chose a technical school. He learned why you had to wind armatures just so, and in the laboratory he tinkered earnestly with volts and ohms and induction, and all his spare hours he worked for a living in a local machine shop. He didn't know much about football anyway.

With his own hands, the year he was twenty-four, he built the first Buckner magneto, and with his own earnestness he convinced his boss that it delivered more current for its weight than anything on the market. There was nothing sudden or exciting about it. The first year they built thirty-eight magnetos, Types A, B and C. The seventh year they built some five hundred thousand, up to and including Type M—but not including the ones Pete Buckner built in his sleep.

He had started something he couldn't stop.

Five hundred thousand? Sometimes he built that many in a single night—automobile types, marine types, airplane types, up to and including Type ZZZ. When he was awake he knew they were only tired, tangled dreams, but when he

was asleep they seemed marvels of lightness and efficiency. So when he was asleep, one freezing winter night, he took a couple of carloads of them and walked out in his pajamas and tried to explain them to the policeman on the corner. The policeman couldn't see the magnetos, but knew the address of a doctor.

All through pneumonia Buckner built magnetos; asleep and awake he built them now; it kept him too tired to get well. So the doctor did what doctors always do when in doubt. He ordered Buckner to go to Florida—two months—six months—as long as necessary—and play.

Buckner didn't know much about play. But he knew there was no sense in figuring things asleep and awake, especially if they were no good when you got them figured. He was weak and tired, and more than a little scared; and he thought he would like Florida. He thought of it in half-remembered words:

A land
In which it seemèd always afternoon.
Around its coast the languid airs did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream ——

He couldn't have quoted this exactly; he would have been ashamed to try; he knew a mechanic had no business to like poetry. Only it sounded like a place a man could rest.

He went to Jacksonville, which was certainly Florida. He got a card to the country club and bought a kit of golf tools and spent grim afternoons whacking a little white ball, which was certainly play; at least, other men did it and seemed to enjoy it, laughing a good deal. But Buckner found nothing to laugh about. He tried hard to keep out of other people's way, but that miserable little ball went everywhere but where he tried to make it, keeping him in an agony of embarrassment.

Anyway, if you laughed by yourself people were apt to think you were crazy.

There was one game he could play alone. He invented it by accident. Wandering along the water front, he counted the magnetos in the motorboats; when there were more Buckners than any other make he won. He thought of playing it with automobiles, too; but he knew it might look queer to go along the street lifting hood after hood.

No! No! Mustn't let people think you were crazy.

The day he saw the dummies in the boat he was greatly discouraged. The air did no swooning around Jacksonville. Clang and zip and blare of traffic, hum of industrious industries, hustle and bustle of tourists; the factory in his brain spinning faster and faster, trying to keep up. When he tried to stop it he grew confused; yet he had to stop it. He knew that.

He wasn't crazy—yet.

It was perhaps 2:15 when the cabin cruiser disappeared around the seaward bend. It must have been within a minute of this time that the doors of the Maynard National Bank, which had closed peacefully at two o'clock, opened and three men backed out, threw satchels into a touring car parked at the curb and leaped in after them. Shouts. A policeman ran toward the car. He had one foot lifted for the running board, when he wilted and fell on his face in the gutter. The car fled northward, dipped over a distant rise in the street and was gone.

II

"BROAD daylight! I've heard of such things, but ——"

"These strangers hangin' around inside after the doors closed! They might have known!"

"Easy to identify, anyway! A big slant-eyed guy like a half-breed Chinaman, and a short fat Cuban, and a guy with tattooed hands. There ain't so many ——"

"If they ever catch 'em! It's the automobile, I tell you; criminals can move too fast nowadays. Twenty years ago this couldn't have happened. Zip! And they're gone."

"Poor old Phillips! Cold-blooded murder, that's what!"

"Who? Not Phillips the cashier?"

"You got to hand it to Phillips—he tried! First he tries to trip the alarm over the vault door, but the big guy was wise to that and like to broke his arm. The dirty hound! And nobody dast move to help him. This Cuban with his gun in the guard's ribs, and the tattooed guy coverin' the place from the mezzanine, makin' everybody face the wall ——"

"—— made Phillips open the inside vault to the big money; and somethin' must have happened in there, because all of a sudden Phillips hollers 'Hey!' and the feller shot him like a dog."

"I heard it was some name he said."

"Yeah. One of the girls thinks it was 'Kane!'"

Somebody laughed.

"Might have been Bill Kane, at that. I wouldn't put it past him to rob a bank if he could get up that much energy."

"Say, and the Cuban could 'a' been Little Joe McKinnon! He was about that size."

"McKinnon ain't fat."

"Well, he could pad, and black his face up, and talk pidgin English, couldn't he?"

"Yes; and the big one was as big as Bill Kane!"

"Dream on!" snorted another. "You must 'a' lost some money to that crowd. I saw 'em; the big one damn near ran over me gettin' to the car, and he didn't look any more like Bill Kane than I do. Eyes like a Chinaman and the meanest mug I ever hope to see."

"The Fernandina road? Don't you believe it! Fernandina's nowhere to go. They'll swing at Eighth and make for Waycross or Lake City."

"Only three ways to go without crossing a ferry."

"Yes, and if they take to the woods their car bogs down in sand. They picked an awful poor place to escape from!"

Jacksonville is not well placed for escaping purposes. On the south and east there is the river, with no crossing but ferries. By the river it is seventeen miles to the sea, and even a fast boat can't beat the telephone. North and west are sixty miles of sand and the impassable Okefinokee Swamp. There are three roads, none of them very good; and off the roads, in these days when any farmhouse may have its radio set, strangers will hardly pass unnoticed when the alarm is out.

But inside the city there are many ways to reach the river, and there is nothing suspicious about a touring car

Pete Buckner, Lounging Lordly in the Shade of a Patched Brown Mainsail, Felt Like Columbus

"Great Town, Jacksonville. Much Doing?" "I Don't Know. Can't Do Much Myself," Buckner Explained Laboriously. "Things Worry Me"

unless it goes too fast. While the pursuit roared north and west, a touring car, rolling eastward along a back road in the wooded outskirts, turned into the brush-grown yard of an abandoned sawmill and rolled straight on to a roofed pier. The floor here, protected from the weather, looked sound enough. Who could have guessed that it was mere punk underneath?

Instead of pitching into fifteen feet of water, the car crunched through and hung between the rotting beams.

It was a good touring car, but the men were not pleased to see it saved from a watery grave. It was likely to cost them a good deal more than it was worth. A touring car hanging on the river's brink was a too large and solid clew. They tried to pry it up, to pry it down. They were still swearing when a cabin cruiser brushed the pier.

It did not stop. Just for a minute, if there had been anybody to see, there was what might have looked like a furious six-handed wrestling match on deck. The wrestlers dived into the cabin, leaving only the man at the wheel. Three men came out again. Said the short one viciously, wiping his face with something out of a can:

"Git fer home, Bruno! We got the dough, but the rest of it is smeared from hell to breakfast. The cashier spotted Bill, and the bus is stickin' up back yonder like a sore thumb."

This was a manner of speaking. The man at the wheel, a handsome—almost too handsome—young man in white flannels, was not named Bruno. His name was Archer Hammond, and he played a very good game of golf; played poker not wisely but too well; played the guitar and sang in a pleasing manner; was popular with ladies.

The short one, having changed his coat and wiped his face, was neither dark nor fat. The big one's eyes lost their slant as he scrubbed his temples; savagely he seemed to blame the sleek one.

"Pushed the light right in my face," growled he, "and of course he saw somethin' was phony. I told you not to lay it on so thick!"

The sleek one, whose hands were not tattooed, defended himself in a soft drawl that carried a scraping edge.

"I didn't think it was necessary to tell you not to let anybody push a light in your face. Did you think I could make a hippopotamus look like a canary? You slue-footed yegg! Hijacking is about your limit. It's the woods for us now—God knows how long!"

"Cheese!" advised the short one grimly. "If the Lord don't keep His arm right around our necks from now till dark you'll have twenty years to figure out whose fault it was."

Good fellows, these. Gayly they saluted every boat they met. When they passed an incoming Clyde Liner near the mouth of the river they were singing, grinning, waving to the ship, roaring a popular song in the close harmony known as barber shop.

Yes, their departure was quite open. This fact came out when some little negroes, playing in an old sawmill on the river, found the bandit car. All up and down the coast the police checked the movements of all boats that might have passed that afternoon or night. Only Arch Hammond's boat was missing.

It had not been seen along the inside passage to Miami, and the outside passage was suicide for amateurs. Maybe they had tried it and drowned themselves at last. Those fellows would try anything once.

And yet—what name had poor old Phillips shouted before he died? There were those who were willing to believe it was Kane. What was known about those fellows anyway? Tourists, good spenders, sportsmen, genial gamblers; friends of Tom Hibbard's. You couldn't suspect Tom Hibbard of being mixed up with crooks.

No; but what did Tom Hibbard know about them?

For one thing, he knew they had been in plain sight on the river at the very moment the robbery and murder were happening. Many people could swear to that. Yes; a man might disguise himself ever so cunningly, but how could a man be in two places at once?

Pete Buckner might have answered that. But he didn't know he knew anything about it. He was not interested in bank robberies as bank robberies. He heard the hubbub about it, but it was only more talk and more confusion to his trembling nerves. Pete Buckner was looking for a land where, he imagined, it might seem always afternoon; a place where a man might rest.

III

ALL afternoon a fat man with an elk's tooth on his watch chain held the chair in the smoker. Talking, talking; made Buckner's jaw ache to watch him, but he had to smoke. Had to do something.

All over the world men talking like that, filling the air with words, like the wasted lines of force from every electric generator in the world. Why couldn't a magnetic field be confined, like thoughts in a skull? Directed, like the motions of hands?

The fat man was staring at him. Buckner dropped his hands and gripped his knees—tight.

"Nervous. Tired," he apologized; adding as an afterthought, "Flies drive me—drive me wild."

He had nearly said crazy. No! No! Mustn't suggest it.

"Oh," said the fat man, "flies. Yeah; have 'em the year round down here. Mosquitoes too. Look out for the kind that stands on its head. Malaria. . . . Going on across?"

"Across?" said Buckner.

"Havana."

"Yes."

"Got your reservations?"

"Reservations?"

"Hotel reservations."

"No."

"Say, that's bad. Big season. Every boat jammed. Great town, Havana," said the fat man zestfully, "if you know the ropes. Gambling, liquor, the ponies, everything wide open. You stick with me; I'll show you around."

"Thanks," said Buckner. "I—I think I'll turn in now. Good night."

All night he saw despair. Crowds everywhere. Big season. Fat men with elks' teeth on their watch chains, talking. Clickety-click-clack, clickety-click-clack, all night the Overseas Limited hammered down thick rails and let them spring up again. Tremendous waste of power. The thought of it pressed heavily on Buckner's temples, throbbing.

He went early to the dining car, but a brisk man in light-gray clothes and sociable mood was right behind him.

"Care if I sit here? Wonderful morning, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Buckner helplessly.

"Your first trip down this way?"

"Yes."

The brisk man all but rubbed his hands with satisfaction.

"Never seen the Overseas Railway? One of the wonders of the world. Eighty miles right out into the Gulf. Flagler did a big job when he built up the East Coast, the railroad and that string of swell hotels; but when he built that stretch from Knight's Key to Key West he built a monument bigger than the pyramids. It cost ——"

Clickety-click-clack. Words, figures—interminable.

"One of the spans is seven miles from key to key; yes, sir, seven miles in one jump. Never in the world show a profit. Not expected to show a profit. Monument, that's what."

Buckner ate in a daze of words; dropped a bill on the table and fled back to his seat. Dreary country. Dark underbrush and white clay. He let his head droop and closed his eyes.

"Here we are!" said the cheerful voice of the brisk man, who had tracked him down. "Come on out on the back platform. Want to show you what a job Flagler had to do."

"Thanks," said Buckner. "I ——"

"Now this first span isn't much, but it'll give you an idea. Hurry; platform be crowded in a minute."

"Thanks," said Buckner, gripping his knees to keep his hands still. "I—a little tired. Don't let me keep you."

"Oh, that's all right. I've seen it lots of times. Come down every year. Just wanted you to see what Flagler ——"

The dreary land had slipped into water. Water twenty feet below the window, so clear that it gave a drifting glimpse of a school of fish suspended there; the horizon was water, a boundless, placid ocean, dimpling, fresh in the morning sun. Far off along the edge of the sky there floated a few random dots of green—above the water, not touching it. You could see the sky under them.

Islands in the air!

There was a rumble and a rush of vegetation past the windows; a hut on stilts, a bearded man in overalls placidly fishing from his own front door. Ocean flashed out again; yonder, remote and sweet, those little islands passed and faded into the sky, never sinking, but fading and winking out like stars.

They were not mirages. Some of them came so near that grass showed soft and green, slim curving palm trees holding feathery tops aloft; and even so, they did not touch the water; even so, they did not lose their feeling of remoteness, of seclusion, of peace unearthly and complete. No big season out there. No brisk men in light-gray clothes, no fat men with elks' teeth on their watch chains; nobody. No machinery, no wasted energy, nothing. Stillness; and blue of sky and water; and time sweetly flowing. Washed in a sea of air, immersed in rest!

"Better come on out," urged the brisk man. "Ought to see what a job Flagler did. Greatest man Florida ever ——"

"Tell me," said Buckner, turning on him, "did Mr. Flagler hang those little islands out there?"

"Huh? Why—those? They're just coral keys. The Gulf is full of 'em along here; thousands of 'em."

"Oh," murmured Buckner, "just coral keys."

The brisk man went away, discouraged; Pete Buckner did not notice. An hour those little islands passed and faded into the sky, faded and came no more. He closed his eyes and saw them still. An hour, two hours he made no dynamos at all.

At Key West the railroad station and steamer pier lie end to end. Mechanically hurrying with the crowd, Buckner defended his bag against the negro porters and hackmen who rushed on him. He was elbowed by a fretful woman with an indignant baby, and caromed off the bosom of a fat man who wore an elk's tooth on his watch chain

"Oh, there you are! I been lookin' all over for you. Better cable from here for reservations; be a scramble when this mob hits Havana. Cable office this way. Get a wiggle on, old man."

"Thanks," said Buckner, the factory spinning busily in his brain "I "

"Hurry it up! There ain't much time, with customs to tend to and everything Come along; I know the ropes around here "

"Thanks," said Buckner helplessly. "I—if you don't mind, I don't believe I'll take this boat, after all."

"What?" said the fat man. "Why, old man, there ain't much to see in this town!"

"I don't mind. I—I don't care much for sight-seeing anyway."

"Be over on the next boat? I'll make reservations for you if you say so. They know me over there. I'll get you in "

"Not the next boat. Not—in fact," said Buckner, "not any boat Good-by. Have a pleasant trip."

And he let his bag go to the negro who happened to be tugging at it, and seemed to feel some driving pressure lifted from him

Pete Buckner had dreamed a dream, a reckless thing.

In Florida when you want information you "Ask Mr. Foster " Sometimes Mr. Foster is a young woman, sometimes a whole staff of clerks; no matter; ask him and he will tell you, courteously and free of charge, anything in reason -Mr. Foster's reason. This time he was a dapper young man greatly interested in his own finger nails, and the thing Pete Buckner asked was not in reason.

"You know those little islands that float in the air back yonder?"

Mr. Foster was wearily indulgent.

"Coral keys. It's the white along the water line that makes them look that way in certain lights. Refraction or something "

"I want to go to one of them."

"You are on one of them," said Mr. Foster.

"A smaller one."

"Try Long Key," advised Mr. Foster, reaching for an illustrated folder. "On the railroad; Flagler hotel; very popular fishing camp."

"No railroad," insisted Buckner; "no hotel. I want a little one, so little that I can hang my feet off one side and wet my coat tails on the other. You know?"

Mr. Foster polished his finger nails. Islands without hotels do not contribute to the support of travel bureaus.

"Of course, not exactly a desert island. I can't cook and I'm not sure I can fish. Can't you suggest one where a few, a very few people live, who would be willing to take a quiet, a ——"

Why did he feel suddenly like laughing at this superior young man? He didn't actually do it; Pete Buckner was not in the habit of laughing. He finished seriously.

"—— a very quiet boarder?"

"I'm afraid I can't help you," said Mr. Foster, yawning.

"Try," urged Buckner. "Surely the thing can be - -"

What were these words that came to his tongue? Words learned so long ago that he had forgotten he knew them; when had he ever spoken them aloud? Odd, very odd, this reckless feeling of irresponsibility!

"'*The thing can be done,' said the Butcher, 'I think* ——'"

Mr. Foster looked up sharply from his finger nails.

"'*The thing must be done, I am sure.*
The thing shall be done! Bring me paper and ink,
The best there is time to procure!'".

Mr. Foster, seeing that humor was intended, relaxed.

"Stationery store two doors down," he retorted cuttingly.

"I mean," persisted Buckner, "some of them must be inhabited. Some place where a few fishermen live; the fewer the better. All I want is to sit in the sun and rest."

Mr. Foster did not answer that the sun, this far south, was no place to sit. Mr. Foster was weary of arguing with this man.

"You might try Sunday Key. I believe there's a kind of a hermit that lives there—old Cletus Carter. Ask the sponge fishers; the niggers along the water front. They know more about the keys than anybody. Two blocks down and turn to your right."

"Thanks!" said Buckner gratefully, and wondered why the young man smiled.

II

ONCE Key West was the home port of a great sponge fleet. Now the center of the industry has moved north to Tarpon Springs, and the high-ended, gaudily painted Mediterranean boats of the Florida Greeks have displaced the battered sloops of the conchs—the half-savage negroes of the keys. But the old-timers remember Sunday Key.

Devout men, those stalwart black fellows of the old conch fleet. During the week they might indulge in a little piracy or murder if the occasion offered, but they never worked on Sundays. If they were too far from home they gathered at some convenient key for a day of worship—any kind of worship; nothing barred. Good Methodists and voodoo men exhorted turn by turn. It was in those days that Cletus Carter came to Sunday Key, and the black men loved him because he could preach a sort of sermon full of long sonorous words.

But he came too late to save that sponge field from their wasteful methods. It is exhausted; the sea is empty now from sky to sky. The nearest mainland is a vast unsettled marsh. The coastwise shipping passes far outside You may sit for weeks under the Tumtum Tree and sight no sail

How could you find more room to be alone?

Pete Buckner, lounging lordly in the shade of a patched brown mainsail, felt like Columbus. No machinery here; no talk but the monosyllabic, scarcely human grunts of his black crew—a proper crew for an adventurer; no sound but the whisper of wind in the sails, the creak of the tiller, the

(Continued on Page 122)

"Pastor! They Jee Us!"

THE BLACK GOLCONDA

Oklahoma the Oil Hub—By Isaac F. Marcosson

An Auction Sale of Osage Land Oil Leases Under "The Million Dollar Tree" at Pawhuska, Oklahoma

WHEN you examine the various American oil fields you find that each has a distinct individuality. In the preceding article, for example, you saw how the vast California overproduction resulted from a frenzied competitive drilling amid a paradise of sunshine, fruit and flowers. Turn to Oklahoma and you have an atmosphere distinct and different. Instead of the forests of derricks such as clutter the town lots at Signal Hill, you have, in the main, orderly battalions of rigs which indicate a certain stabilization of output.

This is merely one of many outstanding features in the appraisal of Oklahoma and, through Oklahoma, the mid-Continent field. It means that in our journey throughout the oil domain we have reached a section rich in petroleum history and output. Where California stands alone as a producing unit, the mid-Continent area includes three—that is, Kansas, Oklahoma and Northern Texas. The former Indian Territory, a full-fledged state since 1907, outranks the other members of the group in prestige and production, and it is upon it that we will concentrate. Oil helped to make statehood possible.

Romance

NO OIL region is more tinged with romance than Oklahoma. In the Glenn and Cushing fields it witnessed rushes with an attendant picturesqueness that almost vied with Spindletop in its palmiest day. In California and Texas various populous communities have sprung from new oil fields, but it remained for Oklahoma petroleum to endow a city. Tulsa's phenomenal development from Indian trading post into a metropolis of 100,000 people practically within a decade is almost entirely due to the production of the contiguous country. In addition, it has become the hub of the oil world. More picturesque is the evolution of the Oklahoma Indian from dependency to plutocracy. The Osages have exchanged the blanket for the bank roll in what is perhaps the most amazing incident in the story of the American red man. With growing cash assets of more than $150,000,000 from leases and royalties, with their empire of oil only partially developed, and with annual incomes that most white families would be glad to claim, these Indians are full-fledged petroleocrats.

There are many who believe that Oklahoma has the largest petroleum potentiality of any American state. On geological estimates, it contains more than 14 per cent of the oil reserve of the nation. It has already produced, with last year's yield of 165,000,000 barrels, a total of 1,500,000,000 barrels of crude, which is one-seventh of the amount produced by the entire world to date. Because of the extent of the oil-bearing formations, exploration is probably more extensive and intensive than in any other region of equal area, and the number of individuals and corporations engaged in wildcatting, as the drilling of wells in any new area is known, is correspondingly large.

Wyoming Comes to the Front

EVEN the most superficial analysis of the mid-Continent field affords an illuminating example of the fickleness of petroleum yield. A few years ago it was regarded as the greatest producing area in the United States, and as recently as 1922 Oklahoma ranked first among the oil commonwealths, having held the premiership, with one exception, for eight years. Last year it was displaced by California. In 1925 it may again have the blue ribbon. Thus the laurel of oil supremacy is almost as uneasy an adornment as the proverbial royal crown.

Before we go into the specific story of Oklahoma it may be well to dispose of two preliminaries that have an important bearing on the mid-Continent field. The first is a brief examination of the oil status of Wyoming. Geographically, the state is listed as a separate unit, like California, but for purposes of popular explanation it is really a part of the central American production area and must be linked with it. From tenth place among producing states in 1910 it rose to fourth last year.

Oil was being produced in a small way in Wyoming the year after Lee surrendered at Appomattox, but it was not until the late '80's that organized development began. By a peculiar coincidence the first well is said to have been dug by a

The Osage Council. In the Coat—Mary Elkins, a Wealthy Member of the Osage Tribe

man named Graft. Perhaps he put the curse on the subsequent petroleum development of the state, because Teapot Dome lies within its confines. This much-discussed section is really a part of the Salt Creek field, the largest in the state and one of the most extensive of all known oil structures. Its high explosive qualities, so to speak, have never been exceeded anywhere in the mineral field.

Teapot Dome is not the first instance in which Wyoming oil has figured in a government tangle. In the old days, in both California and Wyoming, the oil prospector located on government land in the same way that the gold seeker did. Once the mineral was found a claim could be staked out and possession taken. With gold, this was easy, because discovery often followed hot upon initial work. It takes from three to five months sometimes to bring in oil, and in consequence there was claim jumping, especially in California, before the original locator brought in petroleum.

This was bad enough; but in 1909 practically all the government lands were withdrawn, as the phrase went, from private development. Many prospectors and operators who had spent months in work on claims suddenly found themselves dispossessed. There is no need of going into the technical story of all this complicated litigation. It harassed the courts of two states for years. The point to be made here is that the withdrawal of Wyoming oil lands did two things. One was the establishment of the naval reserve, the other was the delay in the larger petroleum development of the state for some time. Once exploitation—again you have the proper word, in light of the Teapot Dome exposure—began, no time was lost. In 1916 Wyoming was tenth among the American oil states, while in 1923 it was fourth.

The second preliminary deals with Kansas, which, as I have pointed out, is a part of the mid-Continent trilogy. Once upon a time it was looked upon as the best bet among our oil producers. In 1918 the state stood third in the list, with a production of 45,451,000 barrels, whereas in 1923 it had dropped to sixth place, with barely half that.

The Famous Glenn Pool

PRIOR to 1904 more oil was produced in Kansas than in Oklahoma. The year 1904 will always stand out as a significant one in the march of American petroleum events, since it marked the beginning of the era when the amount of oil produced west of the Mississippi exceeded the output of the Eastern field. The East never came back. From 1904, and until California wrested leadership last year, the mid-Continent area was the largest factor in our production.

It was in Kansas that the vast mid-Continent field first took definite form. To the Sunflower State came the operators who subsequently opened up Oklahoma, North Texas, North Louisiana and Arkansas. They were no slouches at empire development.

Kansas, and later Oklahoma, achieved another piece of pioneering. Until the Midwest fields began to flow in quantity the process of refining was a mysterious act to the average operator. He put his oil into the pipe line and it was finished business so far as he was concerned. With the opening of the mid-Continent section various large producers went into refining.

Tulsa—First and Main Streets Twenty Years Ago

We can now resume the Oklahoma narrative. The state's oil supremacy has been due to a succession of huge pools whose discovery was not accidental, as was often the case in other states, but because of persistent wildcatting. Moreover, they were opened up principally by individuals, which is the reverse of the California situation, where initial development was carried on by large corporations.

The first of the reservoirs was the famous Glenn pool. It not only put Oklahoma on the oil map but gave Tulsa a boost and also accelerated the movement for statehood. In 1906, when the Glenn field really got under way, Oklahoma was still a territory, but the following year it joined the sisterhood of states.

Jackson Barnett, a Millionaire Creek Indian

Associated with the high tide of the Glenn pool were all the sensational features that have so often followed the launching of a big oil area. The field was prospected in 1905 by Galbreath and Chesley, independent operators, who made their first tests in the eastern part of what is now the Glenn pool, about fifteen miles south of Tulsa, where a small well was brought in. Mystery surrounded the performance. The test well was closely guarded and no one except those directly interested was allowed to approach and make an examination.

The discovery well, as the first well in any area is called, was on a piece of ground owned by Ida E Glenn, and from her the field took its title. This was an unusual procedure, because most American oil fields are designated by the name of the nearest town.

Life Cheap

WITH the advent of 1906 the Glenn pool got under way. Thousands of acres were quickly discovered to be productive; people rushed like mad to what was believed to be a bonanza, and such it proved to be. The cost of operation was comparatively cheap, labor was abundant and a frenzied era began. It was not at all unusual for a spectator, viewing the field from the center, to see as many as six big wells flowing simultaneously. Oil went down to thirty cents a barrel. The care now taken when a big well is brought in was unknown. The greasy fluid literally flowed all over the field and costly fires were daily occurrences. The low price of the product did not justify steel-tank construction and it was run into earthen reservoirs.

Kiefer, a flag station on the Frisco railroad, was the point to which all the field machinery was consigned. In those days an oil strike attracted the soldier of fortune, and the town soon became the wildest of the Southwest. Human life was almost as cheap as the oil that gushed from the ground. Traversing the area was a small creek upon which rested a thick covering of crude. The bottom was mud of unknown depth. It became the resting place of the many individuals who disappeared from the scene of operations daily. Not even Spindletop, in Texas, where there was a kindred rush, wrote such a story of crime and excess as was reported in the early days of the Glenn pool.

The output of oil greatly exceeded the output of crime and debauchery. In 1906 the gross production was 5,000,000 barrels, and the following year it reached 36,000,000, which was the peak. Thenceforth the decline was steady, until today it is scarcely 10,000 barrels a day. Such is the fate of every big field.

The Glenn pool not only enriched many an individual who entered the field on a shoe string but made possible one of the wonder stories of American oil. It concerns Robert McFarlin, a small-town Oklahoma banker, and James A. Chapman, a cattleman. They acquired their initial lease in the Glenn pool for $700, which is said to be the

(Continued on Page 190)

The Tulsa Sky Line, 1923, Largely Built by Oil

Traveler's Joy

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

NELL ARMIGER stared happily out of the window, drinking in the beautiful French countryside, as the train, well out of Havre by now, gathered speed and hurried on.

"Isn't it wonderful, Mattie? Isn't it just like a picture?" she cried, pressing eagerly against her friend, who multiplied, subtracted, added, and energetically subtracted again, the columns of figures in a little red account book on her knees.

"Perfectly lovely," she agreed absently. "Did you give the deck boy anything—I mean the little one that got me a penknife? Because if he didn't do anything for you, I'm going to subtract that from your tips. I think a hundred francs was too much for the stewardess, Nell. What did she do, anyway?"

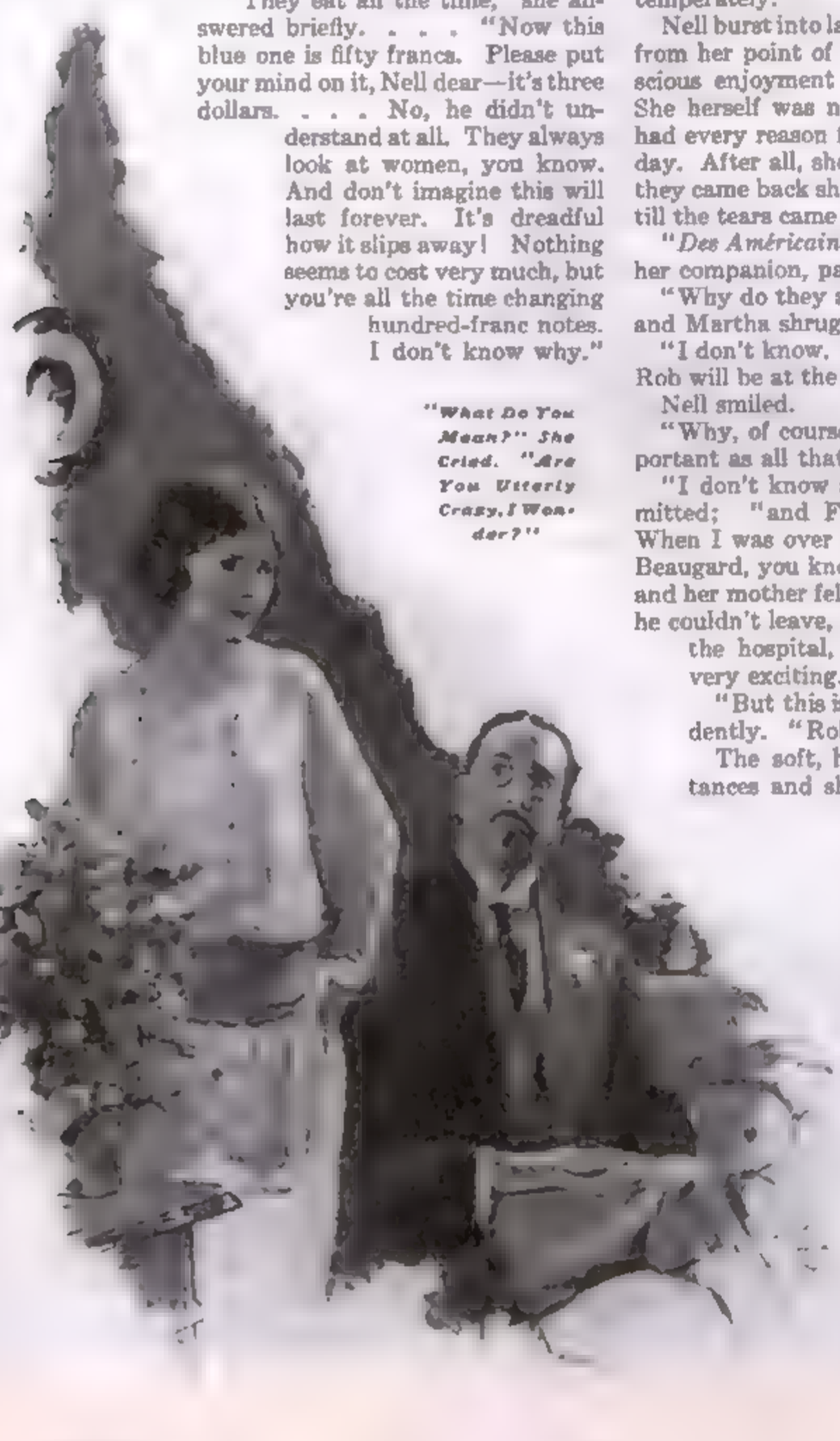
"Oh, Mattie, let it go! Look out and see that darling church! And the moss on the roof -now I know I'm in France!"

"You'll know you're in France pretty soon, I can tell you, if you don't look out for your money, my child! I'm perfectly willing to keep the accounts, but you'll have to let me do those things while they're fresh in my mind. Now I'm going to divide this by two and then subtract that vichy I ordered and the tips for the meals I had on deck."

Nell sighed and turned her attention for a moment to her traveling companions. A fat, stolid woman, feeding bits of sausage to a dog beside her, sat opposite; a sleepy priest in a wide hat dozed, his hands crossed on his well-filled black robe; a worried-looking man with an unmistakably pompous mustache and tight, shiny clothes scowled over a French newspaper. They might as well have been on a desert island.

"What makes them all so fat?" Nell inquired interestedly; and her companion, after one final addition, pulled out her purse and began to sort her money.

"They eat all the time," she answered briefly. . . . "Now this blue one is fifty francs. Please put your mind on it, Nell dear—it's three dollars. . . . No, he didn't understand at all. They always look at women, you know. And don't imagine this will last forever. It's dreadful how it slips away! Nothing seems to cost very much, but you're all the time changing hundred-franc notes. I don't know why."



"What Do You Mean?" She Cried. "Are You Utterly Crazy, I Wonder?"

She Took It From Him With a Strange Little Smile. "If You'll Let Me Keep It," She Said

"Oh, well, you'll take care of it, darling. I'll ask you —— Oh, there are the poplars, just like the pictures! Mattie, don't you think France is beautiful—honestly?"

"I think it's nicer than South Orange," said Mattie temperately.

Nell burst into laughter; not particularly noisy laughter, from her point of view, but a perfectly frank and unconscious enjoyment of this steady, even-tempered friend. She herself was not particularly even-tempered and she had every reason for the excitement of this extraordinary day. After all, she hadn't seen Rob for a year, and when they came back she would be married. She laughed again, till the tears came to her eyes.

"*Des Américaines,*" a Frenchwoman remarked briefly to her companion, passing by the compartment.

"Why do they always know us?" Nell asked curiously, and Martha shrugged her fur-trimmed shoulders.

"I don't know. They always do," she said. "I suppose Rob will be at the station."

Nell smiled.

"Why, of course!" she answered. "He can't be so important as all that, do you think? Couldn't he get off?"

"I don't know anything about hospitals," Martha admitted; "and French things are so strict, you know. When I was over before, the family I lived in—Madame Beaugard, you know—had a son in some bureau or other; and her mother fell down the stairs and broke her hip, and he couldn't leave, to give his consent to have her taken to the hospital, and they had a terrible time. It was very exciting."

"But this is an American hospital," said Nell confidently. "Rob will manage!"

The soft, hazy country flitted by them, blue distances and shrouded vistas bathed in mild October light; it was like turning the pages of a lovely tinted book.

"We go through Rouen, you know," Mattie reminded her friend, "and I think you can see the cathedral from somewhere here."

"The cathedral is on the other side," the Frenchman opposite remarked abruptly. "You will have to stand in the window."

The girls gasped and stared at each other.

"Th-thank you very much," Nell stammered.

"Not at all," he replied composedly, taking out a cigar and lighting it. The fat Frenchwoman scowled and coughed and threw open the door. The Frenchman smoked on.

They drew into the station in a sudden chilly downpour of rain. Pushing and crowding, the travelers bumped their way through the narrow corridor. The practiced among them began to thrust heavy cases and bundles out of the windows, yelling for porters. Nell stared helplessly at the great suitcase over her head; called to Mattie, who had jumped out and was running along the platform, waving to a distant man in a blue blouse; dragged down the suitcase and staggered with it to the window, where a big Frenchman lifted a wicker case out over her head, crushing her hat, and with a courtly "*Pardon, madame,*" adroitly captured her porter and began to direct him as to the collecting of the various packages he inserted between her elbow and the window sill.

"I thought," she explained disgustedly to her friend, "that he was helping me!"

"You won't think so long," said Mattie dryly. "He'll get into the taxi while you're talking to the driver! Hurry up, grab that *facteur*. Is Rob here?"

"I don't see him," Nell answered, disappointed. "I'd better look, hadn't I, while you watch these?"

She walked down the platform, a little chilled and disillusioned. With the curious illogical expectation of the most independent women in the world, who are at the same time the most protected and cared for, she had looked, vaguely, for a more triumphant entrance into this wonderful country. Someone should have been there to take the baggage checks and put her into a cab and welcome her. And there was nobody—nobody at all. Hadn't he got her letter? After all, when a girl was engaged to a man —— Well, it was all very interesting, and there was no use in bothering too much about things. Only—she wouldn't forget it!

She walked back and met Mattie with the luggage neatly piled on a hand car, triumphant in the firm possession of one-third of a porter. The chattering, time-wasting French people had all, somehow, chattered themselves into taxicabs and out of the way; only a few angrily efficient Americans were left marveling at the slowness of the service. The porter, more at ease now, himself found them a cab, and they were about to roll off in it when the chauffeur, a good-looking and noticeably neat young man, on receiving Martha's careful French directions with a quick, "*Bien, madame!*" turned suddenly and listened to someone talking behind him.

"Maybe that's for you, ladies?" he inquired in an unmistakable American accent.

A young Englishman, whose fresh yellow gloves and heavy stick jumped instantly to the eye, was leaning over the cab behind them inquiring whether the ladies in it were Miss Armiger and Miss Wendell.

"Here we are! Is this Doctor Royce?" Martha called joyously, and Nell leaned out, her gray eyes dancing under her straight chestnut brows, her resentment forgotten.

"Oh, how d'you do? No, I'm not the doctor, I'm sorry to say—so glad I found you. I was a bit late. The doctor couldn't get away very well. He asked me to come down and meet you—Riggs, of the hospital. Is there anything I can do?"

"Thank you—it's all done," Nell answered demurely. "It was very kind of you."

"Not at all," the Englishman replied seriously; "glad to, of course. I see you've found your luggage all right And your—your trunks through the customs?"

"No, we're coming down tomorrow," Mattie said gravely. "It's too long to wait, they seem to think."

"Quite, quite," he agreed. "It's a long business, I'm afraid; very tiresome. After all, you Americans can't complain, though, can you now? I must be getting on. Does your man know the hotel? The Hôtel Vendôme des Rois, isn't it? Royce will be calling this evening, he said. So glad everything's all right. Good afternoon."

He bowed politely, repeated the address to the chauffeur and left them briskly. The Americans looked at each other and laughed hysterically.

"Why didn't you ask Rob to dinner?" Martha inquired when, bathed and dressed, they sat relaxed in the odd red velvet chairs, drawn to the window, and admitted frankly to each other that the floor seemed uncertain in its movements and that the ship still rang in their ears.

"I—I was going to, at the station," Nell answered, a little forlorn, now that the bustle was over and this curious, detached, waiting feeling was growing stronger and stronger. "I—I thought of course he'd be there. I should think he'd come, anyway, without asking, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, I don't know about that," said Mattie easily. "Perhaps he thought you'd rather get settled first."

"Perhaps," said Nell.

"It isn't as if you were all alone, you know."

"No."

"How old is Rob?" Mattie demanded suddenly.

"Thirty-six. But he's awfully boyish. And I don't like young boys—I never did."

"Of course, twelve years is nothing. Women are so much older," Mattie agreed wisely. "He must be doing awfully well."

"He is." And a little possessive smile of pleasure brightened the drooping mouth of Rob's fiancée. Very few young doctors had his record.

"I See: I Shall be Glad to Know Her. Tell Me What Did You Want to Ask My Advice About That First Day?"

The years rolled back like a curtain, and she saw herself, in a series of pictures as if thrown on a screen. Sixteen, and deliciously proud of the notice of the handsome young doctor just out of Johns Hopkins, who had come to help her father in his large country practice. He had deliberately picked her out to dance with at a Christmas party, leaving the older girls frankly jealous. She had just put up her hair; and though daddy hadn't liked it, what could a widower, with one handsome, overgrown girl, do for himself? She had insisted upon a gray crêpe dress to match her eyes—too old for her, but very becoming.

Eighteen, and the big war across the water was worrying everybody. Rob, who had only stayed a year with them, leaving when poor daddy died, was already in France, enrolled in a French regiment. He had sent his photograph in uniform "to his dear little friend Nellie," and it stood on her bureau. Aunty had feared the child would get ideas in her head.

Twenty, and the war was over; and Rob had come back, handsomer than ever, and so slender and straight. Nell was visiting in New York and they had met at a dance

"You dance just as well as you used to," he had said gravely; "but where is the little Nellie I used to know?"

Then he had gone suddenly to California and she had lived with different aunts and cousins, independent in her modest little income, good-looking and free-spoken and welcome everywhere.

Twenty-two, and she went on a Western tour, all cañons and mountains and fun; and suddenly, at a dinner party in Los Angeles, there he was beside her! It had seemed very exciting to them both, and they had talked together all the evening. He was doing very well, yes, and he had lots of friends; but he was possessed with the idea of getting back to France; it haunted him. It was the most wonderful country—only, his friends would forget him.

"Oh, no, Doctor Royce, they wouldn't!"

"Wouldn't they? Wouldn't you, for instance?"

"Oh, no!"

"I'll remember that."

After that, there was something between them. They wrote; not regularly or often, for one was busy and the other not overfond of writing or reading; but there was something between them.

And then, on Armistice Day, which was her twenty-third birthday, as she stood moved and near to tears on the edge of a great crowd in Central Park, just as the bands crashed out The Star-Spangled Banner and every hat went off, she glanced suddenly behind her and met his eyes! It was too extraordinary! It seemed to them both that these sudden, unexpected meetings meant more than they had dreamed.

He caught her hand as the brasses swelled to the last piercing note, and then he said huskily, "Let's not get separated any more, Nellie—never again!"

She smiled at him through her tears and answered, "No, Rob, let's not!"

It had seemed wonderful that he should have decided in that moment for France—and her. It was almost as if the two were confused in his mind. In the excitement of the marching regiments and the flying flags, he left her like a soldier going to war again. For his passage was engaged for the next day but one. A place was waiting for him. An old army friend, now in civil practice in Paris, had become so popular among the Americans that he needed help and had proposed to Rob to join him. He couldn't very well wait, and as the doctor wanted him in his sanatorium, an immediate marriage would not have been practical. But in a few months he would send for her and she and aunty would go over and finish out the year. To be a little French wife for a year or two would be good training for her, he had said with a smile; there were no women like the French—but one.

And in the high excitement of those two days she had been glad to have him go. It was different from other facile engagements and quick marriages. There was something special about theirs. And she was young.

It had passed wonderfully quickly, that year. She had never been with Rob long enough to miss him, and his letters were marvelous, and held them together increasingly; her own had not so much interest, of course. He told all the details of his work, all the bits of color and beauty that made his adopted city so endlessly fascinating She saw the parks, green-wooded and statue-filled; the flower markets, splashing the pavements with color; the playing fountains and the sparkling shop windows. She was always ashamed that she hadn't studied French, as he continually urged her, and always honestly meant to; but her life was a changing affair, and she had never been held to regular habits. And the illness of her aunt, to whom she had warm-heartedly devoted herself, had meant Southern travel and uncertain engagements. The time had stretched on to a full year; and now that it was over, and all her old life so soon to be over with it, she would not be sorry to prolong it a little and have a pleasant space of courtship after this absence; a few weeks when she and Rob could really learn to know each other. After all, she hadn't had much of the fun of an engaged girl, had she? She had known him eight years, and yet she was a little shy of him. She was secretly proud that he was older than the boys she had danced and golfed and skated with all this time. And as aunty had pointed out, it would need a man to manage her!

"You've really been unusually independent, dear." Poor old aunty!

"Have you been asleep, too, Nell? I dozed off. Hadn't we better go down to dinner, since your young man doesn't seem to be coming?"

Waiting for their places in the little dining room, they caught the precise articulation of an elderly Englishman behind them.

"Oh, no, quite alone, I dare say. American girls go where they like, you know. Willy says they're often older than they look. Extraordinary, isn't it?"

Nell giggled, flashing an amused glance at the Roman-nosed, black-satin lady with the cameo bracelets. She was like somebody on the stage. . . . There was always a clergyman in those plays. . . . The bright, velvet-benched room, with its fascinating table of hors d'œuvres, seemed dreamlike, the wine bottles and plates of fruit unreal.

Half past eight, and no guest. Quarter of nine, and Mattie yawned frankly. And then at nine o'clock a sharp ring at the telephone on the little sitting-room table.

"Monsieur Roisse for Mademoiselle Armingerre!" clicked a tiny voice.

Nell turned a little pale and handed the oddly shaped instrument helplessly to Mattie.

(Continued on Page 62)

ISLES OF ROMANCE

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"Of Course There Won't be, Hayden. There'll be Nobody on It—Only Just Us—You and Me"

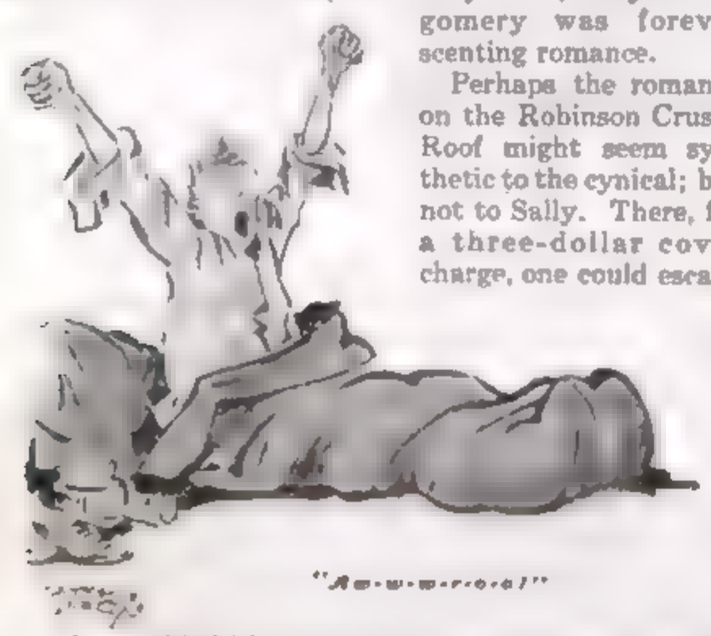
HE HADN'T exactly proposed. She hadn't exactly refused him. He had given her to understand that he wished it to be, and she had given him to understand that it could not be.

She was a bit disappointed to discover how well a young man with a freshly fractured heart can dance. Sally Montgomery had half expected Hayden Eaton to "go white with a sudden, poignant whiteness," as had the hero of the last novel she had read, Two Together in Arcady; or at least, Sally thought, Hayden might have muttered something about "ending it all," as Basil Harcourt, the hero of Hearts Entwined in Tahiti, had muttered under like circumstances.

Instead, Hayden had straightened his black evening tie, turned a sigh into a shrug and said, "Oh, very well; I'll try again. Come on, let's dance."

How he could dance! And he did have nice eyelashes, she thought, and such long, straight, aristocratic legs; and he did always wear such well-tailored clothes. As they swayed to the ecstatic jungle harmonies of the band on the Robinson Crusoe Roof Garden of the Hotel Luxor, Sally found herself growing glad that Hayden had not construed her refusal as definite and final.

The band stopped as sharply as if it had seen a traffic signal. Sally and Hayden returned to their table for two in an out-of-the-way corner of the roof, behind a palm tree. They always thought of that table as their own. It was theirs by right of discovery and long and frequent occupation. They came to the Robinson Crusoe Roof often, partly because it was the newest and smartest of the new smart dance places, and at the moment was the favorite playground of the youths and maidens who live on the right side of Central Park; but mostly they came there because its exotic atmosphere appealed to Sally. She scented romance there. But then, at twenty-three, Sally Montgomery was forever scenting romance.



"Aw-w-w-r-r-o-a!"

Perhaps the romance on the Robinson Crusoe Roof might seem synthetic to the cynical; but not to Sally. There, for a three-dollar cover charge, one could escape to a palm-studded isle under the original and only genuine sky, jeweled with authentic stars. There one could dance while twelve ebony-finished Men Friday coaxed insidious Congo music from pipe, string, skin. Festoons of coconuts and papier-mâché bananas hung everywhere, and giant electric-lit fireflies played in the leaves. What if the natives of this isle wore dinner coats and evening gowns? What if one could hear, ten stories below, the brassy blare of Broadway, a chaotic tumult, a tinny din of yelping taxicabs and raucous limping trolley cars with fallen arches? What if one could see, on every side, the lights of the metropolis, hymning incandescently the praises of shoes and grips and chewing gum?

"Let's not dance this one," Hayden suggested. "Let's talk."

She smiled up at him. "What about?"

"You and me."

"We did talk about us."

"Then let's talk some more. You know how I feel about us, Sally."

"Wake Up, Mate Man!" Cried Sally

"And you know how I feel about us, Hayden."

He looked at her with all the seriousness of twenty-four.

"Sally!"

She had to make an effort not to melt entirely when he said her name in that tone.

"What's wrong with me, Sally?" he asked. "Don't you like me—even a little bit?"

"Oh, yes, Hayden, quite a big bit. But ——"

He groaned.

"But what, Sally?"

"Well, you see, there's something else."

"Something else?" He frowned. "Do you mean someone else?"

She shook her small, blond, bobbed head.

"No—that is, not exactly."

"Tell me his name, Sally Montgomery. You must tell me; I tell you, you must."

Sally, inwardly, was thrilled, for these words of Hayden's were not unlike the impassioned words of Basil Harcourt, under similar conditions.

"He has no name," Sally answered.

"No name?"

"You see," she explained, "I haven't met him—yet."

"But where does he live?"

"I don't know exactly where," she said, her eyes bright; "but I do know the sort of place."

"Good Lord, Sally, what are you talking about?"

"I was afraid you wouldn't understand," she sighed. "That's one reason I'm afraid it can never be—with you and me."

"But, Sally, at least give me a clew. I'm only a cub banker, not a seer."

"Didn't you read Hearts Entwined in Tahiti?"

Hayden nodded.

"You know you made me read it," he said

"Well, do you remember the girl and boy in it?"

"Of course I do. They hated each other in Chicago; but when they were cast away together on a desert island they learned to love each other; so they got married ——"

"'On the great altar of outdoors,'" quoted Sally raptly, "'with night for their cathedral, the smiling stars as witnesses, and the deep-voiced ocean booming their wedding march.' Oh, Hayden, if I ever marry ——"

"Will you, Sally? Say you will," he said urgently.

"Whom?"

"Me."

She slowly shook her head.

"Oh, Sally! Why?"

"Oh, don't you see, Hayden? I'm fond of you—very fond of you; but you're so—so citified."

"Citified? But why shouldn't I be? I was born in East Seventy-fourth Street, and I've always lived there."

"Yes, I know. I'm not blaming you, Hayden."

"But, Sally, what do you want me to do—be a farmer? Say the word and I'll wear overalls and raise pigs or Brussels sprouts or anything you say."

"There! You don't understand me, Hayden. I don't want to live on a farm; I'm scared of bugs and bees. But the only sort of man I could love is an outdoor man; and you, Hayden—you're so—indoorsy."

"But, Sally, a fellow can't sell bonds to buttercups."

"Please listen to me a minute. Just suppose we were married, where would we be married?"

"Why, in St. Joan's, of course, by my uncle, the bishop; with a reception at the Ritz, I suppose, and a wedding trip to Bar Harbor. Good golf course there, you know."

"See?" Sally cried. "St. Joan's—the Ritz—Bar Harbor—golf ——"

"A pretty neat program, if you ask me."

"That's just the trouble with you, Hayden. Your idea of being an outdoor man is to wear a pair of snappy knickerbockers and a red-and-yellow tie and play eighteen holes of golf, and in the evening put on a dinner coat and dance on a country-club porch."

"Well," he remarked, "I notice you put in a large part of your time doing things very like that."

"Yes; but I hate it all. It's so—so beastly civilized."

"But, Sally, don't you want to be civilized?"

Sally Found Hayden Sleepily Making Coffee

"No; no woman does, really. I want to be primitive."

"Sally! You primitive?"

"You needn't laugh, Hayden Eaton. I do."

"Yes, you do. I know you. You want to be primitive in a steam-heated cave on Park Avenue, with some Stone Age clothes just imported from Paris, and a prehistoric eight-cylinder roadster. I know you, Sally Montgomery."

"You don't, or you wouldn't say that. I tell you I'm tired of all this—this tawdry glitter." She waved her hand toward the jazz band, the festoons of coconuts and the flitting blackbirds of waiters. "It isn't real. I want to be face to face with raw life; I want to feel the primal call of mate to mate; to be wed not in any man-made edifice, but on the great altar of outdoors. I want to help my man wage, bare-handed, the eternal battle with Nature."

"Sally Montgomery, you read that in a book!"

"What if I did?" She blushed. "It's the way I feel."

He regarded her thoughtfully for a long minute.

"You know, Sally," he said, "there are times when I feel that way myself."

"Oh, do you, Hayden?"

"Yes, I do," he said; then added, "it's silly, I know, for a banker to think of such things."

"But it isn't silly at all, Hayden. A banker has just as much right to be romantic as anybody else. Oh, isn't there something we can do about it?"

He shrugged his dinner coat.

"I don't see what," he said. "The only island we're apt to be cast away on is Manhattan, and that's hardly a desert isle."

"Nor a romantic one," added Sally. A thought lit up her blue eyes. "Why, Hayden," she exclaimed, "Mrs. Clavering has asked me to take a short trip in the Caribbean on her yacht next month. I know she'd be delighted to have you come. Could you?"

"Oh, I could." Hayden hesitated. "Dad would give me a month off; I have it coming to me. But, Sally, what good would it do? The Kardamah isn't exactly primitive, as I remember it."

"No, of course not. But don't you see, Hayden, it's a chance ——"

"Chance for what?"

"Well, something is always happening to yachts, and the Caribbean is full of sweet little coral islands, and I thought ——"

"Things like that only happen in books," was Hayden's opinion.

"But sometimes," returned Sally, "things can be made to happen. What do you think?"

He looked for a long time at the piquant face across the table.

"I think," he replied, "that I'm crazy about you, Sally."

"Then you'll come on the Kardamah?"

"If Mrs. Clavering won't take me aboard, I'll swim along by the side of the old tub."

"You darling!"

"And now," he said, running his eyes down the menu, "shall we order some supper?"

"Oh, Hayden," Sally pouted, "why must you always be thinking of eating at times like these?"

"But I'm hungry, Sally."

"Oh, you're always hungry."

"Well," he grinned, "as the Irishman said, 'What's natural's decent.' Would you like some oysters, Sally?"

"Indeed I wouldn't! You never seem to remember that I detest oysters."

"Sorry. How would a lobster strike you?"

Hayden Saw Sally

"It wouldn't. You know lobster makes me ill. I really don't feel in the least like eating."

"I do. I think I'll have some roast chicken, endive salad and banana ice cream."

Sally emitted a sigh of surrender.

"Oh, very well; I suppose I'll have to keep you company. I'll have the chicken and salad too; but not banana ice cream. I can't see how anybody can like banana flavor. I hate it. I'll have pistache."

"You look like a baby angel," Hayden said.

Sally smiled at him. He was such a nice boy, such a perfect host. She liked his impeccable neckties, his habitual well-groomed air, his always assiduously polished fingers, and the way he wore his clothes.

To begin with, the sea was choppy. Sally Montgomery wished it wasn't. She wished she hadn't eaten so much duckling at dinner. She almost wished she hadn't come at all. Hayden Eaton was too busy tugging at the oars of the Kardamah's tender with unaccustomed and fast-blistering banker's hands to be able to do much wishing or thinking. Now and then he made a sound like a cap pistol over the silent Caribbean:

"Damn!"

"You Put That Down and Listen to Me!"

"What did you say, dearest?" Sally spoke wanly.

"Nothing, darling." Hayden's voice was a growl.

"You said damn."

"What if I did? Try rowing a heavy boat an hour and see what you'll say."

"Now, Hayden dear, don't begin to get cross."

"I'm not cross; just blistered, and my spine is twisted out of shape. I hope there'll be an osteopath on this island."

"Of course there won't be, Hayden. There'll be nobody on it—only just us—you and me."

"Damn!"

"Why, Hayden!"

"Caught a crab," he said. "These oars weigh a ton each."

Sally moaned a little.

"I wish the sea would keep still," she said. "I didn't feel it when we were on the yacht. But I'll be all right when we land."

"I'll never be the same man again," prophesied Hayden, wrestling with the oars.

"Hayden Eaton, I believe you're sorry we did this!"

"Please don't talk like that, Sally. Of course I'm not. Perhaps it isn't sensible, but it is romantic. . . . Damn!"

"Oh, Hayden, look!"

"What?"

"Look! The smoke of the Kardamah! She's moving."

"Well, let her."

"But don't you see what that means?"

"It means we can't turn back now."

"Do you want to?"

"No; not after I've invested all this energy in rowing to that blasted island"

"Now, Hayden, is that a very loverlike thing to say?"

"A fellow can't be loverlike with blisters on his hands the size of poached eggs and his spine feeling as if a tank were passing over it."

Sally watched the smoke from the receding yacht.

"They won't miss us till the Kardamah is a hundred miles away," she said. "Perhaps they'll think we were lost overboard, and they won't even look for us. Just think, Hayden, we may be cast away forever!"

"Damn!" said Hayden. Then, "Sorry, Sally. I was speaking to the oars."

"Behold!"

"Forever!" she repeated in a dream tone. "Perhaps—forever."

"And I forgot to bring a single safety-razor blade," he said.

She came out of her dream state abruptly.

"I suppose you're sorry you didn't bring your top hat. Basil Harcourt didn't talk like that." Hayden grunted. "Don't you remember how Basil said," continued Sally, ignoring the grunt, "'Mate woman, with an ax, a bag of grain, two strong arms, a steadfast heart—and you, I can bend Nature to my will and turn this wilderness into a paradise'?"

"Modest egg, your friend Basil," remarked Hayden.

"He was always courageous and gallant—always," Sally responded.

"He didn't have blisters," growled out Hayden Eaton. Then, with a burst of optimism, "Cheer up! We ought to reach the island soon, if my spine doesn't crack. Then for a feast. I've filled the boat with canned things—beans, peas, corn, coffee, potted tongue, potted ham ——"

Her face was whiter than the tropic moonlight.

"Hayden, stop! How can you mention such things, with me, your mate, feeling the way I do? And I'm afraid I'm going to feel a lot worse too."

She felt a lot worse.

It was a beautiful little island, a green gem with a frame of silver sand, lying on the dark-blue plush of the sea.

The first morning sun smiled on its emerald trees with ruby birds in them, and on the golden fruit, for they were banana trees. From the graceful plants hung pearl blossoms, amber blossoms, amethyst blossoms.

Sally Montgomery unrolled herself from her blanket, stood up, drank in the sweet salt air and stretched out her arms toward the sun, even as Alyse in the book had done.

"Our island!" cried Sally softly. "Romance Island."

She went dancing down the beach to a dark lump lying on the sand; it appeared to be a vast brown cocoon, surrounded by a jumble of canned goods, bits of tent and cooking utensils.

"Wake up, mate man!" cried Sally.

"Aw-w-w-r-o-o!" came a voice, stuffy with sleep, from the cocoon. "What time is it?"

"Who thinks of time on Romance Island?" sang Sally.

"How can I sleep if you make all that racket," grumbled the cocoon.

"But, Hayden dear, the dawn is here—the dawn of our new life. See! The sun is coming up."

"Well"—very yawningly—"what's to stop it?"

"Aren't you going to get up?"

"At daybreak? Nope."

"But the sun is rising."

"Then it's a better man than I am," came from the cocoon.

"Oh, Hayden!"

Sally's voice was verging on the tearful. A head was poked out of the blanket roll. It was an unkempt head, with hair pointing north, south, east, west, and eyes blurred with sleep, and cheeks and chin showing patches of bluish stubble.

"Say, how do you expect a fellow to sleep if you keep talking?" Hayden demanded.

"I don't expect you to sleep, Hayden. Basil always leaped up with the dawn, 'eager to grapple with the new day!'"

"Yeah, a great grappler, Basil was. But after that row last night I'm not fit to grapple with a cream puff; and, moreover, I couldn't get to

(Continued on Page 174)

Her Particular Escort Was Tubby Mann

Mister President

By Albert J. Beveridge

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

WHEN applied to the head of the American nation, that is the highest official title known to man. In no other country does a chief executive have such intimate relationships with his people. In no other government does any one man wield such powers as does the President of the United States.

His authority and potentialities are both constitutional and extraconstitutional -that is, within and beyond the Constitution. In short, like other organs of our Government, the presidency has been a growth corresponding to the development of American life.

Those who think of our fundamental law as a rigid mechanical contrivance have not, perhaps, made note of the changes that have taken place in our Constitution. These are many and in some cases startling.

For instance, the method of selecting our Presidents is, except in meaningless form, the opposite of that provided by our charter of nationality—certainly the reverse of that intended by the fathers. In this respect, indeed, something like a constitutional revolution has occurred.

Our fundamental law does not contemplate the existence of political parties; indeed, it was drawn on the nonparty theory, as witness two houses of Congress and a President that may be and often have been controlled by opposing political parties, the result being a situation I shall presently examine.

In the Constitutional Convention there was great confusion as to the manner of choosing the President. At first it was thought best for Congress to select the Chief Magistrate. Then it was proposed that governors of states should elect him.

Finally Hamilton suggested the plan of presidential electors. There was great uncertainty, too, about the length of his term of office, about his reëligibility, about his title, about everything concerning the presidency.

Theory versus Practice

AT LAST the Constitution was fixed as it is except as to the vice presidency, which brought the Twelfth Amendment—a change for the worse. It provides that each state shall choose electors who shall meet in their respective states, ballot for President and Vice President, and send the result to the president of the Senate at Washington, where all such returns must be opened and counted before a joint meeting of both houses; and if nobody has a majority, the House of Representatives shall choose a President from the three highest on the list, the vote to be by states "the representation from each state having one vote," and "a majority of all the states shall be necessary to a choice."

Two Presidents—Thomas Jefferson and John Quincy Adams—have been thus chosen by the House of Representatives.

The idea was that these presidential electors should meet, look over the field and select for President the very best man in the country—the ablest, most experienced and, in short, the outstanding statesman of his day. "The most exalted characters can only be known throughout the whole Union," as James McHenry, of Maryland, well, albeit unfelicitously, expressed the idea of our Constitution makers as to the kind of man the constitutional electoral colleges were intended and expected to make President.

These electors, it was supposed, would of course themselves be the most capable, farseeing and trustworthy men to be found in their respective states; they were to act with the utmost independence and deliberation—be public trustees, as it were; and to their patriotic and disinterested judgment was to be left the august responsibility of choosing the Chief Executive of the nation.

That plan went to smash as soon as political parties appeared, which was almost immediately after our Government was established. Forty years afterward the convention system developed, and presidential electors pledged to vote for the party candidate were made a part of the party ticket in each state—as we shall see, party conventions did not exist until 1831–32.

So it has come about that today these constitutional functionaries—presidential electors—are no more than party registering devices without judgment, will or power, instead of being, as the Constitution intended, the picked elders of the land endowed with the noble authority to use their maturest thought, in council and after careful consideration, in finding and naming a President of the United States.

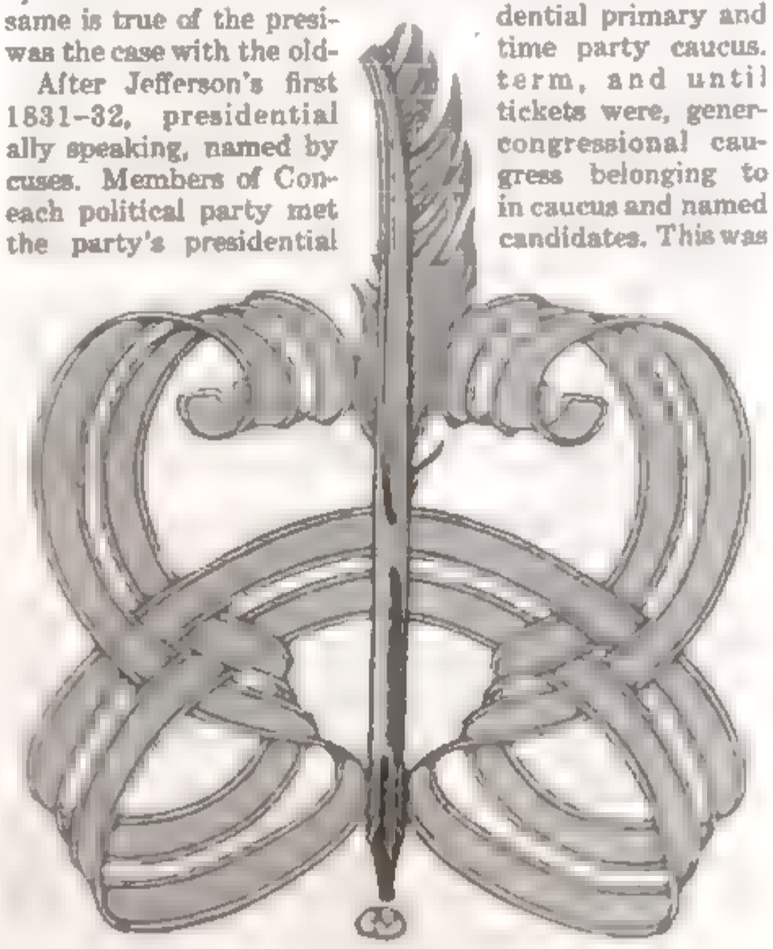
This fundamental change also illustrates the difference between constitutional and institutional functions. The method of automatic and predetermined voting by presidential electors is so firmly established as to be an institution. An even better illustration is our practice of electing representatives in Congress only from districts in which they live. This is not required by our Constitution, which permits us to choose our members of the Lower House regardless of their district residences, as indeed has been done a few times in our history.

But the custom of requiring our congressmen to live in the districts they represent has become so fixed and universal that it is an American institution, the exact reverse of the Canadian or English system, by which a member of Parliament may be chosen from any constituency.

Before the Twelfth Amendment was enacted the Vice President was the man who received the second highest number of electoral votes for President, and therefore a personage deemed worthy of that exalted office. The Twelfth Amendment requires presidential electors to vote for a Vice President as such, in the same manner that they vote for a President as such—a distinct decline, since, obviously, the electors would not consider so highly the man who probably never would be President. But as we have seen, the whole scheme is now no longer operative.

The method of nominating presidential candidates by national party conventions is another institutional development not harmonious with the constitutional plan. The same is true of the presidential primary and was the case with the old-time party caucus.

After Jefferson's first term, and until 1831–32, presidential tickets were, generally speaking, named by congressional caucuses. Members of Congress belonging to each political party met in caucus and named the party's presidential candidates. This was an excellent method if the constitutional plan were to be entirely abandoned, as it had been, and if party voters were to have no real voice in selecting party candidates, which they did not.



Largely for this reason the party convention was devised to bring party control nearer to the party rank and file. It was bitterly opposed and denounced by the old-timers of that day as degrading, debasing and, in general, "popularizing" party nominations.

Webster and Calhoun, for instance, strenuously opposed party conventions on those grounds. They and men like them were for the old caucus system of picking and naming party candidates. No convention for them! It gave the ragtag and bobtail too much voice in party management to suit those great statesmen.

Still, the convention system worked fairly well until after the Civil War, although by means of it and the use of the weapon of availability the politicians were, with one or two notable exceptions, able to prevent the nomination of the best men and secure that of innocuous mediocrities. "Who," asks the late Lord Bryce, in his American Commonwealth, "now knows or cares to know anything about the personality of James K. Polk or Franklin Pierce?"

For the same reasons that the caucus gave way to the convention, plus the additional reason of corrupt boss control and manipulation, the primary is overturning the convention. Caucus, convention, primary—each is a logical and inevitable step toward the control of political parties by party voters. Good or bad, it is an evolution of popular government.

The Sacred Formula of Availability

THE arguments against the primary and for the convention that we hear today are, for the most part, identical with those made from 1830 to 1840 against the convention and for the caucus. There are, of course, the additional arguments of great expense to primary candidates, frequency of campaigns, and the like; to which arguments advocates of the primary make answer that no candidate in a primary need spend much money—none at all if he does not want to; that vast sums were spent under the convention system, often corruptly and always secretly spent; and that primary campaigns are excellent tryouts of candidates as well as a good preparation for election campaigns. The public, they say, cannot have too much information.

As a sheer matter of selecting the fittest man to be President, all these nonconstitutional methods—caucus, convention or primary—are incalculably inferior to the constitutional plan and theory of choosing a President by electors as described. Heretofore we have got along with many weak and narrow-visioned men as Presidents largely because of free land and undeveloped resources.

As yet, we really have not been hard put to it by desperate economic pressure such as that which bears so heavily on densely peopled countries with limited natural wealth; but the time draws near when the well-being of the people will require the very ablest man in America as our general manager, which in the process of our civic evolution is what the American President is coming to be in practical effect, and, broadly speaking, ought to be perhaps.

In the making of nominations by party conventions sometimes small account is taken of the fitness of the campaign standard bearer to be Chief Executive of the nation, and hardly any at all of that of his running mate. This fact is vital, not only as negativing the Constitution but also as affecting the well-being of the people.

Party politicians want to win, and so availability is, in their eyes, a well-nigh sacred formula. Often in our history they have waved this magic wand over conventions, which thereupon rejected our ablest statesmen and chose instead amiable persons without antagonisms—a good thing for campaign purposes perhaps, but a bad thing for the United States in case the pallid and inoffensive candidate is elected.

Thus Henry Clay was defeated in the Whig convention of 1839, and Harrison nominated. The reason Clay was not available at that particular moment was that he was a Mason, against which order there was then a curious fanatical uprising. Clay failed again in 1848 because a "war

hero" was then wanted and Taylor was nominated by the Whigs—a man so absurdly unfit that Webster refused to support him.

Blaine was defeated at Cincinnati in 1876 and Hayes nominated, which led the then popular idol to bewail his fate as being the Henry Clay of his party. Indeed availability has been responsible for most of our second-rate presidential candidates.

As the ablest and most accurate foreign commentator on our institutions and political methods, the late Lord Bryce declares of us, "To a party it is more important that its nominee should be a good candidate than that he should turn out a good President."

But the time is coming, if indeed it is not already here, when the prosperity and happiness of the American people will forbid the election of weak men merely because they are not offensive to anybody, and therefore "available."

We dislike foreign criticisms, yet we must admit that there is a trace of truth in the reference of the English scholar, the late Prof. A. V. Dicey, to "the utter insignificance of many [American] Presidents." Lord Bryce is particularly severe on us for our selection of so many small men as chiefs of the republic, going to such an extreme as to say that from Madison to the close of the last century "no President except Abraham Lincoln displayed rare gifts or striking qualities in the chair."

Unluckily for both Webster and Clay, the convention system came in just as these men were in the fullness of their wonderful powers, when their presidential ambitions were strongest. So availability killed them off and incubated lesser men. Webster never was so much as nominated, and Clay only when he could not possibly win—a fact that he recognized and bitterly resented.

Space does not permit the narration of the many grotesqueries of party conventions, amusing and whimsical as many of them have been; but a few may be given as illustrations.

For instance, take the Democratic convention of 1844, which nominated the first dark horse—James K. Polk. There the fantastic two-thirds rule prevented the selection of Martin Van Buren, favored by an ample majority of the delegates, the undoubted choice of his party and clearly entitled to the nomination.

Van Buren was a very able man, too, widely experienced in and thoroughly familiar with public affairs. But another man of signal ability and fine record, Lewis Cass, was a candidate, and by the two-thirds folly was able to keep his rival out of the nomination.

A Premium on Mediocrity

SO, OF course, at the right moment during the seeming deadlock, up rose a delegate who announced himself the apostle of harmony and presented the name of that "noble patriot and glorious statesman," James K. Polk, who had the supreme merits of inoffensiveness and of not having stood for or against anything in particular. However, as one delegate exclaimed in the course of an impassioned speech, Polk was at least "a pure and whole-hogged Democrat," which remark brought forth tremendous cheering. Thereupon, since the fate of the nation demanded Democratic harmony, a stampede began and Polk was made Democratic standard bearer.

At this time began that curious type of extravagant, emotional speech, convention oratory, which is one of the most diverting features of party conventions. Though nearly always tawdry rhetoric, these speeches sometimes rise to heights approaching real eloquence, although of the rhythmical and old-fashioned camp-meeting kind; as for example, Ingersoll's Plumed Knight apostrophe placing Blaine in nomination at Cincinnati, or Bryan's Cross-of-Gold plea for free silver at Chicago.

While we are on the subject, perhaps a word is permissible about the bizarre two-thirds rule governing Democratic national conventions. This was one of the party ukases of Andrew Jackson. He told his party to adopt it in the Democratic convention of 1832—the first real party convention ever held, by the way, unless we can so call the anti-Masonic gathering at Philadelphia in 1830, which nominated William Wirt, or that of the National Republicans, which nominated Clay at Baltimore in 1831.

Jackson was the unanimous and undisputed choice of his party. But he was its autocrat, too, and he wanted for his running mate Van Buren, who was then not very popular. The delegates simply did not dare disobey the orders of Jackson, who, none the less, wished his every act to appear to be merely the will of the people, his every word merely the voice of the people—as, indeed, he actually thought it was.

So if Van Buren were nominated by two-thirds of the convention nobody could say that he had been forced on the ticket. Thus was adopted the celebrated resolution which from that day to this has vexed and sometimes disrupted the Democratic Party, "that two-thirds of the whole number of the votes in the convention shall be necessary to constitute a choice."

As nearly as the historian has been able to determine, such was the trivial motive from which the two-thirds rule originated. After Jackson's day strong men of the party often have tried to abolish it, but always have been thwarted by minority politicians and factional bosses.

The two-thirds rule is a minority sword wielded by the guardian angel of mediocrity. It has produced diminutive candidates in the past and will in the future. This is inevitable in the nature of the case—except by accident it cannot be otherwise.

Elections, too, have now and then been as emotional and unintelligent as conventions. A peak illustration of such senseless popular tides of sentiment was the presidential campaign of 1840, when Harrison and Tyler were swept into office. An unlucky Baltimore Democratic editor said that if Harrison were given two thousand dollars a year, a log cabin and a barrel of hard cider he would be content.

That settled it. The Whigs had no platform, no principles, no policy. But never mind! So much the better! So log cabins were built everywhere, oceans of hard cider consumed; and because log cabins suggested coonskins, these were nailed to doors and walls of campaign log cabins. Cheap cartoons of Harrison sitting outside such an abode of the common people, drinking out of a gourd hard cider from a barrel near by, were scattered everywhere.

A banal song took the place of argument—"Tippecanoe and Tyler too—Little Van's a used-up man." Thus was the country saved in the sixth decade of the republic; and from that day to this a well-known type of politician with presidential aspirations has been careful to be born in a log cabin.

A chance sneer, "Who is James K. Polk?" added thousands to his certain majority; and when he was inaugurated this ill-fated question, which had become a sort of campaign battle cry, was shouted by the victorious Democratic thousands who paraded in triumph the muddy streets of Washington. "Who is James K. Polk," indeed! They had shown the scoffers! And, of course, all remember the Burchard speech which many blamed for the defeat of Blaine and the election of Cleveland.

What now of the powers, duties and tasks of our Chief Magistrate, selected by the nonconstitutional and hap-hazard methods described? In the first place, let us have clearly and firmly in mind that our President is the representative of the whole American people as a people. The fact that everybody votes for President, while only small divisions of men and women vote for senators and still smaller divisions vote for representatives, gives the President a nation-wide relationship and influence possessed by no other official or by Congress itself.

The Champion of the People

SO WE look to the President for everything and blame him for everything. Moreover, by reason of the nonconstitutional party development already noted, and the extraconstitutional presidential party leadership presently to be noted, citizens make no distinction between Congress and the President when both belong to the same political party.

Thus, in elections, the President goes down if his party in Congress has offended the people, and the same reaction happens against his party's majority in Congress when the President has displeased the country. "The tail goes with the hide" in either case.

Before we go into the matter of presidential authority and influence, it may be helpful to examine the complaint that the President is overworked. That is not so. Worry may wear him out, responsibility crush him, but mere labor does not hurt him—at least none that he really has to do.

For instance, the foolish custom of meeting, shaking hands with and saying "just a word" to everybody that happens to be in Washington could readily be dispensed with; and the prodigious majority of the people would be glad if that practice were dropped. The origin of it is interesting, but not important. It is enough to say that we have outgrown it.

It takes time and energy that belong to the nation. Nothing comes of it except the satisfaction of the visitor's curiosity on the one hand, and on the other hand the reputation for presidential accessibility and kindliness, which by some is considered a political asset. But that sort of thing does not help the country.

Of course the President should not shut himself off from the people. Far from it. On the contrary, he should keep himself as close to them and them to him as is humanly possible. For he is their leader, their spokesman, at once the interpreter of their will and the guide of their opinion, their friend and champion, the protector and defender of their interests.

But this close contact with the people could be achieved much better by short

(Continued on Page 81)

WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

IF YOU were an exceedingly wealthy clubman, married, separated, and still in the thirties; if you ran a correct office of the spick-and-span category in the most luxurious of the skyscrapers of lower Broadway for the sole purpose of keeping your money moving by decapitating every two-point profit the minute it poked its head into sight; if you were sitting in the security of such an office in full possession of your senses, and suddenly found yourself face to face with a highly painted and powdered, bright-eyed prototype of the genus Cutie, avowedly in her eighteenth year; if extraordinary circumstances by benevolence out of creative impulse led you to take the misguided girl in hand, strip off varnish and veneer, and display her in all her pristine freshness and sad allure at the Bonne Nuit, thereby making her the instant beauty queen of the Borough of Manhattan; if five minutes later a scrawled menu card from your wife informed you that your wonderful find was her niece, a sub-deb of vintage blood, and the only daughter of no less a person than your estranged sister-in-law, Mrs. Pruyn-Clayton; if when delivering the strayed baggage to a heaving maternal bosom you had found it inexplicably surrounded by your own two arms and had taken a brazen draught from young lips: if all these things had happened to you—what would you do next?

"My Affection for Them Has Subjected Me to Ridicule and Occasionally to Annoyance Through Half My Life, and Yet I am Constantly Repaid by Their Profound Significance"

Such was the question which confronted Mr. Trumper Bromleigh on the morning following the culmination of the episode summarized in the previous long-winded paragraph. What would any man do next? The supersensitive type might conceivably blow out his brains; the heroic might nobly face the music; the bulldogian might set his underslung jaw and carry on stubbornly; the thick-skinned might simply pretend that nothing out of the ordinary had happened; the combative might go around with a chip on his shoulder and a forbidding glare in his eye; lastly, the cad might accept the situation with a coxcomb smirk.

But Trumper was none of these divers types; he was his inimitable self, a man of fastidious habit and unerring taste. Consequently he realized that there was only one thing to do, and he did it. He sold at the market every borderland stock he possessed, reduced his holdings to the solid bone of gilt-edged securities, bought government bonds with the resulting cash, intrusted his office force with the simple task of clipping coupons and crediting all dividends to his checking account, equipped himself with a generous letter of credit, ordered his bags packed, and took passage on the first available steamer for Europe. While on the boat he kept his eyes strictly to the front, never once allowing them to rise higher than a woman's knees, or fall lower than the extreme top of her hat. No more adventures for him. Never again! had become his motto.

He arrived in London on a murky Saturday evening, installed himself in the comfortable quarters he had reserved by cable; shaved, bathed and dressed at his leisure, and at about eight o'clock issued to the street, feeling just a little un-American at having made the concession to London of wearing a top hat with a dinner jacket. He was not of those who think that smartness accrues through aping the customs of others, and the defection from a national standard troubled him mildly. He reflected that the day might come when a long hat with a short coat would look right in New York, but his sixth sense told him that it would probably be after the close of his reign as the undisputed arbiter of a select circle in matters of dress.

Thus musing he arrived at the head of Saint James's Street. A few doors to his right was the most pleasant of all the public dining rooms of London, with high windows looking out upon grass and towering elms. It did not, however, fit in with his mood. To his left was a massive gloomy pile of arched masonry where excellent food and superexcellent service could be had at what the average man would consider a prohibitive price. He gave the building a speculative glance, and it depressed him. Besides, someone within was bound to slap him on the back and say "Why, hello, Trumper!" No; he could do better than that. He was not only shore hungry after seven days on shipboard; the soul in his stomach cried out for something superlative—something in the nature of a gastronomic symphony.

He crossed Piccadilly, turned left and then right into the maze of short streets which fill the oblong between that major thoroughfare, Bond Street, and Park Lane. As he was approaching a *cul de sac* he stopped opposite a trim modest structure with a narrow entrance flanked by two tubbed evergreens. To one side of the door was a large copper plate, and on it were engraved the cabalistic words, "Maison LaGratte."

There were leaded mullioned windows, discreetly curtained; nevertheless a subdued glow of light and warmth exuded from the small building. It was as it had ever been, and his mouth began to water.

He crossed and entered. For a room filled with diners it was exceptionally quiet. A driftwood fire crackled within an open hearth surmounted by a huge domed canopy of brass at the height of the oaken mantel. Gathered against the walls to form a square around the cheerful warmth were tables draped in snowy linen of a quality, weight and texture now most easily encountered in museums. Such odd square tables, one to each guest! For a couple, two were pushed together; for a gathering of three, three; for a crowd of four, four. There were no parties of five persons. In fact, the proportion of single diners was extraordinary, as was also the general air as of worshipers at a shrine. Beyond the main room was a series of cubicles, each made up of three sides of a square and divided one from the other by low partitions in paneled oak of a deep brown flower, rubbed to a gloss.

From the far end of the vista thus formed, LaGratte himself laid eyes on the expectant figure of Trumper Bromleigh, who had taken off his hat and was on the point of surrendering it, along with stick and gloves, to a supercilious attendant. The *restaurateur*, however, made an arresting sound. He plunged down the passageway, pushing busboys and waiters aside, arrived shaking his right hand ecstatically with his left before Trumper, relieved him himself of his discarded articles of wear, pushed them into the arms of the humbled hat snatcher, smiled, bobbed his head, and then looked expressively disconsolate.

"Ah, M'sieu' Bromleigh," he moaned, "I am desolate and ashamed. Your table is occupied."

"Well, old friend, how goes it?" laughed Trumper, low but joyously, as he laid one hand on LaGratte's shoulder. Seeing him cast a basilisk yet measuring glare at the innocent occupant of a table so choice that it had no number, he hastened to add, "No, no. Disturb no one, LaGratte. Any place will do for me; the quieter the better."

He was ushered to one of the cubicles, at the moment empty, and said before he sat down, "This will do nicely. I shall close my eyes as soon as I am seated and not open them again until you are ready to bring me the earth, the sea and the air."

"Speak, M'sieu' Bromleigh," replied LaGratte, crossing his hands downward on his rounded paunch while his fat face assumed an expression of respectful yet eager expectancy.

"From the earth," said Trumper, sitting down and closing his eyes to keep from laughing, "you will bring me *escargots à la mode de Bourgogne*. But the appeal must be to the eye of an artist as well as to the nose of a gourmet. Consequently let the rice be heaped in the center, and the snails all but hidden in a bed of parsley *en branche*, made hot."

LaGratte bowed from the hips and snatched up one hand to wave away the belted and aproned *sommelier*, hovering near with the wine list.

"From the earth, *escargots*," he confirmed.

"From the sea," continued Trumper, "we will have *filets de sole à la Coronation*. I have but one criticism of the manner of its last serving to me here; it was too pale within the white sauce. I would suggest that it be browned ever so slightly—a mere Rachel tinge. Not brown, perhaps, so much as golden. Let us say that it should appear to be the naked body of Aphrodite kissed through the foam by the rising sun. That color."

"It is understood," murmured LaGratte.

"With the sole," continued Trumper, "there will be *petits pois, bonne femme.* However, do not let the garlic actually touch the peas. Perhaps if you should cook it in a separate pan, and merely fan the odors across them as they simmer——"

"Pardon," interrupted LaGratte, a troubled frown wrinkling his brow. "M'sieu' does not allow for the direct uplift of the heat from the *petits pois.* I would suggest holding the serving dish upside down above the cooking garlic, merely steaming for a moment the porcelain glaze——"

"An excellent idea," commented Trumper. "We are now arrived at the air. From the air, LaGratte, let us have two roast *bécassines aux truffes.* Be sure that their necks, pierced by the long beaks, are proudly arched. Also you will lift the brain caps at the moment of serving, but be careful not to remove them entirely. The effect sought is that their headgear shall be set at a jaunty angle, so that one may imagine the snipe met death, perhaps not gladly, but at least bravely. You see, one must avoid feeling sorry for what one eats."

"It is done," declared LaGratte, closing his eyes for an instant as if to visualize the dish.

"The salad," pursued Trumper, "I leave to you, as well as its dressing. I would only warn you that there should be at least a flash of color. As for the cheese, I fancy you remember."

"Cut in strips, browned, and then spun around a cube of toast, quickly fried in butter," recited LaGratte rapidly.

"Exactly," commented Trumper. "Now you know your own cellar; name the wines."

"With the *escargots* and the *sole,*" complied LaGratte after a moment's thought, "a Bucellas from the château of the Duke Sabrino de Pombal, chilled but not *frappé.*"

"Bucellas?" questioned Trumper doubtfully.

"Ah, m'sieu'," urged LaGratte, "do not, I beseech you, judge it by a fallen name. I promise you the bottled fragrance of the grape."

"I am content," replied Trumper. "Proceed."

"With the game, your old Burgundy—Chambertin 1904."

"Nothing could be better."

"As a liqueur," concluded LaGratte, "the last bottle of your private stock of the nameless *fine champagne.* What a tragedy, m'sieu', that one should never have learned who distilled a cognac of such nobility!"

Trumper smiled reminiscently. "So," he said, "there is still a bottle. I had forgotten it. Well, friend of my lesser heart, you have conceived a delicate yet excellent dinner. I am in no hurry. Awake me at the proper moment."

"I, M'sieu' Bromleigh!" exclaimed LaGratte. "Is it then I who have dreamed this dinner?"

Scarcely had he departed when Trumper was aware of a rumbling voice—one of those voices which reverberate within a mighty chest before they become articulate speech. He heard it say, "Arrange it." He opened his eyes and became at once keenly awake.

A young girl had just slipped into the corner seat of the alcove, which placed her at his left. Evidently she was accompanied by the huge owner of the great voice, who stood directly in front of him, stolidly awaiting the action of a slim young man who had his fingers placed on Trumper's table and was leaning forward. All three were dressed in loosely hanging tweeds. Before the young man spoke Trumper reflected that all huge men who are not fat or congenitally deformed are invariably interesting.

"Pardon me," said the youth, gulping nervously and evidently overcoming with difficulty his reluctance to address a stranger. "His grace has commanded me to take the liberty of presenting you."

Then, and then only, did Trumper recognize by hearsay and by vaguely remembered, exceedingly rare photographs in the public prints, the recluse duke, the mention of whose name was usually accompanied by a tale of a peculiar oddity in the way of a hobby. He arose with alacrity and bowed, keeping his head lowered for a moment to listen. Sure enough, from various portions of the large person before him came a faint, syncopated ticking sound. Trumper, smiling, raised his head and his glance. The duke's face was heavily bearded and his rounded shoulders heaved to noisy breathing, but from within the massive obscurity of hair and flesh, through the tiny windows of steel-blue eyes, twinkled an earnest of humor, of knowledge, wit, and the *savoir-faire* of the grand manner.

"If that is the best Basil can do, Mr. Bromleigh," he rumbled in what was intended for a subdued voice, "you and I will have to put up with it. The facts are simple. For the first time in three hundred years there is a fire now burning in the butler's pantry of Pentorland House—a rather disastrous fire. My dinner has been destroyed and myself driven into the open for food. I was depressed, and I heard you order a meal. I am no longer depressed; I am gay as my distant youth. Consequently I make no excuses for demanding the privilege of being the host at home to Lucullus abroad."

"I accept the invitation," said Trumper, bowing in answer to the ponderous nod with which the duke had concluded his long speech. "I accept it from the bottom of my stomach—if under the circumstances one may be permitted the use of the vulgar word."

"Where else if not here within its shrine?" rumbled the duke, twinkling the twinkle in his eye.

LaGratte, having hurried back, seemed for once at a loss what to do. He loved Trumper; but he dared not offend his chance noble patron. What impertinence, even from one so lofty in the social scale! What colossal interference with the famed British right to privacy! His hands fluttered; his eyes looked anxiously from Trumper to the duke, from the duke to the seated girl, from her to his grace's secretary, and from there back to the point of departure.

"LaGratte," murmured Trumper, noting his trouble, "calm yourself. Four tables, please, *en partie carrée,* and multiply the dinner I ordered in proportion."

"Just so," grunted the duke, standing aside to permit the waiters to assemble the tables; then he assumed leadership and invited all to be seated.

Each guest had to accommodate two table legs—slim ones, nevertheless two of them—between his knees. The men, including his grace, scarcely noticed the obstruction, and even the girl did not seem to mind. Trumper observed that she was a quiet thin-faced little thing, perhaps somewhat subdued by her clothes, but exceedingly self-possessed in spite of them, as was only natural in one who frequented such august company. She might be poor and a mere country cousin to the duke, but however attenuated the relationship it carried the hall-mark of to the manner born. He gathered that a court levée would hold no terrors for her, nor a five-barred gate.

"I missed none of your observations," remarked the duke, planting Cyclopean elbows on two groaning tables and staring at Trumper, who had assumed a like position opposite him. "You said, among other graceful profundities, that the appeal must be to the eye of the artist as well as to the nose of a gourmet. How much have we been traduced, you and I and our like! To the trained ear there is tinkling music in a frosted glass; the gift of touch assures us that a more kingly wine has stood its appointed time upon the hearth; odors arranged in masterly crescendo assail our nostrils; artistry within the dish intrigues the knowing eye. Thus do four senses and four arts attend the sense of taste and combine to induce vibrations in the pink pendant, guardian of the maligned human gullet. I take it, sir, that you are an artist."

Trumper had been holding his breath; now, instead of letting it go in a sigh of admiration, he decided to use it. "While the capacity to conceive a supreme meal marks the apex of sensatory civilization in the individual," he began, "I cannot concede that it comprises an art within itself, for the simple reason that creation, and not consumption, is the standard by which all art must be judged. I confess, however, that I have been a victim of the creative impulse since early youth. I have dreamed of painting a picture, composing a song or sculpturing a figure that might never die, yet the only creation for which I can claim credit has not only been vicarious in its essence; it gave rise to my present exile."

"Indeed?" inquired the duke with frankly avid curiosity.

Trumper was amused at the childlike inquisitiveness betrayed in so huge a frame, and surrendered to a genial impulse to satisfy it.

"Yes," he continued. "I may say that through fortuitous circumstances linked to my creative impulse I have attained to preëminence in my native city as the discloser of exceptional

(Continued on Page 153)

"Of Course I Knew!" Declared Basil Loudly. "That's What I Was Adoring"

THE NORDIC NORTH

By Lothrop Stoddard

NO PART of Europe is more truly interesting than Scandinavia, the home of the three northern nations, Denmark, Norway and Sweden. The closer we observe them the greater becomes their significance. This is not, perhaps, apparent to the casual eye. These nations do not often appear in the limelight. Their doings are seldom good newspaper copy. Foreign press dispatches tend to deal with the sensational and the ominous—political crises, falling currencies, threats of revolution, war rumors and the like.

Europe is a troubled place these days, and, taken as a whole, the outlook is far from bright. Yet here and there we do find bright spots, and the brightest of these is undoubtedly Scandinavia. On the northern rim of a Europe rent by political and social dissensions, threatened with economic collapse and menaced by next wars, there stands a group of peoples who are strikingly free from such troubles. Stable, moderately but consistently prosperous, threatened neither by domestic convulsions nor by foreign foes, here are countries worth investigating

And the closer we look the more interesting do they become. We find the Scandinavian countries what they are today, not through sheer good luck, but through wise policy and intelligent action. These countries have had to face many of the difficulties and temptations that have beset their European fellows. The difference is that instead of making a mess of things, as has happened elsewhere, the Scandinavian peoples have dealt with their troubles coolly and constructively, and are solving them in peaceful, satisfactory fashion.

Intelligence is in fact the key to Scandinavia's present good fortune. The Scandinavian peoples today stand admittedly on a high plane. They are well to the forefront among the truly progressive, civilized nations of the earth. In every field of human endeavor they are active, and they are keenly alive to all the intellectual, social and artistic movements of our time.

Stacking Hay on a Norwegian Hillside Farm

Peoples That Profit by Experience

NOW how does all this come about? How do the Scandinavians get that way? The answer is: Not by luck, but by using their brains. Nature certainly did not endow the Scandinavian countries with the resources that we are apt to think of as necessary to highly flourishing peoples. Scandinavia is naturally poor, with a cold climate and comparatively little fertile soil. Without unusually intelligent, energetic inhabitants, Scandinavia would have been backward, thinly populated and generally insignificant.

Yet just the opposite has happened. Small though these countries are compared to the big nations of the world, they are universally respected and their independence is secure. They are solidly prosperous. Placed though they are in a semibankrupt, distracted Europe, they are stable and peaceful. Faced though they are by serious problems, they are learning by past errors and are in a fair way to solve them.

This last fact is the most important point of the whole matter. The Scandinavian peoples have in the past made bad blunders, for which they have paid dearly. But they have profited by their mistakes and they are learning to avoid such mistakes in the future. That is where they happily differ from other peoples who either continue to make the same old mistakes without any serious effort to stop, or, grown impatient at their consequent misfortunes, try to cure these by quack remedies and short cuts to some emotional millennium.

The Scandinavian peoples, however, rarely let their emotions run away with them. They usually keep their feet on the ground, stick to their common sense and think things through. The result is that they usually evolve a method of dealing with the particular difficulty in question, which proves to be a real step forward. It may not look especially brilliant and it does not get big newspaper headlines. But it stays put and doesn't have to be undone.

Take one notable instance of the way in which the Scandinavian peoples have dealt constructively with a great problem—the problem of war. War is undoubtedly one of the chief perils to modern civilization. The last war almost ruined Europe, yet already the next war hangs like a thundercloud on the political horizon. And Europe is not the only continent thus threatened. Other parts of the world are menaced by strife between nations or are scourged with those internal wars known as revolutions. It is one of our proudest boasts that we English-speaking peoples of the United States and the British Empire are a unique exception to the rule; that we stand forth as a group of peoples between whom war has become not merely unlikely but impossible.

Yet when we turn to Scandinavia we discover another group of peoples between whom war has become practically unthinkable. And this is a noteworthy triumph of conscious intelligence, because neither by temperament, tradition nor outward circumstances has such a state of affairs automatically come about. The Scandinavians are certainly not pacifists by nature. On the contrary, the old viking blood runs strongly in their veins. Several times during their history the Scandinavians were the terror of Europe. Furthermore, they have never fought so fiercely as when fighting among themselves. Scandinavia's past history has been largely a record of bloody internecine wars. In fact these wars have been Scandinavia's chief stumbling-block to political power. Had the Scandinavians united instead of wasting their strength in fratricidal conflicts, they would probably today form one of the great nations of the earth. Instead of this, the Scandinavian peoples by their disunion not only lost to more powerful neighbors many lands once belonging to them but also raised between themselves barriers of hatred that tended to drive them still further asunder, and made common action extremely difficult

Among less intelligent peoples this state of things might have gone on indefinitely. That is precisely what has happened among the Balkan peoples, for example, who, having fought each other for centuries, hate each other ferociously and are quite ready to fight again. Not so the Scandinavian peoples. Profiting by the lessons of the past, they have buried old feuds and have learned to settle their differences without war, and even without bitterness. The task has not been easy, for during the past twenty years alone they have been divided by differences so serious that among other peoples war, or at least lasting rancor, would have been inevitable. It is a true triumph of Scandinavian intelligence that not only has war been avoided but the way in which these disputes have been settled has actually led to increased sympathy and closer cooperation. When we come to view in detail events like the separation of Norway and Sweden and the grant by Denmark of practical independence to Iceland, we can better appreciate their deep significance.

Denmark

IN THIS connection let us further note that these problems have been solved spontaneously as they arose No elaborate machinery of conciliation had been erected beforehand to deal with them. No arbitration tribunal, no league, no loss of sovereignty was involved. When the dispute arose, the disputants met one another frankly and decided to sit down and talk matters over. They conducted the discussion like well-bred gentlemen, kept their tempers, avoided rows, and ultimately agreed on a settlement that was lasting and that formed the basis of increasing friendship for the future. How many other nations in this troubled world of ours can say the same?

With such a record of constructive achievement, it is clear that the Scandinavian peoples well merit our close attention. Let us, then, see more in detail what are these Scandinavian lands and what sort of people are their inhabitants.

Scandinavia consists of two peninsulas that almost touch, one reaching down from the far north, the other jutting up from the mass of Central Europe to the south The northern peninsula, which is very much the larger in size, is the home of the Norwegians and Swedes. The relatively small southern peninsula, together with its adjacent islands, is peopled by the Danish nation

Denmark has an area of about 16,000 square miles about twice the size of the state of Massachusetts—and a population of a trifle under 3,300,000 souls. Its capital is Copenhagen, a city of nearly 600,000 inhabitants, with a fine port, which is a center of Baltic commerce. The climate of Denmark is damp and fairly mild, being not unlike that of England. Much of its soil is fertile, and the Danes have made the most of this by building up a remarkable system of dairying and other specialized agricultural pursuits. Denmark has, however, neither mineral wealth nor water power, and thus lacks the essentials of industrial development. This, together with her small size, sets close limits to her further growth in wealth and population.

Norway and Sweden are each much larger than Denmark, though less fertile, much of their territory being barren plateau or rugged mountains. They are separated from each other by a high mountain range. This is the reason why Norway and Sweden are separate nations

Continued on Page 146

About Foreigners and Food

By MARCUS ELI RAVAGE

I HAVE always had a notion that the Hebrew scribe who reported that ill-starred construction scheme of the Tower of Babel missed the point of the incident and made a regrettable contribution to the misunderstanding of the subject. I take it that he was not an eyewitness of the historic event. I am furthermore forced to conclude from the internal evidence that he was an inveterate stay-at-home. I cannot see how a traveled person who had observed foreigners in their own haunts could have slipped into the error of telling the world that the trouble arose out of a confusion of tongues; which is merely the most obvious, as it is the least important, of national differences.

An Englishman by the name of William Shakspere is in my estimation about the only European who really grasped the difficulty. He made a certain character of his, in a play about a business man of Venice, say, "I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you"—listen to that, "talk"—"walk with you . . . but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you." When the bard got that off he demonstrated that he understood not only that Jews are a nation as well as a faith but put his finger on the crux of the whole muddle which goes by the name of nationality. I mean that a foreigner is a person of different dietetics. It makes me wish that Shakspere had rewritten the story of the Tower of Babel just as he rewrote the tragedy of Hamlet and the history of Julius Cæsar. He would not have made language the cause of race antagonism. He would have made it plain—which is probably the fat in the case—that the reason why the tower builders never got up to heaven was because the cooks on the job disagreed about the menu, and the gang broke up and went home, each man to his own kitchen.

Be that as it may, the Englishman has forever solved the supposed mystery of why Jews are foreigners in every land and invariably resist assimilation—namely, because assimilation involves matrimony, and no Jew will take a chance on a life mate who was reared in a school of cookery different from his own. Mind you, it is not a question of language or country of origin. A Jew will marry a Jewess from the other end of creation, because he knows that though his coreligionists may differ in language, allegiance, culture and even ritual, they are absolutely solemn on the supreme question of diet. The protagonists of the race and the founders of the faith saw to that from the beginning. They left the matters of art and residence and speech to individual preference. They did not insist on the form of government. They said nothing about a flag or a constitution. But they were painstakingly specific about the table. They knew that a nation which got its cuisine right was safe from disintegration for all time to come.

But we are talking about the foreigner in America.

A Square Peg

WHY—it is often asked with irritated impatience—why do our foreigners litter the port cities, and crowd one another into pestilential colonies, like microbes in decomposed cheese, when they could so easily have air and elbow-room in the vast uninhabited spaces of a continent? Why do they not spread out? Efforts have repeatedly been made on an organized scale to effect this desirable expansion, which, had they succeeded, would have been so beneficial both to the immigrant and to the nation. But they have not succeeded. Well, I am one of the scarred minority who have spread, and I am in a position, in virtue of my own experience as well as the observation I have made of my fellow sufferers, to offer some data toward an explanation of the mystery.

Heavy Selling in Orchard Street, East Side, New York

Between ourselves, if I had known what was in store for me I could not have been dragged out West with a forty-mule team. Not that I expected a bed of roses and a royal welcome with a band of music. I had wits enough to know that I was exposing myself to a prolonged ordeal of loneliness, that I should have to put up with sidelong glances at my behavior and with pricked-up ears at my intonation, that a living would be hard to get and a social life nearly impossible, that I should for a long time to come fit into the alien surroundings with the grace of the proverbial square peg in a round hole—that, in a word, I should get a real taste of exile. I was fully aware that I should miss my old pals, and the coffeehouses and theaters and cozy reading rooms where my kind gathered and spent the long nights over innumerable glasses of tea and passionate arguments over everything and nothing. And I was entirely willing to pay it all, and patted myself on the head as a bold and brave lad for my courage in going forward to meet it.

But the interesting thing is that, though I got everything that I anticipated in the fullest measure, I got something in addition which I had not bargained for at all, and which was so excruciatingly painful that by comparison everything else seemed almost agreeable. All of which amounts to saying that I gayly rushed into the adventure because, unlike the wise majority of immigrants, I did not calculate the price I would be made to pay for it.

Starving in the Midst of Plenty

THE price, in round figures, was hunger. Trying to speak English sixteen hours every day on a stock of words which could barely be stretched over thirty minutes was, believe me, an experience terrifying alike to speaker and hearer; but it had its compensations. Mortal man will learn nothing unless he is flung bodily into the water and left to choose between scrambling out at the cost of exhausting effort or ignobly sinking to the bottom. I owe my priceless ability to pass for a native in America to that exhausting interval. Giving up high argument and taking up sports in exchange, which at the time looked like downright degeneration, was, I have since found out, a fair enough deal, and—if you will not tell it among my friends—was not even unpleasant while it lasted. The loneliness, too, as I look back now, paid for itself very nicely. It taught me to enjoy my own company, which, take my word for it, is an art as valuable as it is rare. And to while away the long evenings I gradually took to extensive reading and intensive exercising in composition. In the foreign colony, with pleasant social surroundings, I should never have become a writer.

So the terrors which I expected in exile were all turned to good account. The thing that I did not anticipate and cannot think of with any joy even in retrospect was starvation. Other people have died of hunger for lack of funds, and some, again, have succumbed in times of famine. The founder of the house of Rothschild, according to an old legend I used to hear in childhood, perished in his vault with stacks of gold piled all round him. But I came within an ace of starvation seated before a board groaning with food. I had no one to blame but my appetite and my unfortunate bringing up. The meats and the sweetmeats simply failed to tempt my finicky palate. My table mates smacked their lips and rubbed their diaphragms with relish over concoctions I had a struggle to swallow.

Here was a strange civilization, which knew not garlic or dill or red pepper, and in which even onions were stewed and creamed and denatured until all the virtues that had made their name known to fame were emasculated out of them. Here was a menu with a lamentable lack of zest and spice and piquancy. Here was a great and sturdy race being reared on potatoes three times a day—and potatoes, mind you, not fried, but boiled in water as for infants and dyspeptics—and vegetables ditto. The American's idea of cheese was a bricklike substance—both in color and consistency—without snap or perfume. Sausage in his system was confined to the weak and flavorless Wienerwurst. And the whole varied poetry of hors d'œuvres was a sealed book to his innocence.

A repast in this remote and incredible world was, to a person with a cultured

(Continued on Page 117)

A Pushcart Banana Seller, Lower East Side, New York

TO THE MANNER BORN

ILLUSTRATED BY EDNA DITZLER

Once It Was Considered Sufficiently Fashionable to Arrive Late

THE wind whipped my raincoat around my legs as I stood at the filigreed iron door of a Fifth Avenue mansion, nervously turning over in my mind the questions I must ask at the meeting inside. At last a liveried footman swung the great door on its careful hinges and I was admitted to my first assignment as society reporter of the New York Morning Press. I had by heart the instructions given me by the head of my department, a garrulously kind woman who had pictured for me the important society matrons who were to be present at this meeting of the executive committee for a big benefit. She had charged me to stay for the luncheon after the meeting if they showed any signs of inviting me, as the discussion was likely to become not only more intimate but more newsy.

"There may even be a good quarrel," she had said.

I was somewhat abashed at being the only man in the room of opulently gowned women into which I was shown by a second footman. They, in turn, were a little surprised at seeing a masculine society reporter. All conversation ceased while I was introduced in a gushing manner as "the nice reporter from the Press" and asked to sit down. The meeting then continued and I busied myself with taking voluminous notes of details which now would seem to be of no consequence. The women were of the type that considered every particular of immense importance and were sure that the paper would use it all. After an hour of high-voiced discussion, flavored with irrelevant gossip, lunch was announced by the butler.

First Aid for Society Editors

"WON'T you stay and join us at lunch, Mister Reporter?" asked the mistress of the house.

Coached as I had been, I said yes and followed the women into the dining room.

The table was decked as elaborately as for a great dinner party, and as much ceremony attended the seating arrangements. I found myself at the opposite end of the table from the hostess.

As the butler offered me the *hors d'œuvres* her voice boomed down the length of the table, "Now you may eat all you want, young man!"

That was my introduction both to society and society reporting. I had just graduated from a New York school of journalism, with all the frills of newspaper reporting installed in my mind. It is customary for several New York newspapers to take a graduate a year from the school: but it is also well known that these students are given no preference in the kind of job offered. You can take or leave whatever vacancy there happens to be on the paper, and the general office attitude is that they'd much rather have you leave it than take it.

Knowing the difficulty that many of my classmates had had in getting on newspapers, I had only a feeling of gratitude when I went to the New York Press and was told that there was an opening in the society department. I was first interviewed by the city editor, and then the society editor, Mrs. Gordon, passed upon me. They had never had a man before, she said; but since other papers had been so successful with men in their society departments, largely because of their being able to get about more easily, they had decided to make a change in the sex of the assistant.

Then she added, looking at me approvingly, "It's much easier for a good-looking man to get into functions than it is for a woman."

I was touched by this tribute, but I was afraid it was my new suit that impressed her, as I had been farsighted enough to spend my graduation money on an entirely new outfit. Without further ceremony I was taken into the fold and introduced to the mass of equipment that is necessary to run the society department of a great New York newspaper.

The Social Register came first. I found that it was the Bible of this branch of newspaperdom, as well as the signpost of all those in society itself. To be listed in this sacred book meant the achievement of the highest hopes of many women. Some wait for years and make it a career in itself to see their names in the heavy black type of the Register. Every new edition of the book means a fresh crop of hopes and heartaches, for just as some woman thinks she has reached her pinnacle she finds that her name has been dropped. The method of making up this list is shrouded in mystery. The great well-known families must automatically go in. Their names appear whether they especially desire it or not—there is a difference of opinion in this class as to the desirability of being so listed—but others resort to all kinds of obvious and subtle methods of being included in the most authentic record of social life in this country. From a list that once contained only the names of exclusive old New York families it has grown with society to a much thicker volume. All the large cities have their Social Register now, with both winter and summer editions, recording the whereabouts of the prominent social figures the year round.

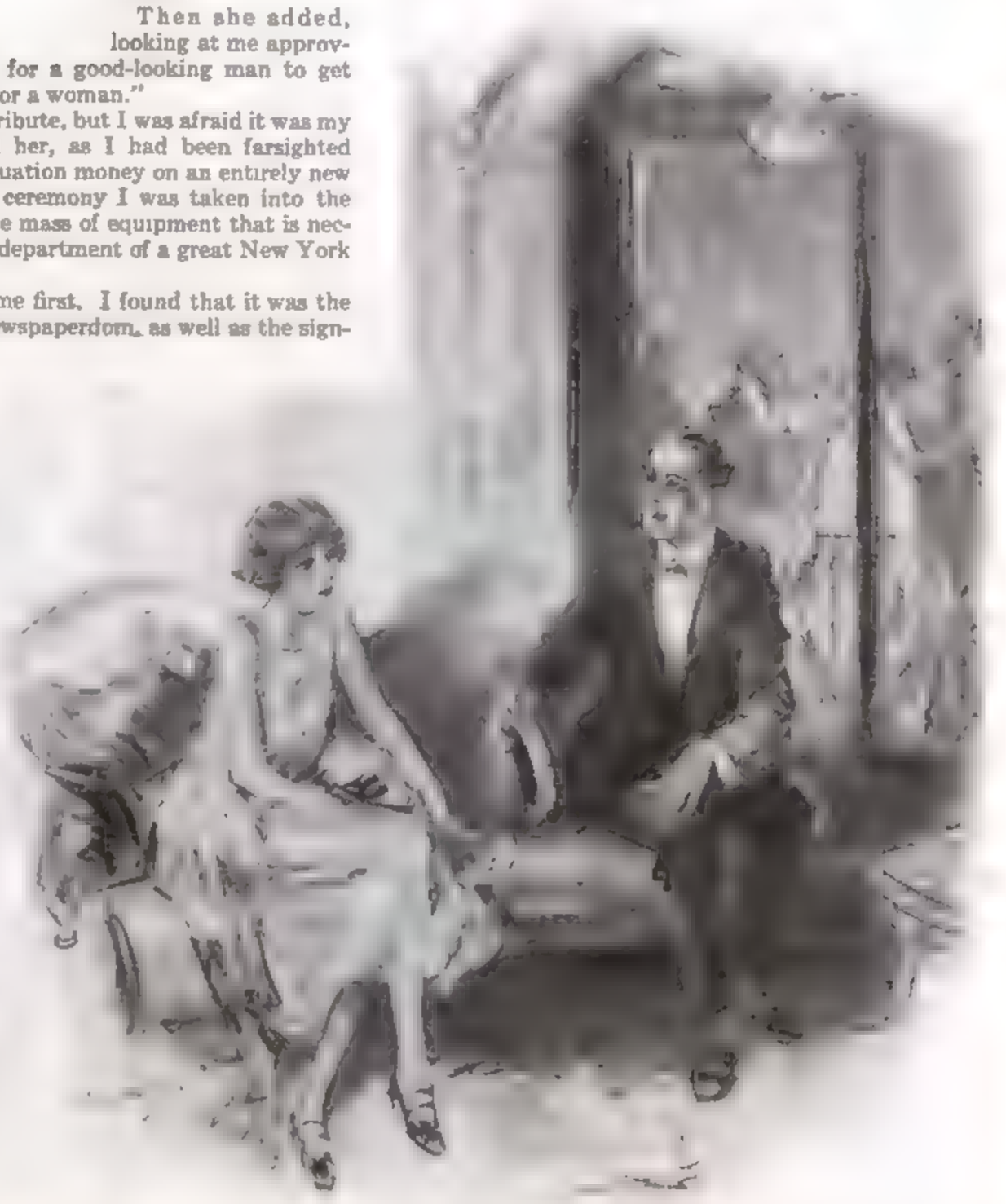
The Social Register also serves in the newspaper world to designate position and amount of space for news stories. On New York society pages themselves it is practically impossible to receive any mention at all if your name is not in the precious book. Those so unfortunate must chronicle their activities in the advertising columns on the same page where engagements, marriages, births and deaths are alphabetically tabulated. This measure is a last resort, for many outsiders even resort to bribery with money or presents in their anxiety to see their names in the regular society news columns. Some methods of approaching the society editor to gain her favor are so subtle that they make discrimination difficult. An invitation to dinner, a chance motor ride or a small unobtrusive gift may take the editor off her guard, and before she knows it she is deep in obligation to a social aspirant or unconsciously favoring someone who has bestowed kindnesses upon her.

Sources of Society News

DAILY events are listed in the day book and the editor can tell at a glance when she arrives at the office what the activities of the day will be. It is from this that she gives the assignments and outlines my day's work for me. The items in the book are collected from announcements that come through the mail, other papers that are carefully scanned for news that has been overlooked by us, and those mysterious channels of news that flow into every newspaper office. A valuable bit of office equipment is the file of Society Sayings, the gossip magazine. I soon found that many a tip could be combed from its thin pages.

This paper often foretells coming catastrophes and budding romances with considerable accuracy. Though these printed thrusts are sometimes extremely distressing to the

(Continued on Page 71)



"Which Is the Young Man Your Sister Is Going to Marry?"

LADY AND GENTLEMAN

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

AMY BRISTOL'S prejudices were largely derived from her mother, and maintained by her friends and environment. Mrs. Bristol was a pleasant little creature, who played modern bridge; but her ideas harked back hopelessly to the age when "genteel" was a word in actual usage, with an actual meaning, and not, as now, a poor laughable word ghost. She divided her world into strata: Servants, to whom one was kind and considerate, but with whom one was never familiar; working people, which embraced shopgirls, taxicab drivers, waiters, stenographers, clerks in hotels, the door man of the smart apartment house where the Bristols lived, and so on; and then there was "our own class," or "ladies and gentlemen," which meant the Bristols' own friends and acquaintances and the people who had more money and an even better social position.

For the Bristols belonged to the solid, well-to-do class that supports and strengthens and serves as background for the very wealthy, every day in the society column, Newport, Southampton, reading from left to right. It would have shocked and annoyed Mrs. Bristol to be told that she considered leisure and lack of occupation as much a virtue as honesty or piety; nevertheless, it is true.

Unconsciously Amy believed very much as her mother did, and neither the war nor the aftermath of it disillusioned her. Indeed, during those years she was still in Miss Cannaday's School for Girls—an exclusive and expensive establishment—making desirable friends and hoping that she would get into the Junior League. She was slender and pretty and fair-haired and barely twenty when the Bristol income, derived from a source vaguely defined by Mrs. Bristol as the mills, utterly and completely vanished just as Amy and her mother came home from a delightful summer on the Maine coast.

The mills had gone to ruin in a bankruptcy so peculiarly bad that it was doubtful if they would pay two cents on the dollar, even if they could be extricated from the tangle of litigation which now enmeshed them. It was a shocking bad mess.

"But it simply can't be true," Mrs. Bristol kept protesting. "Mr. Bristol himself owned the major interest in those mills."

The family lawyer found it impossible to explain to her that Mr. Bristol was a most able and astute man, but that he had been dead fifteen years and the mills had suffered from flagrant mismanagement. He looked helplessly to Amy, and she, though hardly less stunned and dazed than her mother, rose to the occasion.

"But it is true, mother," she said; "and the thing for us to do now is to save what we can and get some idea of what we have left."

Old Mr. Hallowell sighed with relief. The girl had some of John Bristol's sense and grit, that was clear. She looked like him too—he had been fair and blue-eyed. So he advised Amy sensibly and clearly; and because she sat so still and looked at him so steadily he had no idea how horribly he was frightening her.

First of all, they must get rid of their present apartment and rent a very small and cheap one—very, very small; very, very cheap. They must sell all the furniture they didn't need.

"That will give you some ready money," said Mr. Hallowell, "to live on until you can find something to do."

Even then Amy didn't grasp it. She went at her task with vigor, desperate and in a perfect panic; but she managed to get through somehow. She found the new flat, and though it was horrid, grubby and common, it fulfilled the condition of being very, very cheap. Amy picked out the dearest of the furniture—the drawing-room sofa, the two smallest rugs, the beautiful drop-leaf table of San Domingan mahogany that had belonged to her great-grandmother, the smallest bookcase, the most cherished chairs, her mother's bed and dresser. She had to sell her piano and the lovely walnut things she and her mother had so enjoyed picking out for her own room. Mrs. Bristol mourned with every vanished piece and wept herself sick about the silver and the linen. It almost all had to go—there was nowhere to put it in the new place, and they couldn't afford storage bills.

Somehow it was all done, and after everything was paid, and the moving accomplished, they found themselves settled miles from their nearest friends, in a strange, poor neighborhood—a slum, Mrs. Bristol called it—and with a little sum of money in the bank, their only shield from utter destitution. Amy reported this to old Mr. Hallowell.

"Go to Work!" She Said, Translating His Expression Correctly. "Why, I Don't Know How to Do a Thing!"

"Very good," said the old gentleman. "I suppose now you will be—er—seeking—employment."

Amy looked at him with startled eyes.

"Go to work!" she said, translating his expression correctly. "Why, I don't know how to do a thing!"

Mr. Hallowell coughed.

"Oh, come, come, Miss Amy! You've just handled a difficult situation very ably, considering your age and inexperience; and there must be something—I would advise using your capital only for emergencies."

"You mean I must make enough money for mother and me to live on?" asked Amy, again translating correctly.

Mr. Hallowell bowed. He didn't seem to think it would be at all difficult.

But if Amy had been panic-stricken by her sudden poverty she was reduced to despair by the prospect of earning her own living.

She went home and told her mother and the two talked it over. They looked at the advertisements of female help wanted in the papers, but they seemed to be merely for servants or working people. There was nothing for their own class.

"You can't do just anything! You are a lady," wailed Mrs. Bristol, and Amy tacitly agreed with her.

Presently, however, it was borne in on Amy that she could do nothing at all that was worth payment in coin of the realm. She had had no training. Her French, her dancing, her music—these were all pleasant accomplishments, but there was nothing usable about them to earn money.

After their downfall the Bristols, like all proud and sensitive people, had shrunk from their friends—the bridge enthusiasts who lightened Mrs. Bristol's days; the girls—mostly school friends—who made up Amy's social life of teas and luncheons and matinées and shopping forays; the men who sent her flowers and candy, with whom she danced and went to the theater and to parties. One man in particular, Hedley Ross, a good-looking youngster just out of Princeton, and starting as a cub in a bond house—he had been Amy's special and particular, dating back several years through the proms and football games of his undergraduate years. Of course they weren't engaged. Hedley was too young and he wasn't making any money; but there had always been the thrilling, rosy glamour of romance just around the corner from them.

In all that she had had to do, in all her whirling, terrorized thoughts, her unaccustomed, distasteful contacts, Amy had drawn away from Hedley Ross, and from the girls too. Now, in her need, she could not appeal to them. But she thought of Miss Cannaday, the head of the aforementioned exclusive and expensive—how often these two adjectives walk hand in hand—school, where Amy had received what she was pleased to term her education.

Miss Cannaday was helpful.

"I need someone," she said, "to oversee practice hours, and take the girls out walking, and go shopping with them and act as a counselor to the younger ones. Would you like it?"

Without an instant's hesitation, on the principle of any port in a storm, Amy snatched it. The salary was very little; but she and her mother could live on it, because you can always do what you have to. Amy was beginning to catch a glimmer of immortal truth. It was now early fall and the school was ready to open, so she could begin at once. And, oh, the safety, the ease of mind in knowing that every month she would receive a stipulated sum of money, and that the twin specters of starvation and the poorhouse could be at once banished! She was quite gay when she went home and told her mother, and that poor lady smiled for the first time in a month. They both declared that it was providential, and blessed Miss Cannaday's name.

Later Amy was not so sure about it being providential for anyone except Miss Cannaday. It was hard, exacting work, very much underpaid, and she found that she hated it with a deep-seated, ineradicable loathing. She reasoned with herself sternly, and told herself that she ought to be thankful to have anything at all to do; but the fact remained that the oversight of scales and five-finger exercises was torture to her, and the taking of that string of giggling, emotional youngsters out to walk got very much on her nerves. With the very little girls she got on better—she liked them, and they liked her; but she was always finding out how ignorant she was in how to deal with them justly and sanely.

There were the constant irritations and demands at home too. Amy, wholly unaccustomed and awkward at housework, had to contrive to do most of it, and yet be at Miss Cannaday's early and stay late. When the cold weather came there wasn't enough steam heat, and the hot water was an uncertain quantity in any sort of weather, and her mother was unendingly querulous and complaining.

Still, Amy had managed somehow. And finally the year was got through, and Miss Cannaday had graciously signified that she would take her cheap little governess counselor on again at the same salary.

There lay the great difficulty, and that was what now hung over Amy's spirit like a murk. She hadn't been able to save a penny, and this summer she and her mother

would have to live on their tiny capital. Another year would be no better, and another summer they'd have to use their capital again. It was like looking at life through an opera glass turned round; it simply diminished and diminished until finally it was done for, vanished. The summer would soon come when they wouldn't have any capital to live on.

Amy thought of her friends, no older than herself, so idle, so care free. How casually they had let her drift out of their lives, making no effort to help her on her hard way! There were one or two loyal ones—Helen Milshire, funny, scatter-brained, warm-hearted Helen, who had made the long pilgrimage up on the West Side to see her, and had asked her for luncheon and the matinée, invitations which Amy wouldn't accept because she couldn't return them. And there was Leila Parsons; though Leila was a thought too patronizing in her kindness, and Amy felt sure she was only trying to find out if Hedley Ross still came to see her. Hedley Ross—that was a sore spot. He had come twice; but in the ugly, restricted, cheap little flat he had been embarrassed and ill at ease.

"Can't I help you?" he had asked persistently. "Isn't there something I can do?"

Amy had tilted up her little head. She was no object of charity—yet.

"Nothing, thank you; our lawyer attends to everything."

He had asked her to go out with him, but she suspected that it was out of pity, and she had said that she was too busy. She wouldn't accept anything from anyone out of pity, not she. She was glad, she told herself, that Hedley Ross hadn't come again. But she wasn't—not really.

So much for her friends.

The school had been closed three weeks and she hadn't been able to puzzle any way out of this hideous problem of economics. July had come in hot; the little flat was an oven, a furnace, a kiln.

"If the janitor only would save some of this heat for winter!" Amy said to her mother in an attempt to be cheerful and funny.

She had risen early and made her mother's cup of coffee and brought it in to her. Mrs. Bristol liked a cup of coffee the first thing in the morning. It had been so hot the night before that Amy had slept on the sofa, leaving the one bedroom to her mother, hoping she might be a little more comfortable. She sat on the edge of the bed and offered the cup and her faint humor at the same time.

"Oh, Amy dear, is that you?" said Mrs. Bristol faintly, not responding to the little joke. "I thought I'd stifle last night. I hardly closed my eyes. And when I did drop off I dreamed of the Maine woods and the ocean; and then I woke up, back in this hole." She made a hopeless gesture.

"I wish you could go up there again," said Amy, troubled. "Here, take some coffee, dear."

"We can't afford it. We can't afford anything."

The hand that held the cup shook. It was a very frail white hand, and its faint trembling made Amy's heart tremble too. Her mother looked so old, so ill this morning. What if she, too, should be taken, as everything else worth having, from Amy's life? She made a sudden mad resolve.

"Why, we can afford it very well," she said. "You forget that we've got a lot of money in the bank, and I know no better way of spending it than to get you out of this hot city. Heat always distresses you so."

"But I couldn't go away without you," said Mrs. Bristol longingly. She had revived, steadied a little at the mere thought.

"I don't see why not," said Amy, improvising rapidly. "I might join you later. I'd really like to stay in the city for another month and look around a little. I might find something better than Miss Cannaday's with the time to hunt for it."

"Oh, Amy, I'd hate to have you leave there! It's such nice, ladylike work. I'd never mind telling anyone who asks that you're with Miss Cannaday."

Amy shut her lips tight. She wouldn't say it—she wouldn't say it. No use—no use. Mrs. Bristol had already left the subject. She was dwelling on the picture of a summer in Maine.

"I wouldn't need to go to the hotel, Amy," she said. "There were some very nice boarding cottages—you remember? much more reasonable. And I'd be quite near the hotel so that I could go to the concerts and have my bridge there with my friends. Mrs. Leftwich will be there, I know; and old Mrs. Galloway, that wealthy old lady from Boston; and Miss Spain. What a wonderful card player she was. I always suspected her of having been an instructor. . . . I'd need very few new clothes."

Amy had not thought of clothes; it meant further inroads on their money. She had impulsively let herself in for a great deal more than she had bargained for. She rallied herself desperately.

"Then it's settled you're going, and the sooner the better."

"Up Against It, Aren't You?" She Asked. "I Know, Dearie. I've Been There"

"I'll get right up and look over all my things and see what I've got that's fit to take," said Mrs. Bristol happily.

She was like a child in her pleasure, and seeing her thus brought to Amy a renewed sense of her responsibility.

It took ten days of preparation before Mrs. Bristol was ready to start. They had bought very few things, just the essentials; but with her ticket and money enough to pay her board for the first month, it had all seemed to come to a prodigious sum. The meanness, the pettiness of pinching pennies, where she had been used to spending dollars without a thought, hurt Amy intolerably. She ordered a taxi to drive to the station; but, after she had seen her mother on the train, she walked all the way home. Even car fare was worth saving now.

Alone in the little hot flat, she was the prey of panic. She felt like a leaf blown by the winds of disaster—perhaps to destruction. How was she to manage? What would she do?

"If I'd only been taught something useful!" she mourned. "If there was only someone who would advise me a little and make suggestions! I'm like any little greenhorn from the country. Or worse—an immigrant just off the ship."

Impossible schemes flitted through her head. She might go to an employment agency and try for a place as lady's maid, or even as chambermaid. She might go on the stage. She might get a place in one of the big grocery stores, offering new brands of food to the passers-by. She might sell tickets at a moving-picture theater; other girls did. Everywhere she saw women working, but somehow there was nothing that she felt herself capable of doing. But she must make some kind of start. She dressed herself carefully, powdered her nose and practiced a smile in the mirror.

"Try to imagine it's just make-believe, Amy," she said, nodding to the girl in the mirror. "Pretend that you're doing it for fun, and maybe you won't be so scared."

First she went to the big stores; but after three crisp-voiced impersonal employment managers had explained to her that this was the slack season, and that they would take on no one new in any department before autumn, she went to no more. Then she tried some of the smaller shops—all kinds—bookshops, millinery shops, specialty shops, antique shops, china shops, embroidery shops. Everywhere she met the same answer: "We don't take on any help in summer."

Two days of this sent her spirits down to zero. On the third day she made a perfectly foolish plan.

"I'll begin at Fifty-seventh Street and ask in every place of business on each side of the street between Sixth and Fifth Avenues. Then I'll take Fifty-sixth Street, and so on down to Forty-second. There must be something."

But it was exactly the same. They didn't need saleswomen in the shops, they didn't need waitresses in the restaurants and tea rooms, they didn't need inexperienced office help, they didn't need anyone—and, in short, they didn't need Amy. Sometimes she met rudeness, sometimes indifference, and very often a little touch of kindness and sympathy that helped her to go on. One buxom saleslady, her hair as yellow as corn, her nose powdered a ghastly white, her lips raw red, looked at her solicitously.

"Up against it, aren't you?" she asked. "I know, dearie. I've been there. Here, give me your name and address and I'll speak to my sister. She works in a big wholesale house and there might maybe be a chance." Amy could have wept on her shoulder with gratitude.

Strange to see New York thus, on its underside. If her need had not been so great she might have enjoyed it. But save for the occasional bit of human understanding that was offered her she found it unspeakably dreary and depressing.

But she kept on. There was nothing else for her to do.

Late in the afternoon, a few blocks from her starting point, she rang the bell at the great graystone house that sheltered the gown establishment of the Misses Warren—a house that had once belonged to a family of wealth and distinction, and though it was now in the hands of business, still had an air. The name plate said simply, The Misses Warren. There was no hint of the needle, no sign of the shears. Amy knew the place by reputation only; it had always been too expensive even for their ample means. A Warren gown was a creation, and cost accordingly.

"I might get a place as errand girl," thought Amy grimly as she entered.

A uniformed man had opened the door and waved her toward the marble staircase. Evidently he mistook her for a client. She entered a wide silk-hung drawing-room, furnished in authentic Empire mahogany—chairs, tables, mirrors and chaise longue. Save that it had a sheaf of water-color sketches of gowns on the largest table, and an open appointment book on one of the smaller ones, it might have been a room in any private house. Old candelabra graced the mantel, and small pieces of old glass, china and silver filled the *étagères* on each side of the wide sienna marble fireplace. It was a room of charm and dignity; cool, too, after the hot street. But it was empty.

In the room behind it, however, there was a group of people talking with animation. A middle-aged lady with a flowing veil seemed to be the central figure, the others standing around her in deference—a good-looking young man, an elderly woman in black, a very young, intelligent-looking girl in gray crêpe de chine. The voice of the Flowing Veil dominated.

"But I must see something, Mrs. Karsten. I can't visualize things in thin air—just so. This is an event. I don't have two daughters married every day."

"We can make sketches," offered the young man deferentially.

"I don't want sketches; sketches are nothing to me. Things look one way in a picture and quite different when they're made. Besides, I want to see the actual materials."

"Oh, we can show you those," said Mrs. Karsten.

The Flowing Veil turned a cold eye in her direction.

"I don't want to look at bolts of goods and lengths of lace. I want to see something on a model. I must say, after I've come all the way from Montreal, to receive treatment like this, and after all the years I've been a customer ——" She was working herself into indignation.

The young girl in gray disengaged herself from the group and came to Amy.

"Did you want to see someone?" she asked.

"I'm looking for work," said Amy; "any kind."

"Why—I'm sorry ——" she began, and then a sudden thought seemed to strike her. She looked at Amy with an appraising, critical glance. Never had Amy been so comprehended, inspected. "Wait a moment," she said.

She went back and plucked the sleeve of the young man. She spoke to him in a low tone. He, too, turned and looked at Amy, swiftly, impersonally, but completely.

"Why, I believe ——" he began. Then he turned back to the Flowing Veil. "Would you like to have me design special gowns, right on the model, while you look on, Mrs. MacNeall?" he asked.

"Of course that's what I want," said the Flowing Veil. "I told you that in the first place. I'm sorry Miss Florence and Miss Mary are abroad; but of course everyone knows you're the brains of the place now. But I thought you said you hadn't any models."

"Our regular models are, unfortunately, not here. One is on vacation and the other is ill. But I believe we can get one. Won't you please come into the Gray Room? I'll be with you at once. You really won't have to wait five minutes, Mrs. MacNeall; I know how you hate it."

He convoyed the Flowing Veil toward the back, opened a door for her and bowed her in. Then he turned to Amy. "Eveline says you're looking for work. Have you ever been a model?"

"No," said Amy, adding firmly, "but I think I could."

"We're in a great difficulty. If you could help us out it would be wonderful. Will you go with Eveline and get into a slip, and then she'll bring you into the Gray Room. I'm going to design some frocks, with the materials, you know, right on you."

He was really immensely good-looking, seen close to, and older—thirty at least. Tall, broad shouldered, thin waisted, with a clear, tanned skin and blue eyes, and exceptionally well tailored in his summer-gray homespun and soft bandanna tie. "We'll pay you, of course, and it might lead to something permanent. Eveline, take this young lady and have her put on a flesh-colored slip—and hurry." He started away and turned back. "What is your name?"

"Miss Bristol."

"Miss Bristol. Thank you. Please make haste!"

He was gone. Amy had heard in his voice exactly the same tone that she had used to the Bristol servants of former years, kind, but unmistakably coming from across a gulf. She hated him, and for a hot, indignant moment she almost refused.

Then she said mentally, "Don't be a fool. This will be a little money anyway."

Eveline was waiting with impatience. She led Amy to a small dressing room and helped her.

"Just take off all your things down to your corset, and put on this." She brought a costume slip of heavy, lustrous, flesh-colored satin, very straight and plain, held over the shoulder by ribbon straps. "It's wonderful, someone coming in just in the nick of time. Mrs. MacNeall's one of the Warrens' oldest customers, and it would be dreadful to disappoint her. Miss Mary and Miss Florence would be so angry if we did."

"Who are Miss Mary and Miss Florence?" asked Amy, interested in spite of her anger at the young man.

"Why, they're the two Miss Warrens. They own the business."

"And who's that man, then?" She wanted to say "unpleasant man," but was glad she hadn't when she heard the admiration in Eveline's voice.

"That's Mr. Gerdes. He designs our special things. He's marvelous—better than lots of the French ones, everyone says. He's in charge. The other lady is Mrs. Karsten. She's one of our saleswomen, and, of course, she's too old and too stout to be a model, even in an emergency. And I'm too little. Oh, how I hate to be so little! But you're just right—height and figure and everything! The moment I looked at you and you said you wanted work I thought, 'We're saved.' There, you're all ready, aren't you? Come right along."

Amy hung back, feeling terribly undressed.

"Look here, I can't go in there where that man is, like this."

Eveline was shrewd. She did not sympathize or argue. She merely said mildly, "It's not half so bare as most evening dresses."

That was true—it was not, and this simple statement reassured Amy.

"Very well, then."

Eveline went ahead down the short corridor and opened a door. They entered a small room, done in gray, with a rosy living tinge beneath it, and filled with mirrors. Mrs. MacNeall sat enthroned in a gray brocade chair. Mrs. Karsten stood beside her and Mr. Gerdes before her. A calm, handsome, plump woman, with black hair and a foreign look, was bringing bolts of silk and satin and chiffon, lengths of lace, ornaments in various colors.

Mr. Gerdes' face brightened as Amy came in, and once again he gave her that complete, scrutinizing look.

"Very good," he said. "Will you stand here, please?"

He caught up a bolt of white satin, flung out the shining breadths, ripped across it with his quick scissors. Eveline proffered pins in a silver dish. He hung the stuff from Amy's shoulders, pinned it, caught it here and there, cut it again. He manipulated lace, strands of pearls, tulle—all with incredible deftness and quickness.

Amy, watching in the mirror, forgot to be self-conscious as she saw herself metamorphosed into a lovely medieval bride

As Mr. Gerdes worked he spoke a little, but only to ask for various things, or to inform Mrs. MacNeall of his idea. Mrs. Karsten made an occasional suggestion, and Eveline became generally alert and useful.

"The general effect of both dresses should be alike," he said, "but the detail different—so that there is no monotony, and yet no lack of harmony. For one, lace sleeves—the other, soft wrinkled sleeves of the satin. The lace panel on one—so. The satin, very delicately embroidered, for the other."

He made quick changes illustrating his meaning, and Mrs. MacNeall responded with august noises of approval and interest.

"And for Miss Jane, the veil with pearls and *cabochons* of orange blossoms over the ears. For Miss Jessie, a band of orange blossoms and *cabochon* of pearls. The veils all tulle—for both." He flung misty wreathings of the soft stuff over Amy's head.

(Continued on Page 103)

Amy, Watching in the Mirror, Forgot to be Self-Conscious as She Saw Herself Metamorphosed Into a Lovely Medieval Bride

The Diary of a Dude Wrangler

Starting Out From the Upper Bar B C Ranch

The Author and One of the Boys on the Ranch

By Struthers Burt

THE portrait painter, sitting on a floor joist of an unfinished cabin, the sunlight of a July morning falling on his curly black head and Gallic face, said this, "You have an interesting place here—more interesting than you realize. It will be a psychological laboratory. This country will have an immense effect upon those who see it."

Well, I don't know. I used to think that when I was younger, and I am afraid that I tried to produce a change in the minds of some of my guests by *force majeure;* but having been in the dude business sixteen years, and having in that time seen fifteen hundred or so tourists, I have come to the conclusion that people on the whole, once they have passed the formative period, are pretty much what they are. Let them come West when they are still below the age of seven and I will guarantee that they will be drenched with memories of mountains that will last them all the rest of their lives; or let them come West when they are in their teens or early twenties, and the same thing will happen, although possibly in a more diluted form, to three-fourths of them; but after twenty-five, if they go away with some new beauty and freshness in their hearts it is because they have brought beauty and freshness there in the first place.

And after all, that is reasonable enough. Experience to be effective must be cumulative. Tragedy scours for a while almost every human heart, and sweetens it, and so does joy; but before long both are forgotten in the daily round of living. The man or woman who comes West, and actually lives there, does as a rule experience some change; but it is expecting too much to think that two or three months in the summer, the least distinctive months of all, will greatly affect the mature person. That most of these mature persons enjoy their visits, and are interested and good-natured, is sufficiently satisfactory.

The human soul is a curious thing anyway; you have to be a hardy adventurer to continue to try to perform miracles with it.

Molded by Environment

THE longer I live, the more, however, on the whole, must I believe in environment—at least where surface characteristics are involved. Heredity, it seems to me, is the fundamental factor, environment the exterior one. Nor can you say definitely which more makes the real man. A man may be born a copper plate or a lead plate; but if the copper plate and the lead plate undergo the same experiences and live in the same country, after a while they will be—at any rate, to all intents and purposes—more alike than two copper plates widely separated. The lines written upon the lead plate will be more blurred than those written upon the copper plate, but they will be the same lines. Taine, if I am not mistaken, was laughed at when in his history he advanced the theory that mists and cold and pine forests made the transcendental northerner, and blue skies and clearness and lack of mystery the logical Latin. But some of the skepticism concerning Taine's theory has disappeared.

Granted, for instance, that to some extent the original stock of the Middle West has migrated farther west or been overwhelmed by new settlement, there is still something to be explained about the wide difference between the Middle Westerner and the Far Westerner; something to be explained about the changes that occur to a Middle Western family when it settles in the Far West; the differences, for one thing, between the father and mother and their children. With all his virtues, the Middle Westerner lives in a flat country without horizons, and speaks in a flat voice and thinks large vague flat thoughts, while the Far Westerner lives in a country of jagged peaks and drama, and has a beautiful rising and falling voice and a singularly passionate point of view. This is worth while investigating. I know of no American writer who has as yet taken it up, save perhaps Willa Cather; and she has done so only for the Middle West.

Some day a clever person, with a love for his or her country, will be born who will have the insight to discover in the Middle West or Far West a field for literature where environment and heredity have combined to form *genre* pictures as clear-cut as any the European writer has at his command. The Far West is producing a race of its own; a race that in many of its traits resembles the Russian. Why shouldn't it? It has the snow, the great distances, the constant contact with Nature, the isolation and the necessity for endurance.

And at all events, whatever the effect of Wyoming may be on those who spend only a month or two on its high plateaus, I know that it has altered me considerably; my point of view, my philosophy, even—I believe to some extent my bodily structure; nor would I have missed for any of the galleys from Ophir what I have learned, or what I think I have learned, of human nature during my sixteen years of dude wrangling. Possibly that period of study has set me back five to ten years in my profession of writing, but it has been well worth it. I have seen men and women intimately and in a revealing way

For human nature itself, for the material, I have achieved an immense respect. For the individual man and woman, if not so great a respect, at least some sympathy. For the circumstances that make the average man and woman what he or she is, I have only a profound hatred.

The Frontier Show, Jackson's Hole, Wyoming

Bad Manners Bred of Crowds

GIVE the average man or woman plenty of sleep, good air, enough to eat, exercise to keep the blood moving, and a few friends for company, and you have as a rule an extremely pleasant and kindly intentioned person. Fifty per cent of all the crimes committed, I firmly believe, are what might be called crowd crimes.

You can see in a simple and articulated form what I am talking about if you watch a bunch of horses in a corral or a paddock. Horses and people, since they are both, to begin with, animals, have many traits in common. Give horses a nice big sunny and, in places, shady corral, or a paddock with trees and running water, and you will see them behave in the most courteous fashion toward one another; but confine them too closely and, like city crowds, their worst instincts will come to the surface. They will not be jostled, except by friends, and they are not particularly amiable even about that.

Only a few weeks ago I was standing at the intersection of two of the busiest streets in New York, waiting—like a countryman and a law-abiding citizen, but like no one else—for the traffic signals to be right for me to cross, when a very nice-looking girl kneed me in the back and, pushing me aside, remarked, "Get out of the way, you darned fool!"

To which I confess that I retorted with the utmost fervency, "And I hope to thunder you get killed!"

Reflecting about this afterwards, I came to the conclusion that such an incident would never have happened had the girl and I met in the gracious silence and spaciousness of the Rocky Mountains.

As a matter of fact—this is no new saying—the more you study animals the more humble and thoughtful you become. At first they seem—just animals; but the more you see of them the more you realize that they are merely blurred and confused replicas of all your relatives and friends and enemies and lovers. Give them a chance and the most of them are nice animals.

Even grizzly bears are harmless if you refrain from annoying them.

We have entertained millionaires and poets and artists, business men of every description, spoiled little bobbed-haired flappers and large selfish women who have allowed their minds and bodies to grow fat; angels and those who weren't; people whose homes were in every part of the country from New York to San Francisco; prohibitionists and antiprohibitionists,

fundamentalists and modernists, reactionaries and radicals, futurists and classicists, those who enjoy Ethel Dell and Frank Crane and those who read none but D. H. Lawrence and Gertrude Stein; the bow-legged and fat-legged and spindle-shanked and knock-kneed, the fortunate creatures with legs resembling those of Venus and Apollo—like the street-car conductor, there is one thing at least every dude wrangler knows, and that is the shape of the lower limbs of the men, women and children on his place Englishmen and Frenchmen and Canadians, and with few exceptions this rule held.

One Englishman who was brought up to the ranch by a Mormon bishop was announced in this fashion: "The lord's down in the willows," said the Mormon bishop. "What'll I do with him?"

Incidentally, this Englishman, who had fought two years on the Western Front and been wounded we had just then ourselves entered the war—said this:

"War doesn't make men. It's a wonder to me, and a tribute to humanity, that men can go to war and come out human at all."

Bear that in mind, for this man was a typical British junker: a V. C., a colonel, and had been in the army since he was seventeen and had fought in eight campaigns.

Talking it Over at the Upper Bar B C Ranch

A Matter of Backgrounds

BUT to me it is equally a wonder that men and women can endure ordinary life and come out human. This lovely thing of flesh and blood and aspiration, this intricate and delicate adjustment of tears and laughter and evil and heroism, is beaten upon by noise and confusion and ugliness and hatred and endless senseless killing like a tree in a storm.

Out of its own mind, to be sure, have come the very forces that are its enemies: but like the jinn the poor fisherman released, these forces promised happiness only to grow into a cloud of tragedy. With all the brute in it, and the monkey and the clown, humanity *per se* is undeniably splendid.

If you learn, however, from seeing people on a dude ranch that most of them are fundamentally charitable, at the same time, paradoxically enough, you perceive their minor and amusing vices with a clearness not possible in more crowded places. A white light beats upon them. You must remember, for one thing, that they are standing before a soaring and lucid background.

With the Rocky Mountains bounding him, a man or a woman can look very small indeed. Yet if you are at all charitable or humorous you don't mind these minor vices so much; you are inclined to like their owners all the better for them, although at times they may be exasperating.

A friend of mine, an Easterner, who owns a ranch a few miles below us, brought his family butler out one summer to cook for him. I remembered this man from childhood. He had always been a portentous figure in my childish eyes; something nearly as grave and to be looked up to as a president or a head master of a school or a bishop; a large, red-faced man, as I recollected him. Also he had been a valet to a duke; and in those days, being a snob, as all children are, a duke seemed a more important creature to me than he does now. And then suddenly, years later, I saw this family butler, this ex-valet of a duke, standing in his shirt sleeves before a log cabin with a gigantic snow-covered peak back of him—a little, crimson-faced, soft-armed, deprecatory person in dusty black clothes. So do the mighty fall!

The sequel of this story is amusing. I went in and had lunch. The owner was absent, but several of his young ranch hands were about. In my honor the ex-valet of a duke revived his former grandeur. He passed me watery boiled potatoes and outrageously tough meat reclining lackadaisically upon battered tin plates, with the air of one who waits upon a banquet.

Finally he said to me, "Will you have dessert, sir, or fruit?"

"Wha-what dessert?" I stuttered in my astonishment.

Saved!

"PUDDING, sir; and it's not very good, for I haven't learned yet to cook upon a wood stove. And I wouldn't recommend the fruit, either, sir—dried peaches, and very old."

Nor was this all, for the "fruit, sir—dried peaches, and very old," having been consumed, I rolled an after-dinner cigarette and saw with horror the ex-valet of a duke, where he stood by his stove, mark my action out of the corner of his eye and strike a match and advance toward me. None of the young ranch hands had ever witnessed such procedure and they stared in open-mouthed astonishment. Possibly they thought Ruggles of Red Gap was going to set fire to my clothes. I hadn't a moment to lose if I wished to save my face. I arose hurriedly, brushed aside Ruggles of Red Gap as if I hadn't seen him and sought the air.

I could tell a thousand tales, most of them pleasant and cheerful, some of them sardonic, a few of them tragic. Were another King Schariar to be born, I would make an excellent Scheherazade. But unfortunately, unlike Scheherazade, who was blessed with both an Oriental and a feminine candor, my lips are sealed concerning many of my more histrionic memories. Besides, I haven't a thousand and one nights for the telling.

I cannot tell you, for instance, of how a good friend of mine—a charming woman when she was herself—tried to shoot me. She had tried to shoot several other people as well. I sat on the edge of her bed and for five minutes or so looked into the wavering end of a .32-caliber revolver before I persuaded her that murder was out of the

Continued on Page 182

A Horseback Party in Yellowstone National Park

THE RATIONAL HIND

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XVIII

WHEN Dora married there were left in the old Dillard house only Caleb and Esther and Aunt Mary Howe. Dora went to East Harbor to make a home for Arthur Tuck. At first they came out to dinner every Sunday; things were, on the surface, little changed. Caleb farmed the place as he had in the past, a little less energetically year by year; Esther and Aunt Mary kept the house as scrupulously clean; and once or twice Dora spent a week at home with her brother and sister.

Marriage had worked a change in Dora, though not so marked a change as it had worked in Leon. She lost a little weight, and her flesh became more firm and her eyes lost their humility and acquired a certain subdued gayety, as though she found life pleasant and amusing. In them now and then a shadow lurked; for, as Esther had said with so much satisfaction, she would never have any children. But Dora accepted this cross as in some measure her punishment for her long cowardice and submission; she did not nurse a grudge against her sister.

Nevertheless, by slow degrees they grew apart. Esther's life was narrow; she saw few people; her days followed a modest round of household duties; her evenings were spent in talk with Aunt Mary and Caleb or in reading and rereading magazines which Arthur and Dora occasionally brought to the house. Her interests, always narrow, became more and more restricted; she settled into an increasingly rigid routine, to which she clung.

Dora, on the other hand, found new interests. She had always been more inclined to friendliness than Esther, had always known a few people in East Harbor. Arthur knew everyone there, and the little city made his bride welcome with all the cordiality natural to small communities. Dora joined the Study Club and the Travel Club, she found pleasure in a regular attendance at church, she learned to play bridge, and when she and Arthur were not otherwise occupied they sometimes went in the evening to a moving-picture show. In the winters, when the great snows blanketed the streets, and the sidewalks were ravines drawn between great white walls, the people of East Harbor kept indoors by day; but they were apt to gather in the evening for cards, for gossip, for a church supper or a club meeting.

Dora enjoyed this; she blossomed under these influences; her interests widened.

Sometimes, at the farm, she tried to tell Esther of this new life of hers; but Esther, though she listened politely, was obviously uninterested. She and Aunt Mary found pleasure in hearing the gossip of East Harbor; they liked to be told that this man's business was failing, that that newcomer bade fair to be successful, that this man's wife was driving him away from home and that that one's bride was wasting his substance in extravagance. Beyond this their interest did not go. Dora learned at last to speak only what they wished to hear; by degrees she came less often to the farm, and sometimes a month passed, even in the summertime, without her taking Sunday dinner there. The long winters, when traveling was difficult, kept them apart from November till April; the cleft between the sisters widened.

He Sat on the Edge of the Bed Watching the Final Stages of the Process of Dressing the Prospective Bride With Woeful Eyes

Six years after Dora's marriage Aunt Mary died. That woman of iron was more than eighty years old, yet to the end, save for her increasing deafness and her failing memory, seemed in full possession of her powers. Every morning she helped Esther with the beds or wiped dishes while Esther washed them. Now and then she baked bread or cake or pies, for Esther had never done well with pastry. Aunt Mary always fried the weekly supply of doughnuts. Caleb liked them short, and Esther's were apt to be tough. In the summer the older woman did the preserving, and Esther at this season worked under her directions.

Up to the week of her death they had no warning that her end was near. Then one evening—it was in January, and bitterly cold—she broke a windowpane in her room by allowing a chair to rock against it. She had for years lived in constant terror of drafts, had been accustomed to sleep with her windows closed; and Esther urged her, this night, to sleep in one of the other rooms.

Aunt Mary insisted that she must have her own bed; but in the morning she confessed she had been cold, and that evening she began to sneeze. Her fever rose; she acquired a cough; her lungs were affected, and quite peacefully she died. The day before her death was Saturday, baking day; she wished to rise and fry doughnuts, but Esther compromised by mixing them under her rigid direction, at the very bedside.

When Esther brought a sample upstairs, and Aunt Mary had satisfied herself of its mediocrity, she said in austere tones: "There! You'll never learn to do them right, Esther."

Thereupon she went to sleep, and spoke no more for the few hours of life that were left to her. Snow was deep upon the roads; frost had locked the earth within a crust of iron. They bore her body to the receiving vault to lie there and await the release of spring before interment.

Arthur and Dora came out from East Harbor by sleigh to attend the funeral; the journey was a bitter one, and snow falling that day kept them at the farm till the roads could be broken out again. When they returned to town Caleb and Esther fell easily into their ancient round once more. Morning, noon and night Caleb tended the stock huddled in the barn; morning, noon and night Esther cooked their meals and washed the dishes; every morning she made the beds.

One evening a week after the funeral Caleb found his sister weeping; but when he would have comforted her she resented the fact that he had discovered her weakness and put him angrily aside.

They had sold the Mason Farm the year before. The mortgage upon it had grown a little, year by year. The place was fairly worth perhaps eighteen hundred dollars; but when the mortgage reached twelve hundred they could borrow no more and gave up the struggle to keep the land. There was no ready purchaser; the sale wiped out the mortgage and left them no margin at all. Relief from the taxes upon the land thus sold eased their affairs in some small degree, but there was still a deficit. Two years later they began to sell cordwood off the Bartlett woodlot.

The Dillard place now consisted of the Bartlett Woods, the home place, and Marshall's Meadows, down across the road; just over two hundred acres in all. Twenty years had cut their domain in half.

Esther still refused to speak Leon's name; but Caleb heard from him with increasing regularity, and now and then he read Leon's letters aloud, Esther not protesting but pretending not to hear. Leon was doing well. His children were growing up; he wrote once that a young farmer in the neighborhood was paying attention to Mary. Leon added that Jennie thought the two would be married when Mary was a little older. "I don't guess so, myself," he explained. "She ain't only seventeen." This news evoked a scornful exclamation from Esther; but she seemed to repent her weakness at once, and the rigidity of her countenance became so pronounced that Caleb dared not even read the remainder of the letter.

Dora and Arthur occasionally visited Leon; and Leon's affairs—he was marketing an increasing number of apples every year—often took him to East Harbor. On such visits he was accustomed to have dinner at Dora's house. He drove his own car now.

Between Dora and Leon old bonds strengthened, binding them more and more closely. Twice the little girl who bore Dora's name visited her aunt for a month or so at a time. The first visit came when she was seven; the next when she was eight years old.

In the ninth year after Dora's marriage Jennie's mother died. Leon and Jennie came to the funeral, and passed the Dillard farm more than once in their car; Leon and Caleb encountered each other on the boundary between the two farms and to some small extent drew together again. Leon asked one day whether he might not come and see Esther; but Caleb shook his head.

"She's never spoke your name," he said.

"I kind of thought she might come to Jennie's mother's funeral," Leon explained in a wistful tone.

"Well, she wouldn't," Caleb replied.

Old Fergus was left by his wife's death very much alone. Age was heavy upon him; he needed a strong hand about the place. His wife had died in the fall and that winter he managed alone; but in the spring when there was much work to be done, Sam, Leon's oldest boy, came to help him.

Young Sam was a stocky, sandy-haired boy in his eighteenth year; and he and Caleb at once became friendly Caleb fell into the habit of wandering over to see Fergus in the long afternoons when work was done for the day. Sam discovered in Caleb something lovable and fine and gave him a frank devotion which warmed Caleb's heart to the boy. Once or twice Caleb suggested that Sam come home with him to dinner; he was willing to risk Esther's wrath.

But each time Sam asked, "Did Aunt Esther say so?" And when Caleb was forced to answer in the negative the boy shook his head. "Father told me not to bother her," he explained.

Caleb confessed to himself a faint relief in these refusals; he had been afraid of Esther's wrath. But he continued to see a good deal of Sam in a more or less furtive way; and Dora and Arthur, whenever they came out from East Harbor, always went to see the boy. Also, Sam made friends in the village. Old Fergus let him go each evening for the mail, and the men he encountered in the store liked him, and one night he went to a dance in the hall above the store and met some of the younger girls who lived in the town.

When pressure of work at home permitted, Leon and Jennie sometimes drove down for an hour's visit at her father's farm; and at such times Sam would take his father into the fields and display his handiwork

"He'll make a farmer," Leon told Caleb one day. "He has the way of it at his fingers' ends."

Caleb nodded. "Yes," he agreed. "Yes. He takes to it; and Fergus is a good teacher."

"You might get him to help you sometimes," Leon suggested. "I'd like to think he was working on the home place."

Caleb smiled hopelessly. "Lord, I don't do enough to need any help," he confessed. "Esther and I, we just get along. And she probably wouldn't want him around."

Leon did not press the suggestion. Thus stood affairs in the spring of the tenth year after Dora's marriage.

XIX

ONE Sunday late in May Arthur and Dora appeared unexpectedly, just before dinnertime. When their car drove into the yard Esther went to the door to meet them

"I declare," she said impatiently, "you might have let me know you were coming. Caleb and I eat so little when we're alone."

Dora laughed in an affectionate way and took her sister's arm and led her indoors.

"Now, Esther, don't make a fuss," she urged. "We just decided to come at the last minute. And you know you won't have a telephone. It's a shame if we can't come out without your stirring yourself all up, days ahead."

Esther sniffed and said, "It's a pity if I can't stand being stirred up a little, Dora. Does me good, I expect. But if you hadn't come Caleb and I would just have eaten some boiled potatoes and bread and butter "

"Then I'm glad we came," Dora declared. "Now if you just would keep chickens!" She put her hat aside. "Well there, we'll find something. Esther, I had to come. I had something to tell you. Leon and Jennie were in town last week with Mary, buying her wedding things. She's going to be married, the fifth of June."

At Leon's name Esther as from long habit had put on her defensive armor; her countenance had frozen, her eyes gone blank. But Dora had begun to suspect, years ago, that in spite of this pose Esther was keenly interested in all that pertained to Leon and his children. She went on now, undiscouraged

"Mary's such a nice girl, Esther. You'll like her She's a pretty little thing, with brown hair and brown eyes, like her mother used to have. Only she's small. And she always asks for Aunt Esther. She sent her love to you."

I expect we'll just have to fry up some salt pork," Esther remarked abstractedly.

"Arthur and I are going up to the wedding," Dora continued. "We're going to drive up and stay overnight. And Leon and Jennie told me to bring you. Leon said he'd write you if he thought it would do any good; but he thought maybe you'd come to see your niece married anyway. And then Mary got me by herself after a while, and she wants you to come. She said she wouldn't feel as though she were married if Aunt Esther weren't there." Dora smiled. "I told her she was a little fool to talk that way; but she stuck to it, good. She said she saw you, once, when she was down to Mrs. Weir's funeral; and she liked you."

Esther, happening to look into the hall, exclaimed: "There! Those men have left the front door open, and all the dust flying."

She ran to close it. Arthur and Caleb were sitting on the little patch of turf before the door. The road that ran past the house was the main traveled route from East Harbor to Augusta; and many automobiles came that way. On this Sunday they passed every few minutes, dragging clouds of dust behind them. Esther had waged a hopeless warfare against this dust since the coming of the automobile; in the old days it had not been such a nuisance. She dusted and swept and sprinkled and scrubbed, and had faint hopes of victory until she took up her carpets in the spring She shut the door now with an emphatic bang, returned to Dora.

"Don't you think you might go up with us?" Dora persisted when her sister came back to the kitchen.

(Continued on Page 87)

He Wandered Out-of-Doors Alone, and Sam Followed and Sat Near His Father, Sharing the Older Man's Trouble

A SOUTH SEA BUBBLE

XXVIII

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

SOMETIMES a man is cured of his diseases by the skill of doctors, by the kindness of nurses, by a sudden ease of mind, by a shock, or by the subtle dominance of self-will. Should it be by the last, then, if he shall believe in himself sufficiently and cause others to do likewise, he may acquire a comfortable income by combining faith healing, Christianity and a consulting room in Bond Street.

Asthma, with its attendant miseries, is ever a perplexing ailment for which there would seem to be no standard form of cure. Tommy Gates had got it badly, and had got all the side shows as well—particularly the left side show of a troubled heart. He was, so to speak, fit to die; but with death's door ajar at his bedside he thought fit to put forth an unsocked foot and close it with a slam so vigorous and resonant that its vibrations brought him on deck to be a convalescent in a deck chair and a delight and amusement to his friends.

This recovery may have been brought about by climatic change, by Vernon's assurance on that terrible night when he nearly died, or by a chance remark of Henry Julius to the effect that he had always been given to understand that a body dropped over the side into the Persian Gulf never reached the bottom, but provided an agreeable change of diet for the sharks.

Tommy Gates did not greatly want to offer himself as a gratuity to a shark's larder and he said so emphatically.

"If I've got to die," he said, "I'll die ashore; or at any rate, I'll die near enough inshore to cheat those damned sharks of a free meal."

With this determination he proceeded to get well so rapidly that Olive Banbury found herself bereft of any other occupation than that of common friendship.

His Hand Was Imprisoned From Behind and Averil's Voice Cried Out, "No, Don't! No, Please—Even Though You Did It for Me"

Tommy's mysterious recovery was so complete that when some ten days later the Mascot dropped anchor behind the breakwater at Colombo he barraged everyone within earshot with irrefusable demands to be allowed to go ashore.

"I'm going to the Gaul Face," he said. "I'm going in a rickshaw. I'm going to see cows pull hansom cabs made of rushes if I die for it."

And since a man who has been ill has a distinct advantage over persons in robust health, permission was granted. Tommy went ashore in company with Olive Banbury. He hired two rickshaws, he consumed a long program of iced drinks and he enjoyed himself exuberantly.

Nor was he the only one to enjoy himself, for the spirits of the entire ship's company had risen in ratio to Tommy's surprising recovery. Everyone went ashore, and they ate a great many curried prawns and peculiar Eastern dishes, and they gasped at the huge scarlet flowers that look like bits of a letter box blown up into trees, green as the heart of a lettuce, and they bought a great many moonstones and collar boxes, and bits of embroidered silk imported from Bokhara and Kurdistan and Manchester, and they conducted themselves in a manner highly advantageous to the revenue department and general trade welfare of Ceylon.

It was a marvelous day, marked by many astonishing incidents. Mary had her first cocktail and felt all the better for it, and Lydia refused to have any cocktails at all and felt all the better for that. Kate Morgan nursed a brown baby two days old whose little stomach was so distended that she feared it must have swallowed an air ball. Joshua Morgan met a man he knew in Bradford. Henry Julius saw several color combinations which he had never dreamed existed; and William Carpenter, who, heedless of protest, had dragged off Lydia to witness some native wrestling, accepted an open challenge and by sheer beef and grit confounded the art and science of the professor and laid him upon his back amid loud plaudits from the assembled multitude.

A marvelous day! Fellowship and good feeling ran high. The essence of the East had entered into and taken possession of everyone; and marvel of marvels, Averil had come to Vernon and suggested they should spend the day together.

So off they started on their own—not intentionally on their own, because the pilgrimage to Mount Lavinia had started as a trio. They had, however, scarcely reached the cab rank and chosen the little canopied vehicle which should carry them when Mr. Isinglass, who was making a corner of the triangle, suddenly remembered that he wanted to spend the day alone—or rather in the company of a certain native goldsmith with whom he claimed acquaintance. The old man, indeed, got quite excited about the necessity to devote his time in this fashion. He shook his head violently at the polite opposition that was forthcoming and, sticking a bread pill on one of the buttons of the cab's upholstery, he ambled off under the shade of a Holland umbrella with a green lining.

So Vernon and Averil, left to their own devices, drove along that astonishing Mount Lavinia road, with its high screen of bowing palms, its native huts and the shops of potters and weavers, and the ever changing escort of tiny naked children who raced beside the vehicle crying out, "Mamma ver' good, papa ver' bad—give penny," or singing a quaint breast-and-elbow-beating version of the once popular ditty, "Yip-i-addy-i-ay."

They had little need to talk, for the Mount Lavinia road is one of the best conversationalists in the world, being ever ready with a change of subject or a quick glimpse of something new. It is a shady avenue charged with pleasant thoughts and pictures that are strange as dreams. It talks away in terms of shadow and of light, and the hundred moods of color; it entertains with peep shows of the sea and the unfamiliar ways of Nature life. Silence it inspires, and admiration and delight, and sometimes laughter too. There is no end to the resources of the Mount Lavinia road. That great producer whose name is Orient has flung all the wealth of his genius and ideas into the making of this road. And the result is the happiest chaos of tiny dwellings and busy temples daubed with splashes of bright paint, of queerly clothed and unclothed men and women, of lush-green gardens, crosshatched with fronds of palm and blazing with fruits and flowers. He has turned Nature into a circus complete to the littlest item. There are elephants and monkeys, and yoked oxen and yellow dogs, and snakes and mongooses, and bananas and coconuts, and heaven knows what else besides. So Averil, who had never seen the like before, and Vernon, who liked it none the less for knowing it already, sat in glowing admiration and adored everything they saw, and perhaps each other into the bargain.

At last Vernon said, "What made you suggest we should spend the day together?"

"Why? Would you rather we didn't?"

"I won't waste time answering that. You know there is no one that I'd rather ——"

"Then perhaps that was the reason—that and a feeling that you deserve a holiday."

"Do I?"

She nodded.

"Yes. Besides"—there was a moment of hesitation—"Mr. Isinglass ticked me off about you."

"Ticked you off?"

"Well, talked to me—or I talked to him; anyway, we talked—although I did most of the listening. Do you mind having been talked about?"

His reply was honest.

"No man does." Then curiosity prompted—"But he can't help wondering ——"

"What was said? I'll tell you if you like."

"If you like."

"Well, it was—well, I could see you were miserable and harassed and a bit overcrowded with responsibilities—at least I thought you were—so I asked Mr. Isinglass what he thought."

"H'm!"

"His reply was so quaint. He said, 'My dear, when a man builds a sand castle he's sure to be troubled as to whether he will get it done before the tide comes in.' I suppose it is a sand castle."

Vernon nodded.

"Then he went on to say, 'Most folks stand around doing nothing and prophesying failure for the builder, which, to say the least, is a bit dispiriting. But the real friend is the one who hops along without a lot of questioning and advice and dips a spade and heartens the fellow with a bit of cheery companionship.'"

"I wonder what he was driving at," said Vernon.

"I don't know," said Averil; "but something like this perhaps. He told me, too, that most people waste their friendship in adjustment. That's true, anyway, for heaps of hours that might be happy are spent puzzling about things."

"I know," said Vernon.

Then, "Let's not waste a minute of today puzzling about things, Averil. You're a brick to offer me this holiday. Let's spend it like kids and forget that there's anything difficult in the world."

"Right-o! We'll make a compact—shall we?—that we won't allow anything at all to interfere with our being completely and utterly happy in this utterly and completely lovely place."

"That's a bet," he answered, "but it ought to be easy without a compact."

"Yes; but we'll have one just the same. After all, one never knows what's going to turn up."

"State the terms," he replied gravely, "and I'll comply with 'em."

"That today and for all today we'll be youngsters without a serious thought in our heads."

"Agreed!"

"And that even if a serious thought does come sneaking in, we'll take it by the shoulders and——"

"Kick it down the steps."

She laughed.

"Exactly!"

"And we shake on this?"

"We shake on this."

Their hands met dramatically.

"The word goes, pard!"

"It goes!"

That was a fine start; but perhaps finer still, though in a different way, had been a few hurried words from Lydia, rustled into Vernon's ear just before he went ashore: "Look here, that night in the Red Sea—forget it! I like you too well to treat you as one of my moods. There's no resentment, old chap; you came out pretty well. I was—well, never mind. Sorry and all the rest of it."

So with that and with Averil by his side, with the knowledge that Tommy had rounded the worst corner, with the splendid golden sun blazing above, and with the sweet smell of yesterday's rain in his nostrils, Vernon had reason to be glad. And glad he was.

"What's it like, this Mount Lavinia Hotel?" Averil asked.

"Oh, I don't know. Kind of pagoda ish, I think, with verandas and things and a rocky garden that runs down to a beach where there are rows and rows of those outrigger boats tied up to the palms. I know one eats prawns there, which mostly feed on—well, p'raps they don't—'t any rate it's a serious thought, and as such is barred expression. And I know one sits on the grass after lunch and native wizards grow mango trees very fast under dirty bits of cloth and say 'Gali-gali,' and the surf roars at you, and it always rains at five o'clock."

"Um-m! Sounds nice," said she.

Then they talked about hunting and polo and English cottages, and West End shops and theaters, because it is the loyal habit of British subjects in attractive foreign places to talk about the good things in their mother country. Out of some such instinct springs patriotism.

"Do you remember that day when you put your mare—the little roan—at that sunken road by Rance's Farm?"

She remembered with a nod.

"Were you there?"

"Very much so. My heart dropped fourteen beats when I saw what you were up to."

"Pff!" said Averil. "Bess could take that ditch on her head."

"Yes," he replied. "That was what I was expecting. You were a villain to do it."

"Where were you at the time?"

'Not far behind—with my eyes shut."

'Why?"

'Oh, I don't know. I'm a public-spirited sort of beggar."

'If you'd been that you'd have gone through the gate with the rest of the field."

'Never occurred to me."

'Fancy you remembering my little roan."

His reply was disappointing.

I took a snapshot at the meet. Dare say that helped to keep her in my mind."

Did you so often look at it then?"

"It got hung up on a wall somehow."

'A snapshot?"

"Well, an enlargement."

"Oh," said Averil, and seemed satisfied.

'I say," she said after a little interval, "do you like me?"

Of course I like you."

"Did you like me before you knew me?"

"I must have."

"Why? Because you took that snapshot?"

It is all nonsense to say that a girl should not offer what help she can in the initial stages of friendship or courtship or affection. Our Victorian grandmothers said no, but they did it all the same with an "Oh, sir," with dropped eyes and a protective gesture of the hands. The Georgian girl has a franker method, and says the words and asks the questions and throws out a hand where it is needed. Really nice men are timid creatures when their hearts are concerned. They need a lot of help if they are not to be left at the post.

"It was a jolly group," he answered, "and I wanted to keep a record."

Averil looked at him gravely, as a nurse might look at her charge.

"You're a queer one, Vernon," she said. "I haven't begun to understand you yet. I know you like me and I know I like you, and that's a jolly thing to share. Does it sound frightfully immodest to say I think it's a pity we don't share our liking for each other more openly? I often know you want to talk to me, and yet I see you preventing yourself, as if I should resent it if you did. I don't feel we're making the most of this liking of ours. That isn't said minxishly—it's true—and I believe in speaking the truth

Continued on Page 40

Averil Moved Her Head From Side to Side. "Do You Ask Me to Believe He Had Something to Gain Too?"

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 12, 1924

TO REDUCE war taxes is to give every home a better chance. . . . Of all services which the Congress can render to the country, I have no hesitation in declaring this one to be paramount. To neglect it, to postpone it, to obstruct it by unsound proposals, is to become unworthy of public confidence and untrue to public trust. The country wants this measure to have the right of way over all others.

—*Calvin Coolidge.*

Government Price Fixing Again

WHILE the oil-lease investigations have lately claimed public attention to the virtual exclusion of other proceedings in Congress, the controversy over policy for agricultural relief has narrowed down to a direct issue that must be decided in Congress. The Norris-Sinclair Bill was rejected in the Senate Committee on Agriculture and Forestry, and the McNary-Haugen Bill reported out. The Norris-Sinclair Bill was a frank front-door government-in-business proposition, based on the idea that farm prices for agricultural products are low because of excessive tolls levied in the course of marketing and of exploitation by middlemen; and a government corporation was proposed, with government capital, to take over the distributive functions between producers and consumers. The McNary-Haugen Bill is frankly a back-door government-in-business proposition.

The Norbeck-Burtness Bill, which met with defeat in the Senate, was an emergency measure designed to facilitate diversification in the one-crop wheat regions, and it was stated, without contradiction, that it had the approval of President Coolidge. It was drawn to make available for farmers fifty million dollars in specific credits for the purchase of domesticated animals. Thus equipped, it was claimed by its sponsors, these farmers would be placed in position to raise a large part of the food of the farm family, enter on approved crop rotation and restore the fertility of the soil, instead of continuing to raise one crop that takes up a half or less of the farmer's year. The scheme involved no extension of government functions, being really a specified enlargement and prolongation of the work of the War Finance Corporation.

The McNary-Haugen Bill would apply to most basic agricultural products. It would fix prices, indirectly, and transfer business operations from individuals to the Government. It would place in the hands of a government commission the legal power to compel men in established business to withdraw from that business; to coerce other forms of established business; and to abrogate the right of contract. Through the use of price ratios and index numbers the proposal wears a specious cloak of modern economics—and apparently many congressmen see only the cloak of rural alleviation and do not notice the price-fixing feature. An all-commodity price index number would be computed for each month and year of ten years before the war. For each basic agricultural product a price index number would be computed. The all-commodity index number would be called 100 and then the price index number of each basic agricultural product would bear a percentage ratio to the all-commodity index number. That relationship would be regarded as normal for the coming ten years. If the current price of any product, compared with the current all-commodity index number, stood below the prewar ratio, then the government corporation would estimate the exportable surplus, buy it at the ratio price, and then behind a tariff wall drive up the domestic price for the entire crop to the figure set. The surplus would be exported and the losses assessed back to the growers. In this manner it is proposed to jack up the prices of cereals, cattle, sheep and hogs and their products to the prewar ratio, by enactment, irrespective of supply and demand.

Had the scheme been in operation during 1923 the following would have been the prices of wheat, corn, cattle and hogs, compared with the actual average prices, according to estimates given at one of the House hearings:

	PRICE WAS	PRICE WOULD HAVE BEEN
Wheat	$1.16	$ [illegible]
Corn	0.82	0.98
Cattle	9.45	11.12
Hogs	7.69	11.52

The proponents of the measure profess to believe that these increases in price would in part be absorbed along the line, in part would be paid by consumers without protest as a contribution to agriculture. This is a delusion, for no one can seriously doubt that sharp increases in costs of foods would ensue and consumers would rise in protest.

One peculiar feature demands consideration. In order to assess the export losses back on the growers an equalization fee is set up. The producer selling his produce is not to be paid entirely in cash, but receives instead part of the purchase price in a special scrip, to be later redeemed minus the proportional loss. It is obligatory on buyer and seller to offer and accept this incontrovertible currency. Since when has it been deemed constitutional to compel buyers and sellers to abstain from the use of the currency of the country?

How would such a use of scrip be enforced? The penalty for violation is one and a half times the sum involved, to be recovered by civil action. It would obviously be to the profit of many buyers and sellers to evade the scrip. If European experience in the control of foodstuffs is any precedent, such an enactment would be followed by illicit trading, a bootlegging in farm products of unforeseeable proportions. European experience would seem to have demonstrated two things: No marketing regulation or price control can be imposed on the farmer and merchant, without their consent, by civil penalties, criminal action or bayonets. When a small percentage of farmers and dealers evades such a regulation the Government is soon driven to drop the regulation because it becomes perversive.

Considering, further, one more of the many more-than-dubious features of the measure, such price fixing, resorted to because we produce a surplus to be sold abroad at low price, would tend to perpetuate the overproduction. Applied to wheat, it would tend to maintain the excessive acreage, not to cure it.

Foreign countries would naturally construe the act as a dumping, an infraction of the spirit of our own antidumping law. Reprisals would be provoked from different directions. Other countries are just as harassed as we are by domestic problems intensified by politics, and the tempers in other countries may be illustrated by a few examples: A bill has been brought before the congress of Uruguay authorizing the government to buy up and sell abroad at a fixed price all surplus wheat; a bill has been proposed in Argentina giving the president authority to increase the import duties on manufactured goods from countries that impose high tariff duties on their agricultural products; and in Australia an export bounty has been placed on canned fruit. A country hunting for markets should not start trade wars.

There is, finally, a political feature that cannot fail to arouse apprehension. The President is quoted as being opposed to the McNary-Haugen Bill or to any other direct or indirect price-fixing bill. It is taken for granted in Washington that the President would veto the McNary-Haugen Bill if passed. The Secretary of Agriculture, Henry C. Wallace, appeared in the Senate hearing in support of the measure. It is true his support was quasi-qualified, but nevertheless he supported the bill. In the published transactions of the hearing Mr. Wallace is reported as having said: "My opinion of the whole matter is that this is the best approach to the solution of this difficulty." We believe that the President does not regard this approach as the best solution of the difficulty of the wheat farmer. It is certainly an anomalous situation to have the Secretary of Agriculture working for the passage of a bill that might be vetoed by the President.

This looks like a definitive alignment of the forces of government price fixing against those of coöperative marketing. There can be no better time than the present to fight that out.

Too Many Laws

THE legal mills all over the country steadily grind out new laws. In the course of an address before the American Law Institute, Secretary of State Charles E. Hughes estimated that 175,000 pages of decisions had been rendered last year, and that each twelvemonth averaged more than 13,000 permanently recorded decisions of higher courts. "We are the victims," said Mr. Hughes, "of prolixity, uncertainty and confusion." In view of these figures the absolute necessity of some form of continuous simplification and summarization such as the Institute has begun is only too apparent.

Even more important, however, is the simplification of court procedure. Important agencies are at work on this, and it is perhaps not too much to hope that we may see some results within a reasonable time. Tardiness of procedure bulks as an important contributing cause in our failure properly to administer justice. Under present rules it is possible for lawyers to indulge in what Mr. Hughes terms legal chess play—to postpone proper legal action in the interest of clients, and in criminal cases to prolong court sittings to a degree little short of ridiculous. Comparison is often drawn between American and British procedure in the hearing of criminal cases, and always to our disadvantage. The remedy to a great extent lies with the individual. The judge can do much to curb blocking tactics on the part of nimble-minded practitioners and to expedite justice. The lawyer can refrain from hiding behind technicalities and forms of chicanery calculated to defeat the ends of justice.

Mr. Hughes touched the core of the matter when he said: "The vast majority of our fellow citizens, the great masses of the people, obtain their idea of American justice from the minor courts, from the magistrates' courts, from municipal courts, the tribunals that are well called the poor man's courts. Here is a special trust of the lawyers to use their full influence to assure an inexpensive, speedy, expert administration of justice where the courts most frequently touch the lives of the plain people."

The judiciary are apparently alive to the need of court reform. The legal profession talks a good deal about it. We need fewer laws, more enforcement, less talk and more action.

WHAT IS TAXATION FOR?

By Albert W. Atwood

THE high feeling and extended debate which the subject of tax reduction has stirred up in the last few months would be impossible if men were agreed on the objects and purposes of taxation. What is it for anyway? Is the end in view merely the bringing in of necessary government revenue; or is it the redistribution of wealth, the carrying out of a broad social philosophy and possibly even the actual punishment of large incomes and fortunes or of those who possess them? Is taxation fiscal or social?

The cleavage on this question is deep, but often confused and far from sharp. Tax measures are advocated or opposed to a large extent because of feelings and sympathies on one or the other side of this question. But often as not advocates and opponents do not clearly realize that this is the reason for the positions they take.

What the Taxgatherers Say

SEEKING light on this much discussed but always perplexing question, the writer thought it might serve a useful purpose to put the question to the men who actually sit at the receipt of customs, the professional taxgatherers and officials, members of tax commissions, and deputies and lawyers for such commissions. For these are the men who operate the tax laws and are intrusted with the responsibility of producing revenue.

One would not expect such officials to have much sympathy for visionary theories, but on the other hand they would appear offhand to be the last persons to waste pity upon unhealthy financial corpulence or upon the tax evader. But whatever I expected these men to say, almost without exception they expressed themselves as impatient of any discussion of the moral or social aspects of taxation, and in a few cases reluctant to admit even the existence of such considerations in their field of activity.

"What do you think of using the high surtaxes and inheritance duties as a means of remedying the disparity of wealth?" I asked, and possibly it is only fair to say that the thoughtfulness of their replies may have been impaired by the fact that, being overworked public servants, long lines of callers were waiting to see them. But the replies were in practically all cases the same.

"When United States senators talk about predatory wealth, swollen fortunes and all that kind of stuff, they are merely playing to the galleries," said one official whose desk was piled high with papers and who had accumulated a whole roomful of lawyers to see him on business, even during my very brief interview.

"All we are interested in is to get the revenue," said another rushed and harried functionary whose eyes took on a vague look when I mentioned such phrases as "social reform" and "concentrated wealth." "We tax people go to the meetings of our associations, and some fellow makes a speech on the necessity of tax reduction or the crying evil of duplication and lack of uniformity, and the desirability of various reforms. But the individual members all say to themselves, 'We have an asylum in our state, full of inmates, and we've got to have the money, tax reform or no reform'; then we all go back and do the same as before."

"It's not legitimate for a real tax man to even talk about the social and moral side," said one of them. "We might as well discuss religion. The moment these questions creep in, the whole theory of taxation is destroyed."

A Case of Mixed Motives

"IF FORTUNES are to be broken up, the proposal should stand on its own merits," said another. "We have enough difficulties in collecting taxes without loading them up with something wholly alien If you tie the two ideas of revenue collection and social reform together you may ruin one if you change the other. One reason it was so hard to get stricter regulation and reform of the liquor traffic before prohibition was because of the threatened loss in revenue. Such a use of two perfectly good taxes, the income and inheritance taxes, would spoil the working of both in the long run. There are so many other ways of equalizing wealth that if it comes to be the chief purpose of taxation, taxation itself will be destroyed as a science."

That the great majority of practical tax men, assessors, collectors and commissioners should take this attitude is quite natural. Their sole duty is to collect the money which Congress, state legislatures, boards of county supervisors and aldermen have voted to expend. If there is any one settled fact

(Continued on Page 167)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Anthony Wayne

DOWN the Ohio the flatboats go,
One by one and three in a row.
"Wayne, Anthony Wayne!"
Faring still on the ancient quest,
Hundreds of flatboats drifting west.
"Wayne, Anthony Wayne!"
The eddy swirls from the curving shores
And the steersmen chant as they shift their oars,
"Wayne, Anthony Wayne!
Free is the river from source to mouth,
Free are the streams of the North and the South,
Praise to Anthony Wayne!"

Wayne, Wayne, Anthony Wayne!
Who bore the brunt on Monmouth Plain,
Who marched by night with his picked command
And stormed Stony Point with spear in hand,
Who kept the steel of the bayonet bright,
Whose word in war was always,
"Fight!"
Wayne, Anthony Wayne!

Westward rode pirogue and raft,
Freighted well with household gear,
Till the red man's hate and the red man's craft
Stayed the march of the pioneer.

Shawnees lurked at the river shoals,
Hurons claimed the woods for theirs.
Round the hamlet's reeking coals
Yelled the braves of the Delawares.

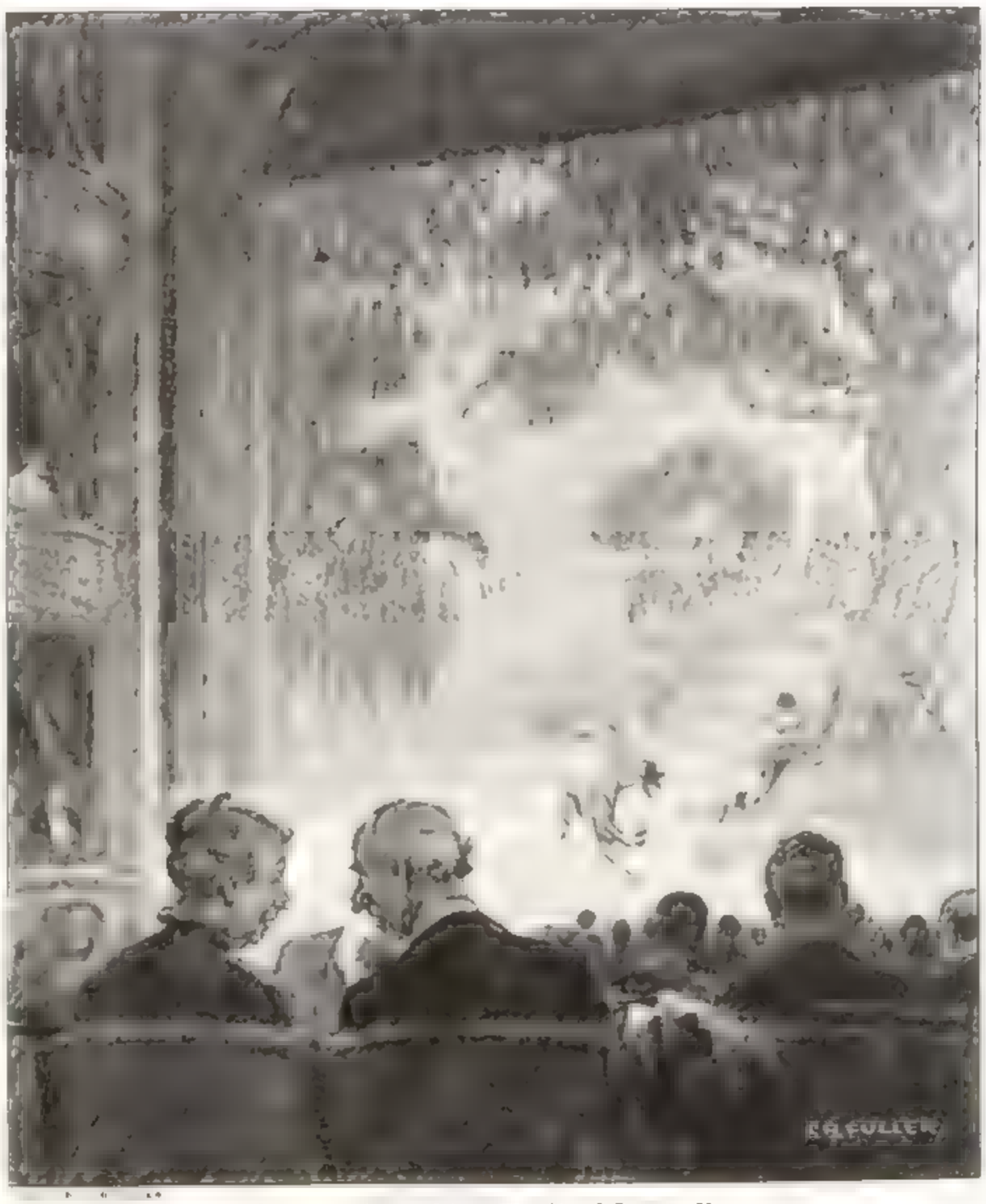
Whelming all and sparing none,
Dark Miamis mocked the slain.
"Give me a man!" cried Washington.
"I am the man!" said Wayne.

Wayne, Wayne, Anthony Wayne,
Fiery heart and cool, clear brain,
Deep in the wilds of the Northwest region
Marched at the head of his hard-drilled legion,
Pressing where two had failed before,
Bringing the choice of peace or war.
Iroquois, Ottawa, Chippeway
Back of the fallen timbers lay;
Wyandot, Shawnee, Delaware
Poured their shot from the sheltered lair.
Over the root-laced parapet
The legion stormed with the bayonet,
Hunting the warriors out and out;
Hard on the flank of the savage rout,
Leaping the trunks in their reckless course,
Thundered the mad Kentucky Horse,
Lunging, plunging, bridles ringing,
Pistols flashing, sabers swinging,
Till the woods were clear as a newly-shorn fleece
And the vanquished sachems sued for peace.

Down the Ohio the flatboats go,
One by one and three in a row.
"Wayne, Anthony Wayne!"
With light canoes and blunt bateaux
Down the Ohio a flatboat goes.
"Wayne, Anthony Wayne!"
Up in the bow in a rough-made chair
Granddad sits with his silver hair;
Safe in the waist is the placid cow,
The coop of fowls, the scythe and plow.
And the towhead children, five and more;
While staunch in the stern at the steering oar,
Brave and tall, is the man who goes
To a land new-cleared of ruthless foes,
With his strong-squared wife on her homespun dress
Who will make a home in the wilderness.

For they come of the same undaunted strain
As Wayne, Anthony Wayne!

Arthur Guiterman.



Mrs. Medders: It's a Woodland Dance, Sl. Sl: H'm, She Must Have Stepped on a Thistle!

Isabella's Jewels

A Historical Drama

[The scene is in a room in the palace of FERDINAND *and* ISABELLA *of Spain. The king and queen are seated on their thrones, and the room is filled with courtiers, attendants, soldiers, etc.* CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS *stands before the throne. On a table beside him is a large globe. Maps and books are scattered about the table. As the curtain rises he is pointing to the globe.*

COLUMBUS *(seriously):* Listen, King! I'm handing it to you straight. Them birds what say the earth is flat is full o' hop. They don't know the war's over yet. Listen ——

FERDINAND: Easy, kid. Easy there. You talk like one o' them there radicals. I'm just as strong for reform and progress as the next feller. Live and let live that's my motto. Hey, Bella?

ISABELLA: You said it.

FERDINAND: But we gotta look out for the sanctity of the home an' all that sort of thing, ain't we? I'll leave it to you as a reasonable man. Now the world has been flatter'n the royal pocketbook for three thousand years, and I ain't goin' to be the one to change it.

["Yea, bo!" and similar expressions of approval from the courtiers.

COLUMBUS: But I can prove it to you, you fathead! You kings all give me a swift pain. All I want is the loan of a coupla ships for a month or two. What's just a few little ships between friends? Come on, King. Don't be a crab. Let me discover America, an' if it don't pay you 300 per cent on your investment, I'll eat this here glove.

FERDINAND: Say, Chris, you don't know how broke I am. I'm broke worse'n the Volstead Act. I'll leave it to the wife.

ISABELLA: That's a fact, Chris. We ain't been to a show or a bullfight in months. The Infanta needs new shoes. We're awful broke, an' that's straight goods.

COLUMBUS: Well, I'm going to discover America if I have to swim across. I'm willing to let you in on the ground floor because you're friends of mine. Now don't be a pair o' dumb-bells. It's the chance of a lifetime.

FERDINAND *(rising and yawning):* Well, I ain't interested. I'll leave you and the wife to fight it out. But you're wasting your time, son. If I had all that kale I'd take a little run up to Paris. I ain't had a vacation in four years. *(To* ISABELLA.*)* I guess I'll take a little walk around the block and work up an appetite. *(To* COLUMBUS.*)* See you later. Don't take any wooden money. *(Exits, followed by courtiers, attendants, etc.)*

ISABELLA: Ferdy's a good scout.

COLUMBUS *(sullenly):* Not much above the collar.

ISABELLA: I know, but he's a good scout, just the same. He's got an awful good heart. Honest he has. The things that man does, you wouldn't believe it. You know my folks were awful set against my marryin' him. My people are from Castile, you know. In the soap business there.

COLUMBUS: Say, let me explain this proposition to you ——

(Continued on Page 114)

Distinguished Foreigners! To You, O Unfortunate Victims of a Degrading Materialism, Countrymen of the Miserable Jefferson, the Tiresome Lincoln, the Pitiful Grant, the Effete Roosevelt, the Ridiculous —— Audience: Hear! Hear!

With a taste all their own!

Why do so many thousands of people always insist on getting Campbell's Beans from their grocers?

Taste Campbell's and you'll know!

Beans are one of the world's leading staple foods. Americans eat them with great relish—one of their favorite week-in and week-out dishes.

So by making better beans, more delicious beans, more wholesome and nourishing beans, Campbell's added another triumph to their reputation for Quality.

Slow-cooked

Digestible

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

THE RAWLEY STEEPLECHASE

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

IX

IT WAS half an hour later when Jed reached his hotel, walking disconsolately, his shoulders hunched toward his ears, as indeed might be expected of a man in a foreign city, with a hotel bill and a spinster on his hands, and hardly a penny in his pocket to liquidate either obligation. And yet one of the first figures that he met in the lobby was that of Miss Graham, and she was in a radiant mood that quite belied her fifty or fifty-five years.

"Oh, Mr. Phillips!" she exclaimed. You can imagine how Jed's thoughts boxed the compass, trying to guess what had happened and making nothing of it.

"Yes?" he said.

She took him by the arm quite coquettishly, and if the orchestra had been playing an American jazz number she might very well have skipped a step or two as she led him toward the Palm Room.

"The strangest thing!" she began. "A young gentleman just called to see me—not more than half an hour ago—and wanted to know if there would be no questions asked if my money was returned to me, and—well, he paid me! And oh, you don't know, Mr. Phillips, what a load—what a dreadful load—has been lifted off my mind!"

"He gave you your pocketbook and everything?" asked Jed, a load lifting off his mind too.

"Well, no; not the pocketbook. That had been lost, he said. But he gave me a pound to buy a new one. So, you see, everything is all right again now, and I feel so happy!"

"Funny," thought Jed, and soon amended this to "Darned funny! Nobody knows her in London except —— Wait a minute, though! I gave Beswick her name and address, of course," and aloud he added, "This young man who paid you—was he about as tall as I am? And did he have a pretty color and talk ha-ha?"

"No," she said; "he talked ha-ha all right, but he was short and pale. Come to think of it, he looked like a clerk of some sort. At least he had ink on his thumb."

"Couldn't be Beswick," thought Jed; and of another thing, too, he was sure in his mind. He was willing to take generous odds on the proposition that, no matter how otherwise he may have been marked, at least there would be no ink on the thumb of the man who had picked his pocket.

"Funny," he told himself again; and then, with rapidly growing clarity, he saw it was more than that.

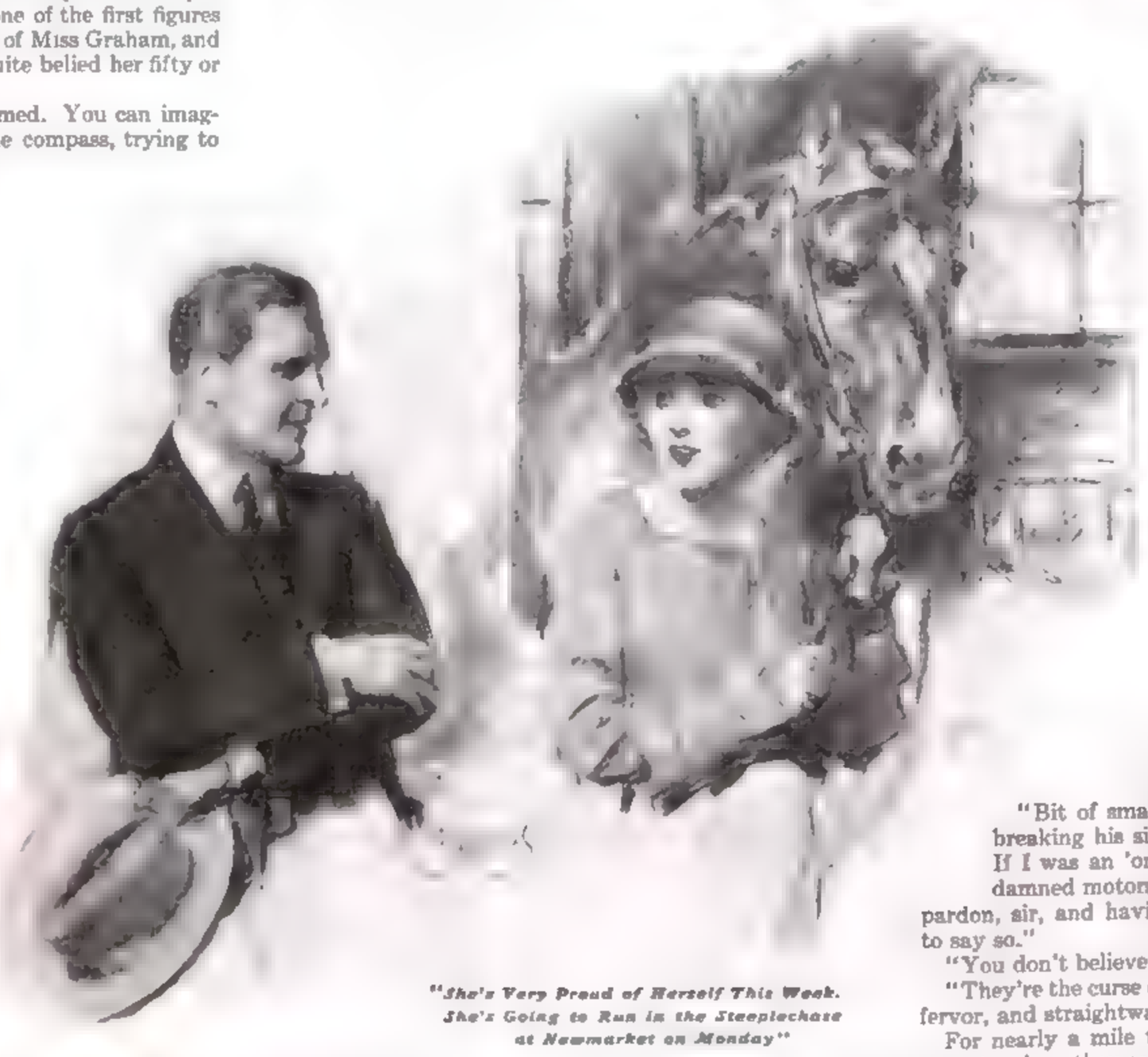
After keeping away from him for all these years, he realized that adventure had found him at last—that romance itself was crowding upon him as though to make up for lost time.

"They say it comes to everybody sooner or later," he breathlessly told himself, "and it looks as though I'm getting mine now in double doses!"

As soon as he could break away from Miss Graham he went to the desk to see if there was any mail. The clerk gave him three letters. The first two were disappointments—one an advertisement of the hotel's American bar and the other a folder of the hotel's American barber shop. But the third one more than made out for the other two. It was in a long fat envelope—an envelope which contained twenty ten-pound notes—and although the accompanying letter was short, it was one of the most interesting that Jed had ever received, consisting simply of the one scrawled and misspelled word "Consceince."

"Conscience!" he repeated. "Yes, but how did they know where to find me?" He remembered then that there was a note from the hotel in his wallet, and that Miss Graham's pocketbook contained several letters addressed to her. "Yes, that's right, too," he told himself; "but what I don't see ——"

For that matter, there were so many things that he couldn't see that he finally gave them all up in favor of one which he was able to perceive without any trouble at all.

"One thing sure," he told himself: "I won't have to go to jail now—either for Beeswax or anybody else. Yes, sir." He grinned as he saw the natural consequence of this.

"She's Very Proud of Herself This Week. She's Going to Run in the Steeplechase at Newmarket on Monday"

"Beeswax will have to go to court himself tomorrow. I'm no lord. I'm just plain Jedson Phillips, of Pine Tree, Montana, and I never did any speeding in England in my life. No, sir! They certainly have nothing on me!"

He went in to lunch then, with one of those appetites that are generally described as ravenous, and the sporting waiter came and waited on him again.

"I hope you had a good time, sir, at the races yesterday," he murmured as he tucked Jed into his chair and handed him the menu.

"Yes, yes," said Jed; and falling into the British habit of repetition, he luxuriously added, "Quite a time! Quite a time!"

"Made a little money, I hope, sir? Didn't bet too much on Pip-Pip, I trust?"

"I lost about two hundred pounds."

"Not as much as that, I 'ope, sir!" said the waiter, shaken out of his *h*'s and looking inexpressibly shocked.

"It's all right, though. I got it back again."

"Ah, well, if you got it back, sir—nothing like an 'appy ending, when you've said and done."

He went off for the oysters with an air of great relief, and Jed had fished the Conscience message out of his pocket for a few moments' quiet study when an angel-faced page boy came into the restaurant and began half calling, half chanting, "Mr. Jedson Phillips! Mr. Jedson Phillips! Mr. Jedson Phillips!"

"Here, boy!" called Jed, raising his hand.

It was a square, aristocratic envelope, and the note inside was written in a hand to match:

"Lord Rawley-Herndeen has the honor of inviting Mr. Jedson Phillips to spend the week-end at Rawley Towers. A conveyance will meet the 10:37 train at Rawley Junction on Friday morning, the sixteenth instant."

It was the hyphenation which gave Jed his first clew.

"Yes, sir!" he thought with a bump of his heart. "R-H—R-H—and that's where the coronet of pearls comes in."

He gave the waiting page a tip which caused that angelic youth to execute his best salute, and indeed he would probably have turned a heavenly flip-flap if Jed had asked for one.

"Friday morning, the sixteenth—that's tomorrow," thought Jed with another bump of his heart.

His next reflection made him grin again.

"One thing sure, if I'm at Rawley Towers—wherever that is—tomorrow morning, I don't see how I could appear in the court here as well, even if I wanted to."

This didn't seem to sadden him, though. For that matter, if he had been alone he would probably have laughed aloud—might even have felt inclined to try one of those heavenly flip-flaps himself.

X

AT RAWLEY JUNCTION Jed was met by a neat little trap, rather in need of varnish, drawn by a chunky cob, rather in need of youth. The groom limped a little because of an unsolicited gift which he had received in Flanders a few years before; but otherwise, except for a tight-lipped expression, he was practically as good as new.

"You'd like to drive, sir?" he said, when the visitor's bag had been stowed under the seat.

Jed took the reins and they jingled along under a fine old avenue of oaks, and hadn't gone far when they met a car on the curve. At this the cob made believe that he was young and skittish, and if it hadn't been for a firm hand and a quick turn the trap would probably have been rather in need of repair and its occupants rather in need of a doctor.

"Bit of smart work, that, sir," said the groom, breaking his silence. "Not that I blame the 'orse. If I was an 'orse myself, I know I'd shy at those damned motors whenever I saw one—begging your pardon, sir, and having no business to make so free as to say so."

"You don't believe in cars then?"

"They're the curse of the country!" said the groom with fervor, and straightway relapsed into silence again.

For nearly a mile they went like that, and then they came to where they could see a chimney pot casually sticking up above the trees.

"That's the Towers, sir," said the groom. "First turn to the left now."

"Queer place for the Towers," thought Jed, "buried in the woods like that."

But he didn't think it so queer when he drew nearer. The trees cleared, a lawn appeared, and when the trap finally jingled around to the entrance Jed found himself looking at mile after mile of landscape that was far above any art of man's. There was a winding river, for instance, and clouds like fleece on blue velvet, and distant hills melting away in a purply mist. But better than all, when Jed passed through the door there was a certain young lady with unfathomable eyes who had last received him in a turnkey's cubicle.

"It was lovely of you to come," she said, and then he saw that she was backed up by a majestic butler who wasn't in need of anything. "Do you want to go to your room now?" she asked.

"No," said Jed, and would have liked to say "I would rather stay with you than go anywhere in the world." And though of course he couldn't say it, perhaps there was something in his glance which said it for him.

"All right," she said. "Simmons will show you any time." His majesty bowed and led himself off with Jed's bag. "And now," she continued, "we'll drop in on dad; and then, if you like, you can take me a walk."

Quentina's father was in the library—a mauve-faced, absent-minded old gentleman, who immediately became alert, however, the moment he saw his daughter.

"Ah, yes," he said to Jed. "Lady Quentina has told me about you. Extraordinary. But then, you know, everything is nowadays. An American, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you are doubly welcome here. My daughter's mother was a countrywoman of yours."

At that he gave unmistakable signs that he wished to become absent-minded again, and after lightly dusting her nose against the top of his head, Quentina led Jed away.

"Dad's a darling," she said, "but he's very quiet lately. I think you become that way as you grow older. But I like excitement yet, don't you?"

"All my life I've yearned for thrills," Jed managed to say.

(Continued on Page 38

The Railroads and the Meat Supply

From 1870 to 1885 a great impetus was given to railroad building in the West.

Mile on mile of iron track crept up the water-ways and reached out into the open, solitary plains.

As these roads were being built, the vast plains which they penetrated were becoming, even to the distant slopes of the Rockies, the grazing grounds of ever-increasing herds.

This growing accumulation of live stock was pressing the stock raiser for a wider market outlet; while the more densely populated East, which the roads first served, was clamoring for meat.

The railroads were drawn into the service of this double need by the imperative demands of developing society.

During this period of intense railroad development, Gustavus F. Swift was laying the foundations for the present organization of meat handling and distribution which is now Swift & Company.

Mr. Swift recognized that it would be better and cheaper to ship dressed meat long distances than to ship the live animals. He therefore saw to it that Swift & Company's packing plants were placed in the most advantageous locations—near the sources of live-stock supply where the hauling of the live stock and the hauling of the dressed meat would produce the shortest possible route to the consumer at the least expense.

Nowadays, twenty-three modern packing plants, thousands of Swift refrigerator cars, hundreds of refrigerated branch houses, and hundreds of traveling salesmen insure a wide distribution of wholesome meat products to city, town, and village.

This service brings to your dealer government-inspected meats prepared and handled in accordance with the most exacting standards. Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon, the preferred meats in thousands of homes, "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard, Brookfield Butter, and a wide variety of Swift's meat and produce foods reach your dealer at their best through this highly perfected service.

The cost of this nation-wide service is surprisingly low. If we were to waive all our profit, the price to your dealer would be reduced only a fraction of a cent a pound.

Swift & Company

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 46,000 shareholders

© S. & Co

(Continued from Page 36)

They went to the stables first, where the groom and a stolid-faced youth kept their eyes upon them. Jed counted fifteen stalls—testimony to the past grandeur of the family—but only four were filled now, one with the chunky cob, two with old hunters, and the end one, a box stall, with a big-boned brunette who had a wicked way of watching from the corner of her eyes.

"That's Black Bess," said Quentina. "Isn't she a duck?" She reached over and patted the amphibian's neck. "Don't you do it," she said. "She might bite you. She's very proud of herself this week. She's going to run in the Steeplechase at Newmarket on Monday, and as soon as it starts she's either going to run away or she'll rear over backward. She always does, you know; that's what makes her uppish."

"What's the matter with her?" asked Jed, standing on a box to get a better look at this remarkable duck. "Iron jaw?"

"Partly that, and she was never broken in properly. A motor ran into her the first time she had a saddle on—poor, misguided, tinny little thing; she nearly kicked it to pieces!—and the only one who can ride her now is Barry, and he can't guide her properly. She always runs away with him."

"I held her once, my lady," said the groom.

"Yes; but that was before she had learned to rear up so cleverly and fall over backward."

"True, my lady. I never had much luck with her after that."

Before they left the stable Jed found a chance to slip the groom a tip.

"That's for you, Barry," he said, "and I hope Black Bess doesn't break your neck in the Steeplechase." The groom took the note with an air of mixed surprise and gratitude. "He doesn't get many tips," thought Jed; and then Quentina came out from one of the hunters' stalls, where she had been patting the neck of an old friend.

"Let's look at the flowers next," she said; and with a gesture altogether charming she took possession of Master Jed and led him to a scene that might have been made to order for man's undoing. There was a pool, for instance, and a fountain; and there were trellises and two box trees trimmed into the figures of peacocks; and half hidden behind a barrier of hollyhocks and ivy was a very old statue of a very innocent Grecian maiden. But these formed only the background. In the middle distance were beds of gilliflowers and pinks and heliotrope and bergamot, mad with color and ardent with scent; and in the foreground, you must never forget, was a pansy-eyed girl in a wide-brimmed hat—the first girl that Jed had ever known who could stop his clock and make him absolutely oblivious of time.

"What a pretty little chin!" he thought once, and indeed there were points about her chin. It was keen, for instance, and cleft like a peach. "What a cute nose!" he thought a few moments later. From which you can see that he was getting it badly, for noses are noses when all's said and done. "And her cheeks—like pink roses," he mooned on, "and—and her mouth ——" But there he stopped and felt uneasy. It nearly seemed like sacrilege to think about her mouth.

"I planted this," she said, stopping at a rosebush. "Wait; I'll get you one."

She fastened it in his lapel, and he had to look over her shoulder to keep himself steady—and found himself looking at the marble maiden who was hiding herself so innocently with her hands.

"You know," said Jed, his voice shaking a little, "you're awfully good to me. I can hardly believe it ——"

"Perhaps it's because you were so good to that little old maid," she told him from under the brim of her hat. "And besides, I want to try to make out for that frightful night you had. . . . Dad didn't tell you about my two brothers. They both—they both went—in the war; and dad always says that we would have lost, and it would all have been for nothing, if the Americans hadn't come in. And then to think that you should come over here and lose your money! Were you—did you ever come over before?" she asked.

"Château-Thierry," he nodded, and showed her the bayonet mark that ran from his wrist to his elbow.

"As near as that!" she breathed.

For a little while then the garden seemed sad. You could almost imagine that the flowers were growing upon two graves, that the marble maid had turned to a statue of grief. But youth is youth, and sighing never yet undid the past, and bit by bit the flowers and maidens lifted their heads again, and a lark flew up and whistled its heart out over them.

In the afternoon they rode together; and in the twilight after dinner they strolled down into the garden again, Quentina's father with them, and sat on a bench to wait for the moonrise—three human atoms absurdly small in comparison with the spectacle, and yet with grace enough in them to recognize the sublime when it appeared.

"Rather chilly, I think," said the old gentleman. "I'll go and get you a wrap, my dear."

When he had gone, Jed and Quentina were quiet at first.

"Do you think we'd better go, too?" asked Jed at last.

"If you wish," she said in a muffled voice.

"Oh, I don't want to!" he hastily replied. "I was only thinking of ——"

"Of me?"

"Yes."

"Well, if I don't mind ——"

All this time, across the valley, the moon had been inching up over the Warwickshire hills; and catching sight of it, Lady Quentina unconsciously laid her hand on Jed's arm

"Look!" she whispered.

He not only looked; he did something better than that. Drawing a deep breath, he began to dream. In fancy he gently placed his hand over her still unconscious fingers; and so they sat, both looking at the moon, but Jed also listening to his heart go "Bump! Bump! Bump!"

"Isn't it gorgeous?" she breathed at last; and then, still dreaming, he imagined her starting to draw her hand away.

"No," he said, holding tight.

"Yes!"

"Why?"

"You know why." And he followed her glance to Beswick's ring on the third finger of her left hand.

"That's nothing," he fancied himself saying. "You know you don't love him."

"Oh, yes, I do."

It may have been that in his dream he took his next cue from the smallness of her voice.

"You do not!" he insisted; and whether it was the moon or the flowers or the way she looked at him, he suddenly raised her hand and touched the tips of her fingers to his lips.

"If I wasn't too soon," he whispered, "I'd tell you I loved you."

"And the worst of it is, I think you could," she sighed.

"But I do! But I do!"

They had an imaginary moment then—for which again you must blame the night, the flowers, the moon and the distant river below—but at the end of that moment she pulled away, frightened.

"There!" she said. "No more!"

And then Jed stopped dreaming, and noticed that her hand was no longer on his arm, but was folded with the other in her lap in such a manner that he couldn't help seeing a band of square-cut diamonds and emeralds on the third finger of her left hand—a band of square-cut diamonds and emeralds which he had seen before.

(Continued on Page 159)

"At Twenty to One, That's Two Thousand," She Reminded Him. "And Do You Know What I Did This Morning?"

Quality—and Its Proof

To Show Exactly How Finely the Hupmobile Is Manufactured

The inside of a motor car is what determines the worth of your investment. Because that is so, the Hupmobile presents in advance, and in a new way, quality-proof to the buyer.

Quality-proof pertains to Hupmobile parts. It is made up of parts you can't see in the car. It is on display in the salesrooms of practically all Hupmobile dealers.

Finer Parts Cannot be Made

It establishes, in the surest, most positive way in the world, that Hupmobile quality—therefore Hupmobile value—is unique and superior.

It shows you clearly that parts cannot be more finely made. It shows you these things, even though you may not be an expert in motor car manufacture.

These parts—which look no different from parts of lesser quality, but actually *are* vastly different—are the heart and soul of all the good you hear about the Hupmobile.

In them is bound up the long life of the car—all its virtues of low costs and few replacements, of superior performance and high running economy.

You may never see them throughout the years that you would own a Hupmobile. For the fact is that in hundreds of cases it has never been necessary to replace a vital part.

That, it seems to us, constitutes the highest kind of superiority.

We could use materials of lesser quality; we could manufacture them into parts at lower cost, if we chose.

But if we should do that, the Hupmobile would sink to the dead level of motor cars.

It would lose many of the elements which now enable it to give such widespread and complete owner-satisfaction. So it would not profit the buyer.

Now Easy to Decide the Motor Car Question

The motor car question, as we see it, comes down to this:

The buyer can pay the Hupmobile price, safe in the assurance that a higher price cannot bring him anything higher in honest value.

Or, he can pay less than the Hupmobile price, and content himself with less than Hupmobile quality and less than Hupmobile satisfaction.

In any impartial comparison—of value based on sheer quality, of performance, and of owner-history—it seems to us that the choice of the Hupmobile would be inevitable.

It will cost you nothing but the time you put in, to go to our dealer and see Hupmobile quality; and it is almost certain to save you money on the next car you buy.

A SOUTH SEA BUBBLE

(Continued from Page 31)

to people I like." She stopped and went on, "Of course, I may be wrong and you don't really like me a bit, but I'm sure if that were so ——"

"It isn't so," he said. "Most tremendously, Averil, it isn't so. Of all the ——" He broke off sharply. "But look here, I can't go on without being serious, and that's breaking the rules of our compact."

"Oh, bother the old compact!" said Averil.

But secretly Vernon was grateful for it.

"One day," he said, "I shall really talk to you, and like enough I shall say so much that you'll never want to hear another word."

And quite outrageously she asked, "Which day?"

"I don't know; but it won't be a holiday. Hullo! Here we are."

The vehicle stopped at the door of a low-built hotel, where Averil and Vernon were taken possession of by a number of native servants who said sahib and huzoor and mem-sahib, which, to properly educated people who have read and love their Kipling, is as music to the ears. And just as they were parting to wash away the dust of the Mount Lavinia road, Averil slipped her hand into Vernon's and tightened her fingers about his.

"I think you're a first-rater," she said.

He was so surprised that "What?" was all he could reply.

"I deliberately tried to make you break our compact and you stuck to it."

"Oh, chuff!" said he.

"No, really. I was thoroughly bad and I'm well ashamed, because you wanted to talk, didn't you?"

"I always want to talk to you, Averil."

"That's good to hear, but it doesn't let me out for cheating. As a penance I swear to frivol all the rest of the day."

He accepted the news gloomily.

"Through thick and thin I'll stick to the compact. Shan't be a minute."

With a wave of the hand she was gone. Vernon ordered lunch and chose a table near an open window. They were early and there were few other guests in the dining room. Presently Averil came in fresh and smiling. She looked as if she had had a bath and done her hair and put on a new frock—an effect women are able to produce in about ten seconds with a face towel and a hand mirror and a speck of powder.

"I say," she exclaimed, "what a heavenly view! Will our island be like this?"

"Not unlike, I expect "

"We are lucky people, Vernon. Let's talk about islands and treasure, shall we? It's so much more real in this sort of place. Tell me again how you found the map—you and that other boy—digging in the cellar."

"But you know that story."

"Um-m—but tell it again—excitingly—with thrills, like a serial in a daily paper. You must work up to tremendous climaxes and then stop suddenly while you help yourself to the next course. Then I'll say, 'Another splendid installment tomorrow,' and off you'll go again with your mouth full."

Vernon accepted a sardine and some vegetable salad from a waiter, then cleared his throat and began:

"Here she goes then. The Granite House was built on one of those high crags which abound in North Cornwall. The back windows faced the sea and in times of storm and stress —— I say, what are we going to drink? Hock and Perrier is a sound idea."

"Go on," said Averil.

"The Atlantic breakers thundered against the rocks below and blurred our windows with flying fulmar."

Averil laughed.

"Sometimes the patch of garden beneath the shale wall was white with spindrift."

"Is spindrift stuff that whitens gardens?"

"You eat your bun and listen. A wild lot were the Winslowes."

"With a yo-heave-ho!" she interpolated.

"Look here," said Vernon, "are you going to ——"

He looked up and saw that her face had become suddenly blank and all the color had gone from her cheeks. With a quick intake of breath, she half rose from her chair and was staring over his shoulder.

Vernon turned his head to follow the direction of her gaze, and, as suddenly as the change had come to her, came a change in him.

At the farther side of the room a tall, good-looking man in riding suit of white drill was holding out a chair for a girl with a very pink-and-white complexion and a peevish mouth.

"Beastly table! Can't we get nearer a window?" she said.

The man shrugged his shoulders, but in deference to the girl's wish threw a glance round the room. In so doing his eyes met Vernon's, shifted quickly and met Averil's.

For a long moment none of the three actors in this silent drama moved. Then, with a barely audible "Sullivan," Vernon took a step forward. But quick as was his movement, Averil's was quicker. Her hand flashed out and touched his sleeve.

"No," she said. "No, Vernon, no."

He did not even look at her as he replied. "You don't understand. I ——"

"I do understand! I understand our compact that nothing—nothing was to interfere with ——"

"That man ——" he began, but he did not finish.

"If I can stand it, you can," she said simply.

For a moment he fought down the impulse to spring across the floor and confront Sullivan. Everything that had happened to him—his fall from honesty to roguery, his lying, his cheating, his misery—was all accounted against Sullivan. The enemy had been delivered into his hands to destroy, and he was called upon to declare an armistice. Why?

Very Alone She Felt, Very Lost, Very Much Without an Object

Because he had promised Averil nothing should spoil their day together. Sullivan had begun to move. He had whispered something hurriedly in the girl's ear and they were moving away. A second more and the chance of a requital would be lost perhaps forever.

"Please," said Averil, and there was something in her voice that could not be denied.

Vernon swung round and sat down heavily in his chair. A waiter brought soup. In the mirror opposite, Vernon saw the main doors close as Sullivan and the girl went out. After that for a long while there was silence.

Then Averil's voice again, forced to a steady note—"Go on telling me, please."

"What?"

"The next splendid installment. I think the—the last one was rather fine."

He kept his word. It took some keeping, but he kept it.

XXIX

AT THE stroke of midnight Vernon Winslowe went out on business of his own. Until then he had kept faith with Averil, and neither by word nor deed had interfered with their enjoyment of the day. With the undercurrent of anger and resentment that coursed through them both, the effort at gayety had been a poor pretense. There was a dance at the Great Oriental Hotel—better known as the G. O. H.—which, with the rest of the ship's company and sundry passengers from an Australian liner, they attended. At twelve o'clock Vernon shed his garment of high spirits and melted away.

Rooms had been taken ashore for the days they were to stay at Colombo, and after the ball Averil went to hers and changed into a walking frock and presently went out into the night. She was not very certain what she intended to do. Perhaps she would just walk about, or perhaps ——

The concierge had told her that Sullivan was staying at the Bristol—everyone knows everyone else's business in Colombo—there is not much else to do but gossip. Of course he might have gone. On the other hand ——

If she did meet him she would say—what would she say?

All her thoughts that night ran into unknown quantities

She wondered why Vernon had gone into speechless anger at the sight of Sullivan. Could it be because ——

She wondered why she admired Vernon so tremendously; wondered what it was he was keeping back from her—what secret. Wondered if he cared; wondered what he would think of a woman who set out to act as she meant to act—who would smash her own dignity on the altar of her own pride; wondered why she wished to return the ring to Sullivan; wondered—wondered—wondered ——

Vernon walked straight to the Bristol Hotel and up to the reception bureau.

He said, "There was a man staying here called Sullivan. I suppose he has left. I want to know where he's gone."

The reception clerk, a Bengali with round spectacles and a moonlike face, blinked, shook his head and revealed the fact that the palms of his hands were paler than the backs.

"Mr. Sullivan, he not go," said he. "He here now; Mr. Sullivan, in lounge. He smoking."

So Vernon went to the lounge. At the first glance it appeared to be deserted, then he saw the back of a man's head above the back of a cane armchair; beyond it, in perspective, shone a pair of patent-leather shoes which rested on a tub containing a palm.

Vernon recognized the back of the man's head.

Then Sullivan, who had not moved, stretched himself luxuriously and said into the air with the sweetest tones imaginable, "Going to have a drink, Winslowe?"

Vernon came round and faced him.

"I think not." Then, "I thought you would have run, Sullivan."

"Yes," came the answer in an easy, comfortable voice. "I thought I should myself, old soul, but the need no longer exists."

"Discovered a bit of pluck?"

"Nothing to speak of, old fellar. I came across a bit of information which is much more useful. Take a pew, won't you?"

"I shall take more than that before I'm through with you," said Vernon. "Yes, and give something into the bargain. For a start, I'll bother you to ring for a check book."

Sullivan shook his head. "I shan't do that, old fellar. It's pointless to spend money when you needn't "

"Even another man's money?"

"All money is another man's money in some shape or form. It was queer—our runnin' into one another."

"Not so queer, after all. There's still a bit of justice knocking about in this world, you know."

Sullivan sat up and put down an empty glass.

"Ah, now you're talkin' sense, old fellar—good sense. If you don't mind my sayin' so, you seem to have wised considerably since our last meetin'. Everything points to that conclusion."

"I think," said Vernon, "that everything points to this conclusion: That the sooner you pay up what's left of the money you stole from me, the better."

Sullivan shook his head.

"Not a penny," said he. "Not a red cent. If I'd thought there was a dog's chance of havin' to do that, d'you imagine I'd be here now? My dear boy, no one has ever accused me of being a fool. As a matter of fact, I'm rather a bright young thing when you get to know me."

"What are you driving at?"

"Just this: I spent the evenin' with a very pleasant young fellow from the Mascot. One of your officers—nice chap named Rogers—nice talkative young chap, but perhaps a bit given to sayin' too much when he's had one over the eight."

"Well?"

"Well, he told me about this treasure jaunt, that's all."

"Well?"

"Well, my dear old horse, surely, surely, surely —— Young Rogers took a count of six from the brewer and spun the whole yarn. He was full of it—and full of you too. How you contrived to cod that entire ship's company into buyin' stock in a hidden-treasure story not only fills me with amazement but with very solid admiration. You were a bad starter, Winslowe; but once away, you deserve the cup."

(Continued on Page 42)

Six-Cylinder Five-Passenger Touring Car

A Wonderful Car

After owning several other cars, I purchased a 1921 Model Coupe, and the service and satisfaction justified my purchasing a 1924 Model for a family car, and I must say that of eighteen automobiles which I have owned, some of which cost more than twice as much as the Buick, it is a wonderful performing car. The engine is powerful and quiet; the riding qualities cannot be beaten; the four-wheel brakes give you that feeling of safety which is so much appreciated in this day of congested traffic.

I can heartily endorse Buick to any one who appreciates most in an automobile.

(Signed) M. H. Hardesty,
Zanesville, Ohio

THE long and trouble-free service that Buick cars provide for their owners has led to the often repeated remark—"Buicks never wear out." And in a sense this is true. Buicks perform faithfully and do hard, continuous work for years beyond the length of time ordinarily considered the normal life of a car. A casual survey of the automobiles driven in any locality will amply demonstrate this fact. The length and dependability of Buick performance is another outstanding indication of Buick value—a value made possible by Buick's long experience and vast resources.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars — Branches in All Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

Canadian Factories: McLAUGHLIN-BUICK, *Oshawa, Ont.*

(Continued from Page 40)

Vernon did not say anything for a moment; he just looked and thought and wondered what precise feature of Sullivan's face he should hit first.

At last, "I see," he said. "Then you're of opinion that the whole business is a ramp?"

"The very word I was lookin' for."

"And can you prove it?"

"Shouldn't be difficult. A hint that you were dead broke when that advertisement went into the Times—dead broke, old soul, and rather angry—well, I don't say it would, but it might shake folk's faith a bit."

"Perhaps you knew I was almost broke when you got me to back that bill?"

"I didn't know, but I rumbled it. Otherwise I should have returned the bill to you and gone out for a larger chunk a bit later on."

"I see," said Vernon. "You—you're a decent sort of chap, aren't you?"

"Well, old top, as I read the card, a fellar's got to live. You must have said the same thing to yourself when you planned this show. At its easiest, livin's a problem, and I do congratulate you on having found a pro-tem solution."

"Yes, I suppose you would," said Vernon, and his right hand closed into a fist.

With as much grace as was compatible with precaution, Sullivan slipped out of his chair on the off side, leaving it as an obstacle between them.

"I wouldn't cut into any of the Jimmy Wilde stuff, Winslowe," he said; "honest I wouldn't. A little calm judgment, old friend, 'ud serve you better all the time. A black eye to me 'ud be a poor compensation for what you'd lose in givin' it. You were always one for a bit of popularity, and from what I can see you're gettin' a fair share on this cruise. Pity to cut loose from that. Nice ship—nice company—and unless I was mistaken in my estimate at lunch today, just a speck of the old heart stuff thrown in."

If Sullivan had left out his last remark it is possible he might have escaped punishment. A careless overstepping the line was his downfall. Wit he had, and shrewdness too; but he lacked sensibility. Insensible himself to any fine feelings, he assumed that the rest of the world was like him. He was wrong about that.

Vernon twined a foot round the leg of the cane chair, kicked it sideways and smashed a straight left into Sullivan's mouth. And when Sullivan rose again, doing unpleasant things with blood and teeth, Vernon's right crooked back to put him down a second time. But the blow was never struck. His hand was imprisoned from behind and Averil's voice cried out:

"No, don't! No, please—even though you did it for me."

He turned.

"You—but I ——"

"Don't say anything. It was but I wish so much you hadn't."

She dropped her head, and tugging the ring from her finger held it out to Sullivan, who was dabbing at his mouth with a crumpled handkerchief. There was not much breath in him, but he mumbled something that sounded like "Put up between you."

"No," said Averil. "I came here hoping to find you alone to return this. He knew about—about us, because I told him. I wouldn't have told him if I had thought he —— I'm sorry. I didn't know that it—what you had done—how it would seem to another man."

She turned and looked at Vernon, and in her eyes was not only reproach but something marvelous beside. So marvelous was that look she gave him that Vernon shut it out with a sleeve across his forehead, and swinging round said to Sullivan, "Go on, tell her! Here's the chance you want—tell her. Tell her the truth, man, for it is the truth how I cheated everyone with lies of a hidden treasure. Go on, I order you to tell her now!"

The expression died out of Averil's face.

"Then it wasn't for ——"

"No—oh, in a way it was for you—but, no; I came here because he robbed me."

Then Sullivan, cutting in, "It's a lie! He's lying! I never robbed him! It was just a loan—a loan he wanted back. Good Lord! He was nasty about it, so I twitted him on this treasure hunt. Winslowe's all right—wouldn't do a shabby thing—straight as a die." Then a tremendous glance that read, "Do you want to ruin the pair of us?"

Averil stood very still for a minute, then she said, "Both cheats."

"Both cheats," Vernon repeated.

"I see, and the price of his silence is the loan?"

"Five thousand."

She thought in silence, standing between the two men, silently thinking bit by bit from the beginning of the adventure, then forward until her thoughts were back in the room again.

At last, "I should pay," she said.

She left them then without another word. Sullivan picked up the ring and dropped it in his pocket. He was still fumbling at his mouth with the other hand.

"Well," he mumbled, "d'you accept the verdict?"

For a moment Vernon made no reply. He jerked back his head and laughed. It was horrible laughter, cracked and mirthless. It ended abruptly, then he looked up and said:

"No choice—no choice. I'll buy your dirty silence, Sullivan. But there is a treasure on the island—there is—though I didn't know it until too late."

He turned and stumbled out like a drunken man.

Edward Sullivan watched him go with a strange expression on his battered face. He appeared to have forgotten the injuries he had received. They had faded into insignificance beside a new thought.

***

SHE did not go to bed. There was a balcony to her room, and leaning against the rail Averil looked out across the gray sea, spangled with colored reflections of the riding lights of ships.

The faint roar of surf breaking against the mole came to her ears, mingled with the thin drone of mosquitoes and notes of a temple bell. From the far-away bazaar rose and fell the even beating of tom-toms and the wail of a woman whose man was dead.

But Averil was unconscious of these sounds except to be vaguely aware that together they formed a symphony of sadness which dulled the senses like warmth or swiftly running water.

Very alone she felt, very lost, very much without an object. Much that is fine in imagination fades with performance into nothingness.

That piece of pride the return of the ring—how insignificant it seemed, now it was accomplished! It had passed unnoticed, a trivial and neglected side show, overwhelmed by the crisis of a greater occasion.

With all her soul she wished she had never done it—had never accepted the chance opening which had made its doing possible. To have been part of a vulgar brawl, to have allowed a primal instinct of her nature to exult in the belief that the brawl had been inspired out of respect—out of love for her by another man—to have shown him the exultation she felt and then to have found —— That was the bitterest part of all—to have revealed even though in words she had protested—to have revealed to Vernon the pride, the admiration, the gratitude she felt for a man who would fight for her, and then to learn that the fight had been for the vulgar cause of money, not of chivalry; a rough and tumble between a blackmailer and a cheat in which her presence was the least important factor.

A cheat, self-confessed—and he was the man whose presence had driven from her mind all but the littlest sense that there were other men in the world as well as he. A rogue, a swindler, a pirate—one of pirate breed that had taken to the old sea roads again, choosing for his victims simplicity and faith and trust and even love itself.

Averil straightened her body and held out her arms.

"For I did love him," she said. "I did—I did!"

And as if in answer to her cry came a sharp knock at the door. Averil stepped back into the room, with "Who's there?"

"It's I." The reply was in Vernon's voice.

"What do you want?"

"To speak to you. Can you come down to the garden?"

She thought. It was maddening that the sound of his voice should still stir her.

"You may come in," she said.

He turned the handle and entered. His face was very white and set, but he seemed oddly composed.

"I offer no apology for coming here," he said. "The position demands that I should know what you mean to do."

Averil turned on a light by the dressing table. Her voice shook when she replied.

"You mean, do I intend to give you away?"

"Put it like that if you wish."

"I—I haven't decided yet."

"Then with your permission I'll wait until you do."

She flared up at that.

"I give no permission." And she made a half gesture toward the door.

"I'm sorry," said Vernon, "but I can't go. By an accident no one could have foreseen you have tumbled on the truth about this treasure hunt. I want to find out what action you mean to take."

"And to find out," she said, "you come to my room at two in the morning, knowing it's impossible for me to ring and have you turned out."

"That's unfair. I asked you to come down to the garden. But rather than ——"

He left the sentence unfinished and turned toward the door.

"Wait! What is it you want?"

"You mean I may wait?"

"Yes; what's it matter?"

"I'll be as quick as I can. You found out the truth; what action shall you take in regard to the rest?"

Averil rubbed the palm of a hand against her forehead.

"Tell them, I suppose."

"I see."

"I should have thought it was obvious I must do so."

"Not quite," he replied. "You have just found out and you want to tell. I found out what a low swindle it was on the night I floated the scheme."

"What do you mean?"

"Found out how much I hated myself."

"And yet you let it go on."

"Yes; that's what I ask you to remember."

"Because you had something to gain?"

"Had I?" he answered wearily. "Oh, well, let it go at that. But I haven't finished yet."

"Well?"

"I was not the only one who found out that night."

"Who else?"

"Mr. Isinglass."

She repeated the name incredulously.

"But he—but why ——"

"And he, too, allowed it to go on."

Averil moved her head from side to side.

"Do you ask me to believe he had something to gain too?"

"Yes."

"You are in partnership?"

"You may call it a partnership."

"I don't understand it's horrible. What did you—what do you mean to do with us?"

"Make amends," he said.

"Make amends?"

He nodded.

"Just that. Turn a lie into a truth. Here is an enterprise which, even though it began as a fraud, may develop into an honest and even a splendid achievement. Here are a number of simple, trusting people who, without question, have delivered their empty lives into my hands and expect me to fill them in several ways."

"But—but it's all wrong. How can you? It's impossible!"

"Nothing is impossible until it's proved so. A hundred times a day I have said to myself it can't be done and a hundred times a day I seem to hear an answer, 'It may be done.'"

"How?"

"Let's look at our gains so far. A little timid woman who day by day develops in strength and courage—Mary Ottery. Tommy, a dying boy who ——"

"You lied to," said Averil, with a flash of memory.

"Yes, I saved his life with that lie. William Carpenter ——"

"Oh, I know, I know! But what's the use—what's the use when we are certain what the end must be?"

"Even if the end results in no more than the gains already made, isn't it enough? Doesn't it justify our going on?"

"But when the truth comes out—when they know that from first to last the cynicism of it all"

"Will the cynicism be any the less if we end it now?"

She covered her eyes and rocked silently to and fro.

"I don't want to influence you one way or the other, but those are the facts. It's for you to decide what to do."

"Then there's Edward Sullivan," she said suddenly.

"He'll say nothing. It would cost him too much."

Again a silence.

"If I spoke—it would mean you—they'd put you in prison."

"Perhaps; but that again doesn't matter."

"There is an island?"

"Yes."

"But the treasure?"

"I forged the words about the treasure from that book."

She started.

"Then what we found out that day at Cadiz ——"

"Is the one practical reason for hoping."

"That was why you were so ——"

"Yes; but I wouldn't pin too much faith to our discovery. It may lead nowhere. The decision turns on the personal element—no other!"

A faint lemon light had shown in the east. Dawn was breaking. Averil got up and went out on the balcony. Vernon did not move.

After a long while she said, "Very well, I won't speak."

She turned, expecting to see gladness in his face, but instead it was gray and lined with misery.

"You should be glad. I don't understand."

"Yes," he murmured dully, "I should be glad, I suppose; but if you knew—if you knew how much easier it would have been if you had decided the other way! You are right, though; we must go through with it."

"We?"

"All of us."

"But I—I'm not going through with it."

"What?"

"My part ends with tonight. It's ended differently to what I expected, that's all."

He seemed rather dazed.

"Oh, the ring. Yes, yes, I forgot." His brain cleared sharply. "Then what are you going to do?"

"I've still a little money. I shall return to England on the next boat. Tomorrow I'll say good-by to everyone and wish them luck."

"Wait a bit," said Vernon. "Wait a bit. If you go it'll destroy everything—everything. We shall never be able to explain. Doubt will come in, and distrust. Everyone will imagine ——"

"Not if I tell them the facts and the reasons why I came."

"No, perhaps—oh, yes, it would—it would! If one goes, all go." And then suddenly, at the end of his tether—"If you did that I should never have the human strength to ——"

And she broke out with, "What difference—what difference can it make to you?"

With every ounce of his will power Vernon suppressed a torrent of words.

"Have it your own way," he said. "Go if you must. I'll manage somehow. God knows, you've reason enough."

He sat down brokenly on the bed and took his head in his hands, and——

"Vernon," Averil cried, "Vernon, I won't go! Oh, my dear, I won't leave you, I won't leave you!"

And her arms went round his neck and her cheek was crushed against his. And all the mother in her and the lover in her and the adorable, unquenchable woman in her went out to him in that embrace.

He did not move—dared not. He remained utterly still while that great surge of forgetfulness, sympathy and kindness flowed through him. Then very gently he untwined her arms and moved toward the door, where he turned.

"Averil," he said, "I shall believe you would have done that to a stranger child who had been hurt somehow. No, don't interrupt me. It's difficult —— Tomorrow, I think, you may be glad to tell yourself the same thing. Just a great, kind impulse, it was, something to be very proud of and never to regret." He stopped, fumbling for words. "We only regret a kindness like that when the subject's unworthy, or reads another meaning. I've just this to say: It's splendid of you to promise to come on with us—and—and—I want you to know that—that I shall never bother you in any way—never."

Then he went out, silently closing the door.

But Averil was scarcely conscious of the words he had spoken. She only knew that she had put her arms round the neck of a swindler and pressed her cheek to his. This she knew, and she was glad. A rogue, a

(Continued on Page 44)

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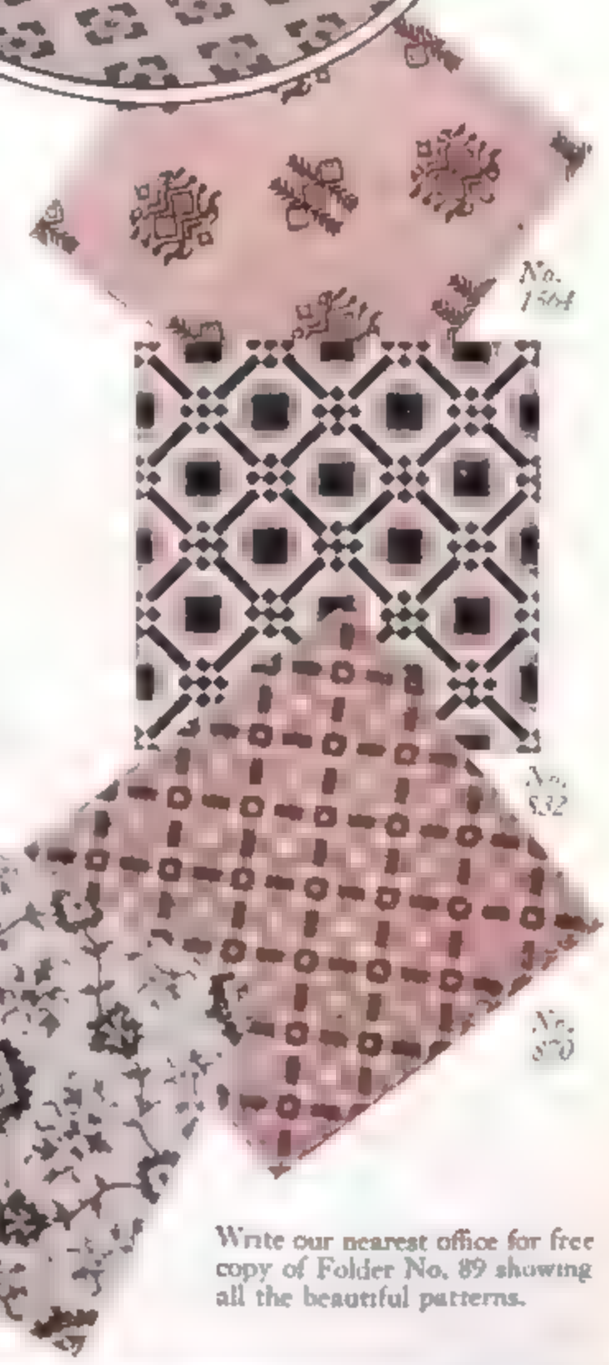

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(Continued from Page 42)

vagabond, a murderer he might be, still she was glad—gloriously, gloriously glad.

XXXI

AKBAH RANA KHAN removed some exquisite pieces of gold work from a stool of carved ebony and beseeched Mr. Isinglass to be seated.

"The boy Mohammed," said he, "hath already told me that the protector deigned to visit my poor shop yestermorning."

"I did and you were out."

"Alas, that the burial of a most wretched cousin should have robbed me of so high an honor!"

"Rubbish!" was the practical rejoinder. "I've a lot to talk about and we won't waste time paying compliments."

"The protector's years are many and with each year his wisdom increases."

"Nice of you to say so, but let's get to business. They tell me, Rana Khan, you are the finest goldsmith in the East."

The old craftsman made a deprecatory gesture.

"I have some small skill in the working of metals; but what is my poor skill compared with ——"

"Never mind about comparisons."

"As my lord wills. I was about to name one who is dead these two thousand years ——"

"Well, as he's out of the running," said Mr. Isinglass, "we'll leave him to rest in peace. Now, Rana Khan, take a look at these."

So saying, he poured a few coins from a wash-leather bag into the old craftsman's open palm. For a few moments Rana Khan fingered and considered them in silence.

At length—"Does my lord wish me to say what coins these be?"

"You recognize them?"

"Assuredly. Here is a piece of Chinese gold—an early piece—minted over three centuries ago. These be of Spanish origin—a doubloon is the name of this; while the other—but its name defeats my poor power of speech; besides, I have forgotten."

"A gold moidore," said Mr. Isinglass.

Akbah Rana Khan looked up in admiration.

"In truth, my lord knows all things. Strange is it, indeed, that he seeks enlightenment from one so ignorant as Rana Khan"

And once again he embarked upon a recital of his client's brilliant scholarship and amiable qualities, winding up with an inquiry as to how he could be of service. Infected, perhaps, by this flowery method of expression, Mr. Isinglass set about to state his need in much the same fashion.

"Rana Khan, I am a rich man a very rich man—indeed, I am so rich that I am sorely put to it to find means of distributing my riches. While turning over this problem in my mind, an agreeable thought came to me that I would like to supply myself with a large quantity of coins similar to the ones you have in your hand."

"Were I a rich man like my lord," came the reply, "I could conceive no worthier object than to act in similar wise."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Isinglass, dropping back into the commonplace. "You think I'm a fool, but let me go on. I want a lot of these coins—hundreds—thousands in fact—and there is nowhere in the world where I can get 'em."

"Alas," said Rana Khan, "that aught my lord desires should be denied him!"

"But, you see, I don't intend to be denied"

"Here is a noble obstinacy," said Rana Khan, who was sure he was dealing with a fool. "Of such determination are empires built."

"I don't want to build an empire," said Mr. Isinglass; "but I do want to fill a treasure chest a chest about the size of that box which you are leaning against."

Rana Khan gasped

"There's no need to fill it entirely with coins, you understand, indeed, I would rather not"

"My lord sees clearly the folly of waste"

"So I thought we might line the bottom half with bar gold and fill in an odd corner or two with a bag of jewels"

Only with the very greatest difficulty was Rana Khan able to reply. "In all matters—even in life itself variety is a blessing"

"Just so Now the question is whether you, Rana Khan, with the skill and knowledge you possess, could fix up such a treasure chest strike the coins and bar the gold and do all the rest of it in such a way that anyone finding it would believe beyond all doubt, that they had tumbled on a hidden treasure that had been buried for a matter of three hundred years."

A considerable time passed before Rana Khan was able to speak a word, the while he mopped his brow with a hanging corner of his sari cloth.

"Is my lord serious?"

"I am."

"He desires his servant to furnish and to fill such a chest?"

"I do."

"But, my lord, to do so would be to expend a prince's ransom."

"As to that," replied Mr. Isinglass, "I never quite know how much a prince's ransom is, but I am prepared to go to ——"

He named a very large sum of money. Rana Khan blinked incredulously.

"And my lord offers this work to me?"

"On the proviso that you say nothing about it to a soul and get it done in record time."

Rana Khan nodded.

"With me," he said, "silence is a second part of nature. For that reason I have espoused myself to the goldsmith's craft and never taken a wife. I know of such a chest as the one my lord desires; an iron chest, brass-bound and studded and built in the period of which he spoke. As to making a die for the coins, there should be no great difficulty, since here are examples from which I may work to pattern."

"I take it, then, you accept the commission?"

"I live to do so. There will be some small trouble to render upon each coin a seeming of time's corrosion, but doubtless it is a trouble care will overcome."

Mr. Isinglass leaned forward and took the small brown hand in his small white hand.

"Your best work, Rana Khan," he said, "for upon your success depends the happiness of many."

It was the handshake that swept away humilities.

"My brother may rest assured."

"And how soon?"

"The need is urgent?"

"Urgent."

Rana Khan debated.

"From this hour," he said, "the bolts of my doors are shot, nor shall any answer be given to whomsoever may beat upon the panel."

"And how long?"

"Eight days, my lord—maybe less."

Mr. Isinglass took from a small bag he was carrying a huge pile of bank notes.

"If you need more you know where to find me."

"I know."

At the door he turned.

"You may think I am mad, Rana Khan; but I'm not really mad. You see, I'm trying to turn a failure into a success. I'm banking everything in an effort to create a bit of permanent happiness. Perhaps that is madness. I'm not sure."

"If it be madness to seek to create something that shall endure," replied Rana Khan, fingering a piece of delicate gold filigree at which for years he had been working, "if that be madness, then is every artist a madman, my lord."

Mr. Isinglass went out into the sunlight, smiling to himself and swinging his cane.

A week later, in the little hours of early morning, a crate covered with rush matting was brought aboard the Mascot. Mr. Isinglass superintended the operation and so skillfully arranged it that even the lookout was unaware of what was taking place. The crate was conveyed privately to his cabin, where, after the wrappings had been removed, it was concealed in a locker. And all the remainder of that night Mr. Isinglass rubbed his hands and rolled bread pills and chuckled to himself.

In the early hours of the morning the Mascot put out to sea again.

XXXII

THE voyage between Colombo and Singapore, and thence to their last port of call in North Borneo, was happy and uneventful. Excitement ran high, however, when the white yacht steamed away from Sandakan and the last stage of their travels had begun. When next they set foot on terra firma it would be at the island of their dreams.

It was after midnight when Vernon came down from the bridge In the empty saloon he stayed to mix himself a whisky and soda and smoke a cigarette before turning in. The passengers and stewards were all in bed, and save for the familiar noises of the ship and the lapping of water along the sides, all was silent. A door behind Vernon's chair opened and closed as though it were swinging on its hinges.

"Hullo!" he said without turning round. "Who's there?"

"It's me -or rather it's I," said a sleek, silky voice. "Hope I don't intrude."

Vernon spun round in the swivel chair.

"Sullivan!" he cried. "Where the hell ——"

"Don't make a noise, old top! If you start cursing now it'll be so difficult to explain me away afterward."

"Explain you away ——"

"Certainly. It must be obvious to everyone that I'm here as the guest of my dear old friend Vernon Winslowe."

He approached the decanter, but Vernon checked him.

"How did you get aboard?"

"Oh, that was easy stuff. Just walked aboard—nobody stopped me. But I've had a deuced hot and uncomfortable time under the canvas of that port-side longboat Sixteen hours and precious little to drink."

"You came aboard at Sandakan?"

"That's it -Sandakan, old boy a very jolly little place too."

For the moment Vernon was too perplexed and stunned to seek other than explanations. He had left Sullivan, as he believed, thousands of miles away, and now like some vile apparition he had arisen out of the sea.

"You realize there's nothing to stop me putting you in irons as a stowaway?"

Edward Sullivan possessed himself of the decanter and splashed a heavy tot of spirits into a glass.

"By gad, I needed that," he said; then, "Nonsense, old fellow! There's everything to stop you. Irons wouldn't be much use unless you gagged me as well."

"What's your idea? Out with it!"

Sullivan dropped uninvited into a chair.

"To begin with, I resented that blow."

"So you put yourself in the way of fresh resentments?"

Sullivan waved a hand.

"I'll take a bet you won't hit me again. You're much too sensible to do that."

With an effort Vernon checked the impulse to make him lose his bet.

"I ask what you're here for."

"Ain't it obvious? Treasure, old friend. I had your word that this show is a sound one, even though you didn't discover the fact until it was too late to save your awkward conscience. Treasure, of course. I flatter myself I can always tell when a fellow's speaking the truth, and truth fairly radiated from your honest countenance when you cried dramatically, 'The treasure is there!'"

"I see. You hope to blackmail a way into this show. Well, you'll be unlucky. For one thing, we're a syndicate; and if you imagine anyone's going to favor splitting his share to oblige you, I can tell you straight he won't."

"Now isn't that a pity? What do you suggest as an alternative?"

"That you get off this yacht and swim."

"No," said Sullivan. "No, I never tackle anything when the odds are all against me. A much better notion would be for you to divide your share with me. After all, it isn't much to pay for preserving your reputation, is it now? I'd just hate to have to give you away as a swindler."

"Yes, I suppose you would."

"Whereas, if you accept me in a spirit of resignation, I promise, old fellar, I'll be the best friend you've got on board."

"I see. That'd be nice."

"So let's make up our minds to shake hands and work together."

Vernon did not reply at once. It was hot in the cabin and he rose to switch on a fan. Incidentally the movement brought him within striking distance of Sullivan. but Sullivan made no effort to protect himself. He sat smiling and sipping his whisky, the very expression of a man who is confident of success Meanwhile Vernon's mind was working quickly He saw that a false move would mean the collapse of everything.

At his next question all the indignation had gone out of his voice. He sounded instead like a man driven against his will to accept unwelcome terms. His tone was dull with impotence.

"But you've no kit. How can I explain your being aboard without a ——"

But here was an objection Sullivan waved aside.

"My dear old boy, we're much of a size and these tropical suits are much of a muchness. By necessity I had to travel light. I didn't want to draw attention to my departure from Colombo, so I sent the little girl up to Neuralia with most of the luggage and said I'd follow in a day or two after I'd settled a bit of business."

"You hadn't talked over your plans with her?"

Sullivan shook his head.

"Talkin' to women is a mistake, old friend. Always avoid a scene if you can."

"Did you leave her any money?"

"Oh, she'll rub along all right, though to tell the truth I'm not overinterested. That little episode had run its course."

Vernon nodded. Under the cover of a hand he was biting his lip hard.

"How did you know Sandakan would be our last port of call?"

"Through young Rogers. That evenin' he and I spent together was really helpful. He told me, too, you'd be stopping a week at Colombo. That gave me a good start. So, having brained out the scheme the day after our little chat, I booked a passage on the mail steamer to Singapore, caught the Borneo boat by the skin of my teeth and hung around at Sandakan until you showed up. I think you'll agree the old gray matter worked pretty well."

"Yes, very, very well. You must have been pretty confident I shouldn't kick."

"Didn't see how you could. After all, you were ready to pay five thou for my silence, and on the face of it you'd be good for a bit more."

"That's logic," said Vernon. "That's sound. What is it the lawyers say? If once you pay a blackmailer you're done for."

"If we're to be friends," said Sullivan, "don't let's call each other rude names."

"No—no, certainly not! I must make the best of it, mustn't I? You're here and unless I chuck you overboard you look like remaining."

"Sensible lad," said Sullivan. "It's a truce then?"

"Looks like a truce."

"Capital; and tomorrow morning you'll introduce me round as your friend?"

Vernon nodded.

"After breakfast"

"If there's any difficulty explainin' how I came aboard, might be a notion to say we had a bet and ——"

"You can safely leave all that to me," said Vernon. "I'll think of something. It's late now and we'd best turn in. There's an empty cabin next to mine, if you don't mind sleeping in blankets for tonight."

Edward Sullivan rose and stretched himself luxuriously. He was a big, handsome beast, and with a terribly attractive smile. Tall, lithe, debonair and conscience-free, he was a man dangerous to men and women alike. A sudden realization of this fact set the nerves and muscles in Vernon's body snapping with antagonism. Would it not be better to end the affair here and now, rather than expose the whole enterprise to the risk of this man's society? If it came to a fight, they were well matched and the chances were even. A fight—a real fight and no quarter!

The idea was irresistibly tempting. Vernon had fought so many difficulties with his brain, and it would be a most welcome change to meet this new emergency with his hands.

Then Sullivan said, "Put it out of your head, old boy. What's the use?"

Vernon laughed, for suddenly an inspiration had come to him.

"You're quite right," he said. "No use at all. Come on, then."

He led the way to the vacant cabin.

"Well come," said Sullivan with admiration, "this isn't too bad at all."

And Vernon replied, "T any rate it'll do for tonight. We'll fix you up with different quarters tomorrow.

"That's the spirit! You and I'll get on first rate. Night-night, old man."

"Sleep well," said Vernon.

But despite Edward Sullivan's prophecy of future bliss and accord between them, he turned the key and shot the bolts of his cabin door. He was not a man who left anything to chance.

And for long hours Vernon Winslowe sat at his writing table, thinking and staring out before him, until the light of dawn filtered its pink rays through the triple portholes.

There was not a vestige of fear or distress on his face; instead it was illumined with a new and vital excitement.

"We've carried it through so far," he said, "and we'll carry it through to the finish!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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THAT PAIN IN OUR NORTHWEST

(Continued from Page 4)

of January the President described it as an "economic situation in certain wheat-growing sections of the Northwest," and said it had reached a stage requiring "organized cooperation on the part of the Federal Government and the local institutions of that territory." He favored the prompt enactment of what is known as the pig-and-chicken bill. This is a bill which appropriates $50,000,000 out of the United States Treasury to be loaned to wheat farmers for the purchase of milch cows, pigs and chickens in order that they may get started in the way of feeding themselves. This is called Federal aid toward diversified farming, in areas where agriculture has consisted in mining the soil year after year for one thing only to wit, wheat. The President recommended also that the life of the War Finance Corporation be extended in order that it might assist in meeting the emergency, and this was done.

The Bank at Fresno, Montana

5. In the first week of February, at the suggestion of the President, a great conference of Northwest bankers, merchants, manufacturers, railroad men, farmers and agricultural experts was held in Washington under the chairmanship of Mr. Hoover to think up a way of saving banks that could not save themselves without utterly ruining their farmer debtors by forcing them to pay down to their breath. The result was a Northwest relief corporation with $10,000,000 capital privately subscribed and $100,000,000 credit, partly to be supplied by the Government, the uses of which, so far as it functions, will be to thaw out the frozen assets of Northwestern banks, especially real-estate assets, which at the present time are like solid ice. Land that was thought only three years ago to be the very best security for a bank loan now is almost unsalable. This relief corporation, finding a bank otherwise solvent but unable to realize on its assets because they are frozen, will take over those assets, or lend upon them, and slowly warm them in the bosom of optimism, biding a better time.

Strange Experiments

6. Meanwhile the imminence of some very strange legislation. For Example One, a bill which would oblige the Government to buy and sell all basic agricultural commodities, thereby substituting itself for the hated middleman who is supposed to do away with the farmer's profit. For Example Two, a bill creating a commission with power to raise the average price of basic agricultural commodities to a parity with the average price of industrial commodities, according to a statistical device called an index number, and then to dump in foreign markets all such food products as cannot be eaten among us at that price. This proposal, called the McNary Bill, has the active support of the Secretary of Agriculture, who is said to have helped write it; it has the support of farmers generally; it has the support also of a great many bankers and merchants in the agricultural regions, who say they do not know whether it will work or not, but maybe it will, and if it does the price of farm produce will be improved. All their prosperity is bound up in the price of farm produce, together with the speculative value of farm land, in which they are all deeply involved.

7. Lastly, in consequence of all this economic disorder, there is a state of mind in which men deliberately reject realistic modes of thought, and advocate experimental remedies, knowing them by every rational test to be unsound. Even Mr. Hoover will say there comes a time when you are obliged to bend your economics to ends in social welfare. And still you do not know what the situation is.

Do you speak of the causes, thinking perhaps to stalk the effects? There all controversy truly begins. The cause, did you say? It is that the Government, having moved the farmer dangerously to increase his production for reasons of patriotism, left him afterward to the mercy of bankers, who outrageously deflated him, the Federal Reserve System assisting; it is that big business is organized against the farmer to exploit him; it is that industry receives the benefits of tariff protection while agriculture does not, so that the farmer sells on the open market at a world price and buys in a closed market at a protected price; or it is that the American wheat grower is not an agriculturist, but a soil miner, a land gambler, a reckless borrower of credit, a planter without slaves who pays the I. W. W.'s six or eight dollars a day to reap his one crop, buys his food in the city, and charges his loss to the Government. Any or all of this may be true in fact to some degree. But a fact is not necessarily a cause.

There is no doubt that the radical explanation of agriculture's dilemma has been the excessive supply in the last three years of certain great staples, principally cattle and wheat, the production of which was enormously stimulated during the war. Which was the greater stimulus, the price or the patriotism, it would now be unseemly to consider. But certainly it was the price alone for nearly two years after the Armistice that stimulated production to its apex.

Increasing Wheat Acreage

The high point, or peak, both in cattle production and wheat acreage, was reached in 1919, the year after the Armistice. Prices were still very high in 1919 and until midyear of 1920, higher than during the war; and then suddenly the demand slumped. The high price for wheat—$2.58 per bushel on the farm—was touched in 1919, after the Government had removed its price control. Similarly the high price for beef cattle—ten cents a pound on the farm—was touched in 1919.

In 1914, before the war, the number of beef cattle on the farms was 36,000,000. It increased steadily, as the price rose, until it touched 45,000,000 in 1919. The decrease since has been much slower than the increase was. Last year, according to the yearbook of the Department of Agriculture, the number of beef cattle on the farms was still 42,000,000—that is to say, one-sixth more than in 1914, and only one-fifteenth less than the highest point touched on the peak of the postwar demand.

So also as to wheat. The area in wheat in 1914 was fifty-three and a half million acres. It increased steadily as the price of wheat advanced until it was seventy-five and a half million in 1919. Not until last year was the acreage reduced to somewhere near the prewar level; and by that time the world's production had so increased that the total supply exceeded the prewar demand. The Wheat Council of the United States, which is an organization formed last year of farmers, millers, railroad men and bakers to take a world-wide view of wheat, discovered that in 1923 the wheat exporting countries had perhaps 350,000,000 more bushels to sell than had been required in any one year before the war by all the wheat-importing countries of the world. In view of that fact, which is a continuing and not an accidental fact, and seeing, moreover, that the cost of producing wheat in the United States is higher than in the other surplus-wheat countries, such as Canada, Argentina, India and Egypt, it appeared to the Wheat Council of the United States to be perfectly futile for American farmers to go on raising wheat for export.

The Obvious Remedy

The evidence is not arguable. What afflicts basic agriculture is overproduction. But if you say this to one of the farm lobby at Washington, to a member of the farm bloc in Congress, to the Secretary of Agriculture, or to anyone like that, you will be regarded wearily, and with some abhorrence, as one who may be expected to utter a terrible banality about the law of supply and demand. Any one of them, speaking in what is believed to be the farmer's point of view, will say: "Well, suppose that is it. What are you proposing to do about it?"

If you say the obvious remedy is to curtail production, the weariness deepens, turning to disgust. Everybody says that. Now you say it. Go on. And if you go on to say that when the farmer shall have produced an amount of wheat one measure less than the domestic demand he will thereby automatically add thirty cents a bushel to the price of his crop, since there is an import duty of thirty cents on wheat, the provocation becomes great indeed.

"Yes," says one of the farm lobby, a member of the farm bloc, the Secretary of Agriculture, or anyone like that in Washington. "There is a duty of thirty cents a bushel on wheat. What of it? Does the farmer get the benefit? No. He sells his whole product, as before, at the world price. In the first place he is unorganized. In the second place his output is variable, according to the whims of Nature. He cannot regulate his production exactly to meet the domestic demand. Nor can he, being unorganized, do as the steel people do. They have two prices. One is the export price, the world price. The other is

The Bank at Kremlin, Montana

Watch This Column

I Want to Know Public Opinion

Just about the time you think you know it all, Fate has a habit of stepping on you with both feet. My respect for Fate is a healthy one. I admit there are things about my own business that I don't know. Principal of these is ***the kind of pictures the American people want.*** So I am asking for information—as much for your benefit as my own. When I know what kind of pictures you prefer, that's the kind UNIVERSAL will make. Man, woman, child—please write me a letter. Let's get acquainted. I'd like to talk to you in writing.

What UNIVERSAL pictures have you liked in the past? What do you think of our great classic ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"*** — the beautiful love-story ***"Merry Go Round"*** — the modern mystery drama ***"The Acquittal"***— the exquisite romance ***"A Lady of Quality"*** — BABY PEGGY in ***"The Darling of New York"*** — MARY PHILBIN in ***"Fools' Highway"***— the all-star play ***"The Law Forbids"*** — PRISCILLA DEAN in ***"White Tiger"***? An answer to these questions will give me a direct line on your tastes.

"BILLY" SULLIVAN

Watch for "BILLY" SULLIVAN, nephew of the famous John L., and popular star of ***"The Leather Pushers"***, who is appearing as "The information kid" in our new ***"Fast Steppers"*** series, written by Gerald Beaumont for the Red Book Magazine. I expect great results from this series of exciting and romantic pictures. LAURA LA PLANTE has been promoted to stardom, and appears in her first feature entitled ***"Excitement"*** very soon. I want your opinion of Universal's new and winsome star.

The opinion of the public on these pictures—as well as on moving-pictures in general—is valuable to UNIVERSAL. We are in business to make money, of course, and the more we please the people the more money we will make. But to please the people, we must know what they prefer. So write to me sometime today or tonight. Open your mind as freely as you like. I will be delighted to answer you—personally.

Carl Laemmle

President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

—because sleep does not bring total unconsciousness. The brain still tries to interpret sensations and memories, and its efforts are our dreams. Tired, sluggish skin and muscles wake up quickly when

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Rubbing Alcohol

brings them its bracing action.

After strenuous exercise, Puretest Rubbing Alcohol is an invigorating rub-down. For infants and invalids—a cooling, soothing bath to allay fever. In the dressing room—a splendid deodorant and a rose-fragrant balm after shaving.

Puretest Rubbing Alcohol is safe for external use in any quantity. It belongs in every athlete's locker, every nursery and sick room, among the toilet requisites of every man and woman.

One of 200 Puretest preparations for health and hygiene. Every item the best that skill and conscience can produce.

SOLD AT 10,000

Rexall
Drug Stores

There is one in your town

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the domestic price, which is the world price plus the tariff. They fill the American demand at the high, protected price. Then they sell their surplus product abroad at the world price. The farmer cannot do that for himself. Therefore in all fairness the Government should either do it for him or remove the tariff on all those things which the farmer buys."

By such line of discourse you are brought to see two points of light. The first is an idea. The second is a conclusion.

The idea is that in spite of uncontrolled production the price of agricultural commodities may be raised by act of Congress.

The conclusion is that the ruin of agriculture is owing not to overproduction as such, but to one of the effects of overproduction which comes to be regarded as a cause in itself, namely, the fact that from the high peak of war prices certain basic agricultural commodities have fallen much more than industrial commodities. Hence the disparity that everyone is talking about, meaning the disparity between the purchasing power of what the farmer produces and the cost of what he buys.

This conclusion is widely, in fact generally, accepted. The President says: "The great food staples do not sell on a parity with the products of industry. Their average price is little above the prewar level while manufactures are about 50 per cent higher. The farmer is not receiving his share. The result has been a decrease in the value of farm lands, the choking of the avenues of credit with obligations which are doubtful or worthless, the foreclosure of mortgages and the suspension of a large number of banks."

There is that disparity. And it is cruel. A bushel of wheat, worth in money what it was worth before the war, will actually buy only two-thirds as much because those things for which the farmer must exchange his wheat are 50 per cent higher than they were when wheat was at this price before. Agriculture under these conditions would be seriously depressed. Nevertheless, on reflection the fact of that disparity alone seems an inadequate explanation of the situation in the Northwest.

Searching Out Causes

Contradictions appear. To instance: While it is true of wheat and cattle that prices are little above the prewar level, other agricultural commodities whereof there has been less overproduction have fared very much better. Therefore you would expect the situation to be most acute in those areas where wheat and cattle are produced by the one-crop system, and very little else. Indeed, advocates of the plan to lend $50,000,000 out of the Treasury among the wheat growers of the Northwest in order that they may buy chickens, pigs and cows, find themselves in the way of saying that the one-crop system was the great evil, that the present situation is very largely owing to that evil, and that the solution lies in diversified farming. That will scan in North Dakota, which is all wheat, and in Montana, which is either all wheat or all cattle; but what of South Dakota with its panic in land values, its progression of bank failures, its comparable plight, in spite of the fact that two-thirds of its agriculture already is highly diversified? In its survey of farmer bankruptcy the Department of Agriculture treated Montana, North Dakota and South Dakota alike, whereas in fact their agricultural conditions are extremely different. Then commenting on its own data the department said that 43,000 farmers lost their property as a result of having bought land in the boom—that is to say, land speculation

Then also in the remedies applied and proposed to be applied there are amazing contradictions. Through the War Finance Corporation the Government is extending credit to the cattle raisers, who are staggering under the weight of excessive production; at the same time Congress is voting money out of the Treasury to stock the Northwestern wheat farms with animals. Beyond this, it is proposed by act of Congress to raise the average price of agricultural commodities to a parity with industrial commodities and keep it there, which would tend to stimulate production again, and at the same time to create a great Federal machine to monopolize the export of our agricultural surplus and dump it in foreign markets.

One begins to be seized with the thought that the depression in agriculture, owing to the great fall in cattle and wheat and the situation in the Northwest, may be two distinct species of thing which various people, for political, mistaken or other reasons, insist upon treating as one pattern of woe.

The thought suggests a method. Washington is filled with soothsaying, theories of healing, emotional quarreling, political anxieties; but ruins contain their own history. Let us therefore try the archæological method. On our way it may be well to stop at Chicago, which is much nearer than Washington to what has happened. Chicago, besides, is keeper of the wheat pit, proprietor of the packing industry, and in all these matters cool-minded—so cool-minded that it is supposed to be cold-blooded and without springs of human compassion.

Well, it becomes very interesting. You get a group of Chicago bankers together and say, writing it down on a pencil pad as you think it:

"Let us suppose the five principal factors in the Northwest situation are these: (1) Acts of Providence, (2) bad banking, (3) bad farming, (4) land speculation, and (5) too much credit. Now how should these be weighed? How should you set them down in the order of their importance?"

They reply, all with one voice, "Leave Providence out of it."

Too Many Banks

You say, crossing out that factor, "All right. How about the four remaining?"

They answer: "You've got them upside down. Put the last one first. Too much credit. And you can't cure what ails them up there in the Northwest by giving them more credit."

"What is the right cure?"

"For everybody to take his loss and work it out."

That does sound cold-blooded even in Chicago. In Washington it would sound reactionary. And yet, how shall it be answered?

Then you go over to the Rookery Building for a word with John Clay—a Scot, dean of the livestock business, very hard in the head, whose money loaned out to farmers for feeding purposes was probably what put the fat on the next beefsteak you will eat. He has written what he thinks of the situation. He has printed it in large type over the whole front page of his private livestock bulletin. It is this:

The Federal Reserve agent at Minneapolis, in his report to the Federal Reserve Board at Washington, brings out some remarkable facts as to the position of agriculture in the Northwest states. Read the following:

NUMBER OF PEOPLE PER BANK

In the whole United States	3,529
In Michigan	5,130
In Wisconsin	2,710
In Minnesota	1,510
In Montana	1,370
In South Dakota	921
In North Dakota	768

Fancy what madness seized the people of North Dakota. They had a bank to every 768 people, 384 males, about 200 really earning their bread and butter. So in this one-crop country there is a deluge of bankers, of storekeepers, of grafters living off one another till the bubble bursts; and when the crash comes everybody is wrong but themselves.

Banks are closing in those last four states with tiresome regularity. It is pathetic to think of those unfortunate circumstances, of homes made desolate by loss of deposits or forced liquidation. In this flood of false, reckless financing the day of retribution comes. Nothing can stop it, for economic conditions right and equalize the vagaries of men who defy the just laws of Nature, of production and consumption. I talk specially of the West and Northwest. There more than at any time since the end of the Civil War we need courage, conservatism, honest conviction to stem the tide of growing taxation, of mortgaged towns, cities, counties and states—in fact, the whole country—against future generations. The inheritance of extravagance and fraud will be an awful load for the children to bear in the long years to come.

Here is Montana. One of the famous disaster spots is a vast three-cornered area of semiarid land, half the size of Iowa, in the north-central part of Montana, called the triangle. Until a few years ago this was public land, covered with natural buffalo grass. All it was supposed to be fit for was cattle grazing. Then it was opened for settlement by homesteaders. Montana decided that what it needed was people. It got that idea first from the Great Northern Railway; the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, which had just extended its line through Montana to the Pacific Coast, supported it. The three of them together—the state, that is, and the two railroads—put on a great advertising campaign for people. They spread color posters at country fairs in the East and Middle West to excite the eye; these were followed by paid criers to excite the ears. One of the posters represented the farmer plowing silver dollars out of the soil of Montana. The criers said it was not at all exaggerated. And this was free land. All you had to do was to go and take it.

The rush began. Havre, at one corner of the triangle, was overwhelmed. Every Great Northern train disgorged homesteaders. They slept in heaps at the railroad station, because there was nowhere else to sleep, and vanished at dawn with the professional locators who knew where the free land was and charged fifty dollars for pointing it out. So the triangle was settled. Nobody knew what would come of it. The natives, whose business had been cattle, mining, merchandising and banking, with a little oil speculation aside, looked on uneasily. They did not believe this land would farm. They had heard of dry farming, but they could not imagine growing grain in place of buffalo grass on this high semiarid bench. Moreover, these rash homesteaders were not all farmers. Nearly two-thirds of them were people who knew nothing about farming; they were doctors, lawyers, miners, blacksmiths, bartenders, old maids, wrestlers, butchers, sailors—thousands of them in this miscellaneous character. And as to the one-third who were farmers, they were from Iowa, Illinois and Missouri, and knew nothing whatever about dry farming here or anywhere else.

Yet a miracle happened. All of them planted wheat on that virgin soil; nothing but wheat—no gardens, no trees, no shrubs, not even feed for their livestock. And the wheat came—wonderful hard wheat, commanding a premium in all the markets of the world—prodigious wheat, twenty, thirty and forty bushels to the acre, from merely throwing seed upon the ground. This happened in 1915; it happened again in 1916; and people abandoned themselves to ecstasy. The poster was true. You could plow dollars out of Montana soil. From land that had cost them nothing but the trouble of taking it, two-dollar wheat, thirty bushels to the acre! What was that land worth now? Figure it for yourself. Life became very exciting. You might have seen at sundown on a harvest day one hundred wagons waiting still at the elevator to unload the fabulous wheat, and the owners playing black jack in the village near by. A cigar was a quarter; a shave was fifty cents; and food was dear because nobody raised any food to eat—nothing but wheat to sell. Everybody was rich. Everybody wished to be richer still. The way to get richer was to get more land. Having got all the free land that was arable they began to buy it. Newcomers bought it from the lucky first comers; then they bought it from one another.

Pyramiding Mortgages

"You could have sold the top of that mountain then," said a banker sadly.

A man with a quarter section he had got for nothing mortgaged it at 10 per cent to buy a whole section, part cash and part mortgage. Then to farm the section he needed a steam tractor, and for that he borrowed money on his note at 10 or 12 per cent. Expectations were so great that nobody cared about the rate of interest; and because the rate of interest was unlimited, money, especially mortgage money, came pouring in from the East. Loan companies sent agents around in automobiles soliciting farmers to mortgage their land. This was another miracle. Credit was like wheat. All you had to do was to wish for it, and there it was. It came to the door in an automobile.

Thus they built an enormous pyramid upside down, everybody getting richer and richer on credit. You didn't need any capital. You could borrow at the bank on the value of your land for anything you wanted, even a closed car, and pay out of the next crop. Once it was that the first thing that opened in a new town was the saloon. In the triangle it was the bank. A proper triangle town consisted of six or eight little houses, one large garage, and two banks in shingle shanties. And the activity of banking was somewhat like this:

Farmer: "I own a half section of land up the road worth fifty dollars an acre

(Continued on Page 50)

FISHER BODIES

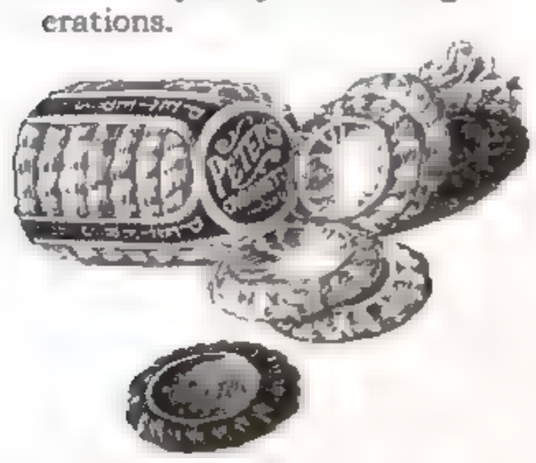
BODY by FISHER

There is no substitute for the assurance of long life, enduring beauty and superiority of design which is given by the symbol — Body by Fisher. The value of that assurance is widely recognized by manufacturer, dealer and car buyer alike, in the ever growing preference for Fisher bodies.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION, DETROIT
CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT. ST LOUIS

His same fine blend of 50 years ago

In his little Swiss kitchen fifty years ago, Daniel Peter experimented with infinite care—until he caught just the fine blend he was after. And that blend has remained the standard in quality for two generations.



Of the scores of varieties of cocoa beans, only six go into *Peter's*—and only certain choice grades of these. It is an art—roasting and blending these beans. Even today only foremen thoroughly trained in Swiss methods have charge of this work.

Milch cows of the highest grade supply the milk for *Peter's*. This pure milk is blended with the chocolate in big mixing kettles just as it comes in hourly, fresh from the farm.

Peter's has a fine, rare flavor that is different—distinctive. Only in *Peter's* do you get this satisfying flavor. If you've never tasted it, try *Peter's* today. You'll like it. It's *good*.

Send 25 cents

for the famous Peter's assortment package — plain — almond — croquettes. Lamont, Corliss & Company, 133 Hudson Street, New York, sole selling agents.

High as the Alps in Quality

Peter's
MILK CHOCOLATE

(Continued from Page 48)

That's $16,000. There's a mortgage on it for twenty-five an acre. That's $8000. Eight from sixteen leaves eight. That's what I'm worth—$8000, not saying anything about what's on the land. I need some ready money until my crop comes off. Am I good for $2000 on my note?"

Banker: "I guess you are."

The banker writes it down in his book that the farmer is good for $2000 on his note and may draw his checks on the bank up to that amount. But he has not got the money in the safe. He has to get it. So he sends the farmer's note to the Federal Reserve Bank at Minneapolis for rediscount. That means he pledges the farmer's note there for a loan of $2000 in bright clean currency, which duly arrives in a nice package and is paid out over the counter to people who bring in the farmer's checks and want the cash on them. The banker has charged the farmer, say, 10 per cent interest; but he himself pays only 4½ per cent interest at Minneapolis. The difference is the bank's profit.

The reason why the farmer needs this $2000 of ready money is not that he is poor. He needs it because he is getting rich so fast. He has bought more land and more equipment to farm it with; then he has to hire labor because he has more land than he can farm himself, and that means a pay roll to meet; and he has naturally bought an automobile to go about in, having so many things to oversee. The more land he can swing, the more credit he can borrow to increase the scale of his operations, the more money he will make if nothing happens. But if his crop fails he will be unable to pay his note; not only will he be unable to pay that note but he will be obliged to borrow more on a second note to bring off the next year's crop; and the bank, having started with him, is obliged to go on, for if it doesn't everything will be lost.

When the Crash Came

So it comes that more notes go to Minneapolis to be rediscounted, and more currency is duly received in nice packages and paid out over the bank's counter to people who bring in the farmer's checks and want the cash; and everybody has more at hazard on the next crop. If that fails, so that the stakes have all to be doubled a second time, it begins to be serious. Then if a third crop fails disaster begins. The value of land collapses. Mortgages begin to be foreclosed. The farmer cannot pay what he owes the triangle bank; and his notes which the triangle bank has hypothecated at Minneapolis are worthless because there is now no equity in the farmer's land above the mortgage.

The Minneapolis bank writes to the triangle bank, saying: "Those farmer notes you pledged with us are overdue. Please redeem them at once."

But the triangle bank cannot redeem them. It has paid away the money on the farmers' checks and there is no way to get it back. So it answers the Minneapolis bank, saying: "All the farmers hereabouts are bankrupt. When we ask them to pay they say, 'All we've got is nothing. If you want that come and get it.' And that is all we can say. You have their notes, as we pledged them with you. We cannot redeem them. But if you think there is anything around here you want, please come and get it. We don't know what that could be."

Just then two or three depositors who had some real money with the bank come in. They have heard a rumor. They want their money out. The banker walks past them without speaking and sticks a piece of white paper on the glass of the front door. There he stands, looking out, with his hands in his pockets. The bank is bust.

All this has been supposed, for uses of illustration. But it happened, literally, throughout the triangle. The 1917 crop, out of which people meant to pay for their automobiles, their tractors, their extravagances and their added land, fell to seven bushels per acre. Nobody was dismayed. You had to expect that in dry farming. They borrowed more money and planted more wheat—more, of course, than the year before. The 1918 crop averaged less than five bushels to the acre. Still they were optimistic. Credit seemed inexhaustible. The counties sold tax-exempt bonds to Eastern investors and distributed the money among farmers to enable them to plant again. Hill County alone did this to the tune of $800,000. The thing was to plant more wheat, more than ever before; there could not be three failures in succession. If only they planted enough and then if they got another crop like 1916, everybody could pay. After that they would be a little more conservative.

It was a desperate gamble—the last throw—all or nothing! Result: Nothing. The 1919 crop was just nothing. And the whole triangle was bankrupt. Many of the people to whom the county loaned money just up and moved away. You may drive through the triangle now for forty or fifty miles along the new, bonded Roosevelt Highway, and seem to see nothing but abandoned towns, abandoned farms, banks along the road with pieces of white paper pasted on their door panes and steam tractors sinking in the fields like lost locomotives.

Kremlin is a characteristic town—six or eight houses, an elevator, a large garage and two banks. The garage is closed; but in one year it sold 125 automobiles. Both banks are closed. One has not yet got its receiver in. There is a famine of receivers, owing to the unprecedented demand. The cashier is still there. It is only decent, after having taken a snapshot of the bank as if it were a public exhibit, to go in and speak to him. He is from South Dakota and smokes a corncob pipe.

Domestic Tragedies

"The Government told us to raise wheat," he says. "It never told us to stop. We raised it, or tried to raise it, until we all went broke. That's the end of the story."

"Do you speak as a banker or as a farmer?"

"Both. I had 1000 acres in wheat this year. It looked like a good crop. Then the grasshoppers came. They were so bad the locomotive engineers had to sand the rails to get through here. That's truth. You can see what happened. They ate everything there was. I got 125 bushels from 1000 acres."

"Now what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to stick around here. It's worse in South Dakota, from what I hear. This wouldn't be so bad if only we had raised some corn. Did you know corn would grow here? We didn't know it."

At Havre the bank buildings are of brick with stone columns, and the fatal pieces of white paper are read through plate glass. In one plate-glass window may be several notices, announcing not only the insolvency of this bank but that also of a number of shingle-shanty banks out on the bench, or a foreclosure notice like this:

To whom it may concern: The chattel mortgage of Frank and Eloise Robinson for $1650 being now due and unpaid . . . the following property will be sold at auction, to wit: One red cow named Betty, one roan heifer named Irene, one black gelding named Dick, one gray mare, 14 yrs., named Bell ——

(Signed) First National Bank of Fresno,
By Its Receiver.

This receiver has received not only the brick bank but a number of little banks, including the one at Fresno, where Frank and Eloise mortgaged Betty, Irene, Dick and Bell. He is within. He is glad to see you. Visiting breaks up the gloomy echoes. There are some people in town. He will have them in—the man who was governor when Montana thought what she needed was people, and the president of a bank that ought not to have failed and perhaps would not have failed if its depositors had not got themselves into a sympathetic panic. These and others. They seem all a little dazed. Nobody could have imagined what happened. It seems unreal, stranger than fact. Only three years ago the president of the bank that ought not to have failed would not have taken $300 a share for his bank stock. Now he will pay an assessment if he can, or lose it if he can't.

"But isn't this what happened? You overcapitalized and overmortgaged two freak years of plenty and put nothing by. You believed your own color poster at last."

"Yes," they say, "that's so."

"Too much credit. That is what ruined you really."

"It did," says the man who was governor. "Not here in the triangle only. Everywhere. The loan companies swamped us with money. I know a man who had the finest 10,000-acre ranch in the state. Owed nobody a penny. He thought he would borrow $60,000. The loan agent said: 'Why not take ninety?' He said, 'All right—ninety.' Now he's bankrupt. The mortgage is being foreclosed."

"Why did he borrow $90,000?"

"I asked him that question. I said, 'Why did you borrow the money?' He said, 'I'm damned if I know why. Everybody else was branching out. I thought I'd get me a few tractors and some fine stock.'"

"This is Hill County?"

"Yes."

"It's black with foreclosures?"

"Almost solid black," they sigh.

"But here and there is a white spot. What has happened in those white spots?"

"There are what you call white spots," says the man whose bank ought not to have failed. "That's a good way to put it. White spots. I'll tell you what happened in one of them. This last year, you know, we were about to get another crop when the grasshoppers came. The sky was veiled with them, gleaming in the sunlight. A pretty sight, if you've never seen it. But what a scourge! They eat everything down to moisture. The land they've been over is as if it were summer fallowed. You have seen it. Well, there was a woman out there whose husband worked on the railroad. She did the farming. She fought the grasshoppers with her hands, and right there, surrounded by people who got no wheat at all, she brought through a crop of forty bushels to the acre and paid off a $1200 mortgage. Last year! I know because she paid it at my bank. I said, 'Well, you ought to be mighty glad to get that paid.' That seemed to hit her in a place she'd forgotten about. First she stared at me, then she began to sob. That was a white spot, wasn't it?"

"And badly as the cattle business is hurt, there are white spots in that picture too."

"There are," says the man who was governor. "I know a man who is making money in cattle right now."

"How does he do it?" the others asked.

"He doesn't raise too many, and they are fine. Up to 1600 pounds per head. He always gets the top price."

What befell the cattle industry of Montana is a separate story. First is the fact that cattle raising there had always been an exciting gamble with Nature. It did not have to be; people liked it to be. Natural buffalo grass, which cures on the stalk, makes rich grazing both winter and summer—winter in the valleys and summer on in the mountains. Therefore the drudgery of raising feed may be avoided. There is the story of a ranchman who on returning from an errand to the city was furious to find that a raw hand had plowed a patch of ground for potatoes.

"But potatoes will grow here," said the culprit.

"I know they will," said the ranchman. "But if you start that the bunnyakkers will come in."

Troubles in Flocks

That is a contemptuous word, meaning farmers who work the soil. The rancher's idea was both to grow and fatten cattle on the untilled bosom of Nature. Now and then came a bad year. Then he lost. But the next year he began again, pyramided his herd with each successive good year, and played for sweepstakes.

They were doing this, as usual, in 1917 and 1918, only on a much larger scale than usual, and went into 1919 with a clean-up in sight such as hitherto they had dreamed of. Never had the pyramid been so enormous, never so dangerous, and the price was in the sky. Then came the drought, the same that killed the wheat growers in the triangle. There was not enough buffalo grass to bring the herds through another winter. And just as they had made up their minds not to risk it, but to scale the pyramid by selling off a lot of cattle, the outlaw switchmen's strike began. For weeks livestock accumulated at the shipping pens; cattle cars couldn't be moved out. In October it began to snow; and the snow that fell in October was still on the ground the next May. The winter was terrific. Without feed, never having raised any, they had to import hay from other states, and it cost them up to forty-five dollars a ton. They borrowed money on their notes at the bank to pay for it. But already they had borrowed on their cattle as much or more than it had been safe for banks to lend. The banks were caught. If they didn't lend more money for feed the cattle would be lost, together with all the money already loaned upon it.

Take a concrete case. In the autumn of 1919 two banks in the Judith Basin were lending $3,000,000 on growing livestock

(Continued on Page 52)

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

The Woman's Own Car

All Chevrolet models are popular with women on account of their beauty of line and finish and ease of handling.

The new 4-passenger coupé was designed especially for women. Its stylish, distinguished appearance makes immediate appeal, and closer examination promotes enthusiasm. Best of all—the price is surprisingly low for so high-grade a production, equipped as it is with a Fisher Body, two extra-wide doors that make feasible graceful entrance to and exit from the car. Single, comfortable driver's seat, ample room for two in the rear seat, and a fourth folding seat for an extra passenger.

Comfortably, tastefully upholstered and artistically trimmed with good-grade hardware.

Plate-glass windows on all four sides. Cord tires on easily demountable rims, with extra rim.

Although designed with especial consideration of our women friends, we find this model is also favored by many men, for business and family use. Merchandise samples can be carried inside the car instead of in the rear compartment. Evenings and week ends the same car admirably meets the requirements of the small family.

SUPERIOR
4-Passenger Coupé

$725

F. O. B. Flint, Mich.

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

Superior Roadster	$490
Superior Touring	495
Superior Utility Coupé	640
Superior 4-Pass. Coupé	725
Superior Sedan	795
Superior Commercial Chassis	395
Superior Light Delivery	495
Utility Express Truck Chassis	550

Fisher Bodies on all closed models

Dealers and Service Stations everywhere. Applications will be considered from high-grade men only, for territory not adequately covered.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

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In Canada—Chevrolet Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Oshawa, Ontario

Sealright
Pouring-Pull
Milk Bottle Caps

3 Times More Useful

1—Remove cap cleanly by pulling tab. Each cap its own "opener."

2—Lift tab and pour without spilling

3—Lift tab and insert straw for drinking

To pour Milk—just lift the tab

One of the handiest things in your ice box is a bottle of milk capped with a Sealright Pouring-Pull Milk Bottle Cap—*3 times more useful* Why, even children can open and pour milk without spilling, the Sealright Way

Sealright Pouring-Pull Caps are *3 times more useful and more healthful*, because they assure a *safe, clean* way of removing the cap, a *safe, clean* way of pouring milk over the tab without spilling and a more healthful way of drinking milk through a straw direct from the *original, sterilized bottle*

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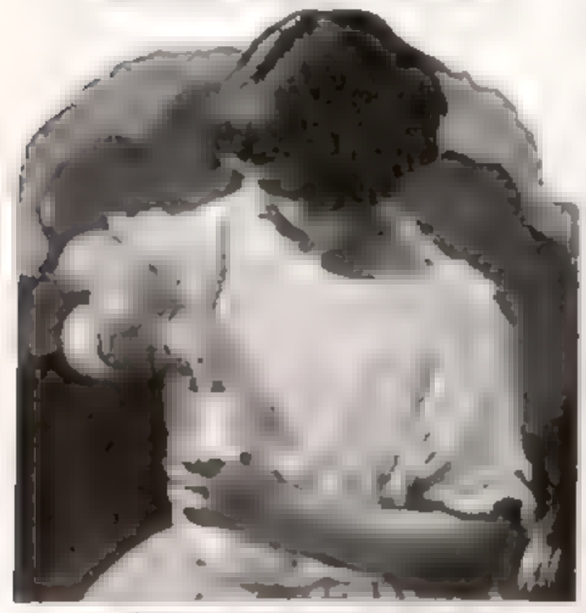


3 Times more useful

(Continued from Page 50)

which at the very highest prices was worth $10,000,000. There was margin enough in that, provided nothing happened. In the spring of 1920 their loans on that same livestock had increased to $6,000,000. The increase represented money loaned for hay. Then there was no calf crop to speak of, because the cows were weak and slunk their calves. Finally, in 1920, came the great fall in prices, and the disaster was complete. A steer that had been thought worth $200 fell to actually $60; a cow that had been worth $100 fell to $30. In the fall of 1920 the livestock on which those two banks in Judith Basin had loaned $6,000,000 could not be sold for $6,000,000. Much of it was carried over for another year, everybody desperately hoping for a better price. The price did not improve; the livestock did not fatten. It had not the bone. The hard winter had hurt it. The banks at last could go no further. They could not borrow any more money at Minneapolis because they had nothing to pledge; and Minneapolis was calling upon them to pay what they already owed. The cattle at last were sold off for canners and cutters, and brought less than the cost of the hay they had eaten in the winter of 1919-20.

Never had there been so great a cattle disaster in Montana. But then, never had the play for sweepstakes been so steep.

The banker who tells you this story brings out some folders containing the cattlemen's notes. You shall see how it was. Here, for example, is a man who in 1918 borrowed $8000 on his note to buy some cattle. He had sold out and was going in again; and he borrowed the money to do so. At that time his net worth was $30,000, a figure obtained by subtracting his debts from the estimated value of his land. That note was never paid. It was renewed and increased. In 1921, on what survived of his cattle, he owed the bank $20,000, and his net worth was nil, because the estimated value of his land had fallen. He owed more than he was worth. Wasn't it amazing? And how could anyone have foreseen it?

When Nature Frowned

One's amazement does not exactly follow the banker's words. The ironic way of Nature with the man who presses chance—yes, one may wonder at it. But the way of Montana banks with credit is a matter lower down. And that takes away the breath. Banking was a pyramided industry too. The pyramiding of land, of wheat growing, of cattle raising, of bank loans, of mortgages—it was all one piece of excitement, and had already gone so far that it was no trouble at all for the Lord to upset it. One frown of Nature, and it crashed.

What the receivers found when they came to take possession of that every third bank in Montana which failed was that everybody more or less had been doing all these things together, with a kind of wild, uncontrollable enthusiasm. It was a pyramid of pyramids. Bankers were involved in land and cattle and wheat. The big speculators in land and cattle and wheat were involved in the banks. As there were many new wheat growers and cattle raisers who knew only the profits and none of the risks, so also there were many new bankers who knew only how easy it was to increase their profits and thereby the value of their bank stocks by increasing their loans and deposits. They competed with one another to make loans. They loaned money not only to one another; they loaned it to themselves and sometimes to people they knew nothing about except that they owned land, wore spurs and smelled of cattle. They were known, when business was a little dull, to swap notes with one another, almost for no other reason apparently than to whoop it up.

Or one would go out and create business in this fashion: A man owned some cattle. The banker would say, "I know somebody who will buy those cattle at a very good price, provided you will leave the money on deposit with the bank." If the cattle owner was willing the banker would go to another man, saying: "There's a fine herd of cattle over here for sale. Why not buy it? Our bank will lend you the money." Thus loans and deposits were both increased, with no increase at all in the wealth of the community, and the rival bank had then to think up some way to increase its loans and deposits or seem to be falling behind.

Not only did bankers finance the land and wheat and cattle pyramids. They took part in them. And then when the receivers began to examine the paper in the banks they found among the worthless assets of the banks' debtors—what would you think? Why, bank stocks. That is to say, bankrupt borrowers were also stockholders in bankrupt banks. They had borrowed money to buy bank stocks as they had borrowed money to buy land. Was it gambling? That is a harsh word. It was boosting. And what were they playing with? Depositors' money. Everybody forgot the depositor.

Most of this rainbow banking got started during the war. The Government encouraged it, not directly, yet inevitably, by putting unlimited credit at the disposal of bankers through the Federal Reserve System and then exhorting them to finance all manner of production. Once it got started, you almost could not stop it without a smash.

It was very prevalent. Yet it was not universal. We must keep the perspective. A great majority of the banks of Montana were always sound and always will be. And the strength of Montana is still in the sons of those pioneers who when Helena burned up held a meeting to decide what they should do. They had no cattle, no sheep, no agriculture. Placer mining was about played out. Quartz mining had not begun. All their merchandise came from St. Louis, up the Missouri to Fort Benton and then by wagon overland. A message of commiseration was received from the merchants of St. Louis, who said they had collected a large sum of money which they wished to contribute to the restoration of Helena. To whom should they send it? The men of Helena sent back word, saying: "Thanks. Please return the money to those from whom you received it. We came here with nothing but our hands. Therefore we are no worse off than when we started. And we like to think we can start all over again."

Now North Dakota. Years ago the bonanza wheat miners with their monster outfits passed slowly westward over this virgin soil. They were followed by settlers, mostly at first Scandinavians imported by the railroads that had Federal land-grant acreage to sell. They are a strange, unaccountable people, both credulous and suspicious in morbid degree, with the brooding fatalism of a one-crop mentality, a Nordic belief in imitative magic, and no sense of humor. They began to grow wheat because it was wheat land and that was the easiest crop. They have been growing it ever since, and relatively little of anything else. They were urged to diversify their farming. The local bankers, the county agents, the agricultural colleges, the rotary clubs—all preached diversification of crops and livestock. But these people would grow wheat.

The Only Remedy

It is a habit very hard to break. For wheat a farmer works ninety days; if he has general crops and livestock he works every day. Changing from wheat to general farming means going hard to work. A survey last year showed that 20 per cent of North Dakota farms had no sows; some had no chickens; many had no cows. There were farms without barns, wheat in that case being threshed at harvest and hauled to the elevator hot. Such farmers buy the food they eat. A North Dakota farm self-contained in swine, dairy, poultry and garden products is exceptional.

Yet these are the people who lost $70,000,000 with Townley in five years. The same survey that revealed the scarcity of milk cows, pigs and chickens showed that among 61 average farmers statistically sampled, 21 had tractors and 47 had automobiles. They were not poor. They were obstinate, unable to give up the fixed notion that wheat must pay. They mined the fertility of the soil until the earth groaned, the growth became thin and mean, and the yield per acre declined in a disastrous manner. There was only one way to save agriculture in North Dakota. That was to change it fundamentally, as had been done, for example, in Iowa.

But the farmers thought it could be saved by law. They hated farmyard drudgery. There was a saying among them that they would not pull teats. They thought the trouble was that the railroads and the millers and the speculators got all the profit; which, even if it were true, had nothing to do with the basic problem. They dramatized these ideas and took them to the legislature at Bismarck. The legislators told them to go home and slop their pigs. This made them very angry.

The episode has always since been treated as the beginning of the Non-Partisan League experiment under the leadership of Arthur C. Townley, a man who had failed at bonanza farming on rented land with borrowed money in Golden Valley and who then borrowed an automobile and went about telling the farmers that if they would take control of the state they could make their own credit, be rid of their taxes, have their own mills and packing houses and stores, and be big business itself. He appealed to their faith in imitative magic. To become all of them rich like bankers they had only to imitate bankers; to be millers they had only to have mills; to be packers they required only a packing plant; to be statesmen they had only to sit as statesmen sat.

They went with him. He took their dues in the form of post-dated checks. The first example. No money. Only the promise to pay. They got possession of the state by voting together. Then they changed the constitution in order to create a state bank, which was to make their credit. It offered bonds to raise capital. The bonds would not sell. Thereupon the bank itself bought them. Then small cooperative banks were formed, in imitation of real banks; the capital was supplied by post-dated checks which the state bank treated as money. All the real money there was at any time was state money, such as school funds, all of which the state bank required to be deposited with itself; then it spread this public money out to the cooperative banks to be loaned to good league members. A tinsmith became state superintendent of banks. With post-dated checks they founded chain stores and fifty-one newspapers to tell only the non-partisan truth. They built at Fargo a packing plant that cost $2,300,000. It lost $1,300,000 in seven months' operations. Afraid to refuse to buy cattle from its 17,000 stockholders, it bought the cattle and resold them at a loss. It sent away dressed and packed meats and brought them back unsold to be ground into fertilizer. They started a $3,000,000 mill and elevator at Grand Forks and left it unfinished. State taxes trebled in five years; and when the structure fell it was not hollow, as everyone supposed; it was alive with white-eyed, mephitic things, hostile to the light, that scattered and disappeared with amazing rapidity.

Three Classes of Farmers

Sanity has been somewhat restored. There are many who perversely believe the scheme was all right and that big business killed it. They are the irreducible minority. A great majority are ready to try a return to agriculture on principles previously recommended. They are willing to take pigs from the rotary clubs, bees from the bankers, cows and chickens from the United States Government, and tend them for increase.

The population falls into three categories. One-fifth of it is silent, efficient and getting on; it asks for nothing but a rough parity of buying power and to be let alone. Three-fifths of it is badly in debt, but not bankrupt; it can work itself out. The last fifth is hopeless and still vocal. These are they who forgot farming and set out to regulate government.

Meanwhile business, notwithstanding the wreck of banking, is transacting itself with less awkwardness than you would imagine. Not all the banks that were insolvent could be permitted to shut their doors; there had to be places to put money for safe-keeping and a way to get it back when it was needed. So many of them, instead of being shut up tight, were chloroformed. That is the word they use for it. The method was simple. It was to draw a red line across the books as of a certain date. Everything prior to that date was moribund; and the bank, having lost its capital, could not, of course, make loans. But it could, subsequently to the date of that red line, receive new deposits, keep these separate, and permit them to be withdrawn or checked against in the ordinary way of bank deposits. This plan has been adopted also in South Dakota.

When the sound bankers at Fargo who are telling you about Townleyism pause for breath you can startle them by saying: "You ought to build a monument to him."

"Why?"

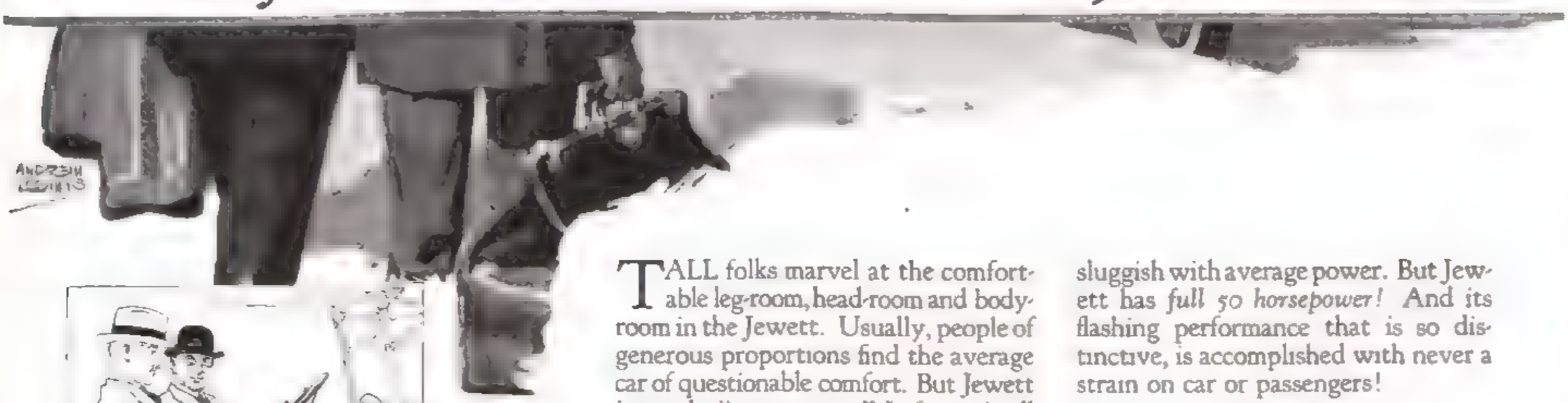
"Because he saved North Dakota from having a land boom. Say that for him. Outside capital shunned you. Eastern loan companies would not come in."

"That's right," they admit. "Like the monument down South to the boll weevil, you mean. Yes. No evil without some blessing. We haven't had any land boom

(Continued on Page 120)

IN ALL THE WORLD NO CAR LIKE THIS

When you meet that tall cousin from Duluth



Cousin Bob—"Why, say, this IS a roomy car, isn't it? When there's room enough for me, that means a *lot* of room."

Fred—"Yes, all Jewetts are as roomy inside as the largest."

TALL folks marvel at the comfortable leg-room, head-room and body-room in the Jewett. Usually, people of generous proportions find the average car of questionable comfort. But Jewett is not the "average car." In fact—in all the world no car like this!

Jewett's roomy bodies are much talked about. But, as roomy inside as the largest, Jewett still has the convenient chassis size for modern road and traffic conditions.

Tall folks find loungy comfort in the Jewett—positive relaxation. Seats are tilted just right. They're wide—46 inches—and soft. The longest, hardest trips are a joy, thanks to Jewett's club-chair comfort.

Enough Weight

Add long springs and husky weight to Jewett's body roominess and you see the fundamental reason for Jewett's road behavior. Lighter cars cannot hold the road as Jewett does. Weight tells in a car's steadiness. Ruts bumps, sand—never mind! A few miles—and you settle back, confident that Jewett boulevards the by-ways.

A car of Jewett's weight would be sluggish with average power. But Jewett has *full 50 horsepower!* And its flashing performance that is so distinctive, is accomplished with never a strain on car or passengers!

Magic Control

Motor flexibility makes gear changing most infrequent in Jewett. And when you do change it is effortless. Move the lever fast or slowly—rarely a "miss" or a sound. Even change from high to second at 30 miles an hour—quietly. Depress the Paige-type clutch with your hand to know its gentleness. Women say the Jewett is "a dream to drive." Its steering wheel answers the lightest hand, due to ball-bearing steering spindles. Yes, Jewett has magic control under all conditions.

In all the world no car like this! It's true. Jewett combines advantages and mechanical superiorities as no other car. Some of Jewett's attributes can be had for from seven hundred to thousands of dollars more than Jewett costs—but then at the sacrifice of convenience and economy. Have your demonstration soon—and take a tall friend with you!

(622-A)

Touring $1065 Brougham $1325
Sedan $1495 Coupe $1250
De Luxe Touring $1220
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JEWETT SIX

PAIGE BUILT

Not only correct—but CLEAN

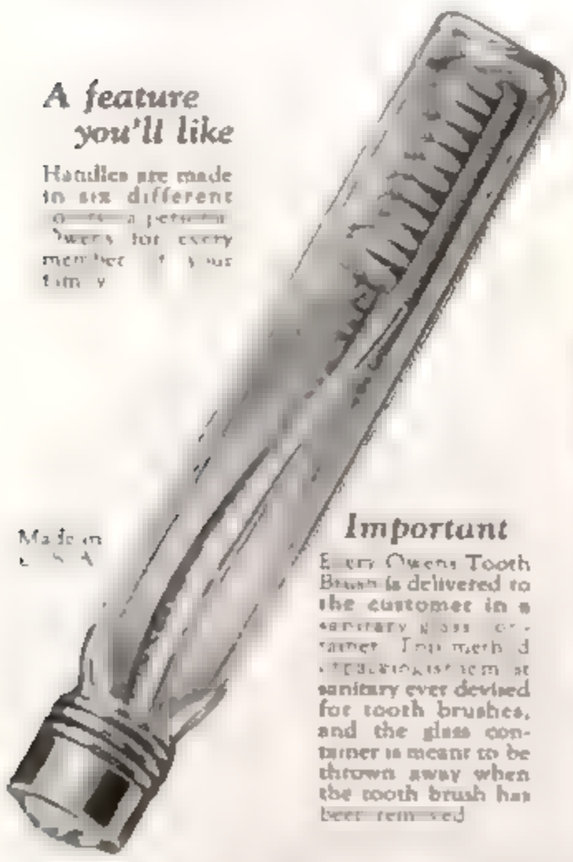
THE Owens Staple-tied Tooth Brush is clean. It comes to you in a sanitary glass container, protected from the careless fingering to which most tooth brushes are exposed.

Prominent dentists have declared the Owens design the best ever devised for cleaning the teeth correctly. Small, with wedge-shaped bristles spaced wide apart and a friendly curved handle, it easily reaches every part of the teeth. Bristles are permanently tied into the handle by hidden staples.

No tooth brush is made of finer materials. No other comes to you in such a clean, sanitary way. Yet the Owens is priced as low as ordinary brushes—30, 40 and 50 cents each, in child's, youth's and adult's sizes.

A feature you'll like

Handles are made in six different colors, a pattern of Owens for every member of your family



Important

Every Owens Tooth Brush is delivered to the customer in a sanitary glass container. This method of packing is the most sanitary ever devised for tooth brushes, and the glass container is meant to be thrown away when the tooth brush has been removed

OWENS

Staple-tied TOOTH BRUSH

THE OWENS BOTTLE COMPANY, TOLEDO

PRESTIGE FOR SALE

Continued from Page 5

but whether the public business of the nation is being run by honest men. The public wants to know whether the property of the United States is going to be returned to the United States. It wants to know how much graft and selling of prestige is actually going on among high officials; it wants to know how much longer it is going on and when, or if, it is going to stop.

It would like to be informed, if it is not too much trouble, as to what ethical principles should govern the conduct of a man who is a public servant, while he is in office and after he returns to private life and his own career. To what extent may he capitalize, to his own private or pecuniary advantage, his political affiliations and influence gained through his tenure of public office? What honor line, if any, should he draw? How much prestige selling is he supposed to be able to get away with before he becomes tarnished in the public eye?

To make this proposition more specific and concrete: Certain private interests may seek to employ, for example, a senator or a judge or a cabinet minister, or all three, on account of their known intimacy with powerful officials. These interests may be seeking concessions, protection or special favoring legislation. The resources of the nation, its water power, forests, oil, public lands or revenues may be involved. Is it possible to establish any practical working rule which should govern the conduct of a public official while he is in office, and after he has returned again to private life, with regard to the use he makes of his inner governmental knowledge, political power and prestige?

These are plain business questions upon which the public, as a partner in the firm of U. S. A. & Co., desires precise information. It would like, moreover, to be in possession of that information on or before the open season for Presidents sets in. For if one thing can be stated with certitude of the American people, it is that they are ethical; that is their outstanding reputation at home and abroad; for better or for worse, we are an ethical nation; and if any person or persons come up for election for high public office with openly tarnished reputations, those persons would not receive enough votes, as the Western phrase goes, to wad a shotgun. They might as well cut their losses right now. The ethical factors, then, are the only real and the only practical factors involved. All the others are as impermanent and volatile as thistledown on the breeze. And it was to get light on these solider issues that I had come to Washington, that political Cave of the Winds.

The secretary opened the door of the inner office.

"The chief will see you," he said. "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting."

What Every Honest Man Knows

He ushered me into a quiet inner room in which I felt as withdrawn from the brawling partisan tumult of the capital as if down in a diving bell. Mr. Blank shook hands and plunged at once into the subject, dealing with it not only as a lawyer but also as a broadminded citizen who in the course of his career had distinguished himself signally in private and public life and upon whose honor, integrity and high purpose there had never rested the slightest stain.

"In this whole subject of prestige," he began, "there is nothing at all difficult for an honest man to determine, nothing abstruse or delicate, nothing which should be a matter of the slightest uncertainty or doubt. There is absolutely no question of conduct here about which a man of plain, ordinary decency of character should have any hesitancy. The honest man knows! He knows that during and after he has held public office there are certain kinds of employment with private firms involving his inner knowledge of the Government and officials, involving also his own political power and prestige, which he cannot take. An honest man does not take them. That's all there is to it. There's no moral uncertainty about it, no question in his mind. An honest man doesn't do that sort of thing.

"To give a concrete illustration: A professional man—a lawyer, let us say—goes ahead and makes a name for himself and it gradually becomes known what manner of man he is, what he will do and what he won't do. That character which he builds up is his capital; it is his stock in trade. And the position of an independent lawyer of honor and integrity who won't handle cases of which he doesn't like the tone, who can tell anybody, high or low, to get out of his office and take his soiled linen elsewhere, is the finest position on this earth.

"Now a lawyer of this character simply wouldn't think of using his power and prestige, gained by holding public office, for pecuniary advantage with a private firm in dealings with the Government. Such a disreputable thing would never enter his head. And make no mistake, it is dishonest—not technically criminal, perhaps, but disreputable—no matter whether direct or indirect, open or concealed, and no matter in what form the payment is made. The transaction itself is disreputable and should be branded as such.

"This is not simply my own private or particular point of view. I am not arrogating to myself any especial honor or virtue or exclusively high standard of ethics. There are thousands of professional men who would feel just as I do in this matter. It is in fact the regular ethics of the profession and is commonly held throughout the land by men of decency and integrity."

The Forbidden Segment

"To give another example: A friend of mine, while he was in New York, both before and after he held public office, had an enormous law practice. He turned away three times the amount of business he could possibly handle, and he was constantly refusing cases the character .the moral tone of which he did not like. And always they were lucrative offers, considered merely from the financial point of view. Many well-known lawyers, while in public office and afterward, receive such offers. Certain private interests will approach a man on account of his distinguished reputation, the character he has built up in the community; they desire to use his honesty, his reputation as a mask for their own questionable transactions. They approach this man and they try to seduce him with the temptation of huge sums, retainers of such magnitude that they reveal in themselves the type of service required. But they are cases which a man with a sense of decency and honor won't touch. For almost without exception they are cases in which he is asked to use his reputation, political power, influence, prestige for their financial benefit.

"Now when a man gets out of office he has the added prestige of his service to the public—and he has also his living to make. But he must refrain—and the honorable man will refrain—from taking cases dealing with the Government in which his inside knowledge, power or prestige might be directly or indirectly used. He will refuse cases which may seem all right in themselves but wear a crooked look to the public, or may be open to misconstruction. If a professional man is engaged in representing the case of some private firm with the Government, and a friend of his—an ex-partner, perhaps—occupies a high public office in Washington, do you think that professional man, if he is honest, will go to his ex-partner, the high public official, and ask his aid? No; on the contrary, he will keep away from him! When I was a public official, my friends and former associates kept away from me. I was the very last man they would come to see.

"So these questions you ask me"—he tapped my letter—"are not hard to decide. Just plain honesty, plain decency, plain intelligence and common sense are all that are required.

"Now in our Federal Government there are the judicial and also the administrative branches—and it is in the latter field, with its enormous range of activities and its wide discretionary powers, that pressure upon 'friends' is usually exerted with most success. But an honest, upright man simply will not put himself in a situation where he will be using his political power or prestige, in office or out. He keeps away from all such entangling alliances."

"But ex-officials," I suggested, "declare, in extenuation of their conduct, that they must earn their livings when they return to private life—that they must take cases and accept clients in order to support their families. Is there any honest discrimination we can make as to the type of cases they are justified in taking, and those, on the other hand, which they are bound to refuse?"

He smiled dryly. It was the smile of a lawyer who sees the flaw in the argument.

"When any man urges, in justification of his conduct, that he must live, his case is indeed weak! No; that is pure sophistry; they all do it for exactly the same thing—money! And for the ex-official there is left, outside of cases dealing with the Government, the entire field of private practice; just that one particular segment marked 'Government' he must not touch. In all other respects he is free. So that when he declares that he must enter the forbidden segment and take cases dealing with the Government in order to earn his living he lies. He wants those cases in that particular segment because there is more money in them. Is that clear?"

"Quite."

He looked off thoughtfully for a space and seemed to consider.

"If you have observed men in political life, as I have, you may have marked that there are two distinct and opposite types. First, there is the man who stands alone, who climbs alone, and by reason of the integrity, strength and resources within himself reaches a position of great political power. Such a man doesn't incur heavy liabilities on his upward climb in the way of 'friends,' sycophants, hangers-on; he is independent, free, and therefore fearless to think and act; and for this reason his judgments are eagerly sought after and his political support of men or measures is deeply prized. He makes his mark, as they say, on the public life of his times, and he makes it by virtue of his independence in thought and deed.

"Then there are the men who climb up through 'friends,' and these so-called 'friends' must sooner or later be paid, and so heavy political obligations are incurred and men find themselves in high public office, tied hand and foot; their independence of action is mortgaged; they are involved up to the hilt. I am not judging these men; I'm only defining the type. They are, as a rule, incapable of continuous fine or independent action because they come into public life with their hands tied, bound by political obligations and a host of friends to pay off. I once said in a public speech that it is not money in politics that is the root of all evil, but this vicious thing called political obligations, paying off friends, getting them into office or swinging favors their way."

Professional Reputation

"But, I repeat, it is not hard for a conscientious man to know where his duty lies. Pressure of one kind or another is constantly being brought to bear; temptation is always camping close upon his trail; but that's true in private life, also, and the honest man usually knows what to do. It is not, of course, invariably true that the strong men, the straight men are the most widely known to the public—but they will be known to the brethren of their own profession. A fellow with no particular standards of honor or decency may get away with it before the public for a while; he may be plausible, magnetic, a good self-advertiser, and so on; but he can't fool his professional brethren. Go to them if you want to learn what his record is! They'll tell you. They are the real judges of his reputation and worth.

"Take, for example, a fine doctor, a specialist. He may be practically unknown to the public; but the medical profession knows where he stands. They know their best men. They don't make any mistake. The same thing is true in law. The men inside the legal profession know well what a colleague's character is. He's been building up that character day by day in the community before their eyes for years. They know exactly the kind of cases he will take and the kind he will refuse. It is therefore no surprise to them to see such-and-such a lawyer accepting cases in which he cashes in his political prestige, gained while serving the public. It is no surprise, because that is exactly the kind of character he has been building up for years. They would be surprised if he did anything else. Such men may be good enough technical lawyers; but they're willing to trade in their political power, measure it, weigh it, put a price tag

(Continued on Page 56)

DODGE BROTHERS
SPECIAL
4-PASSENGER COUPE

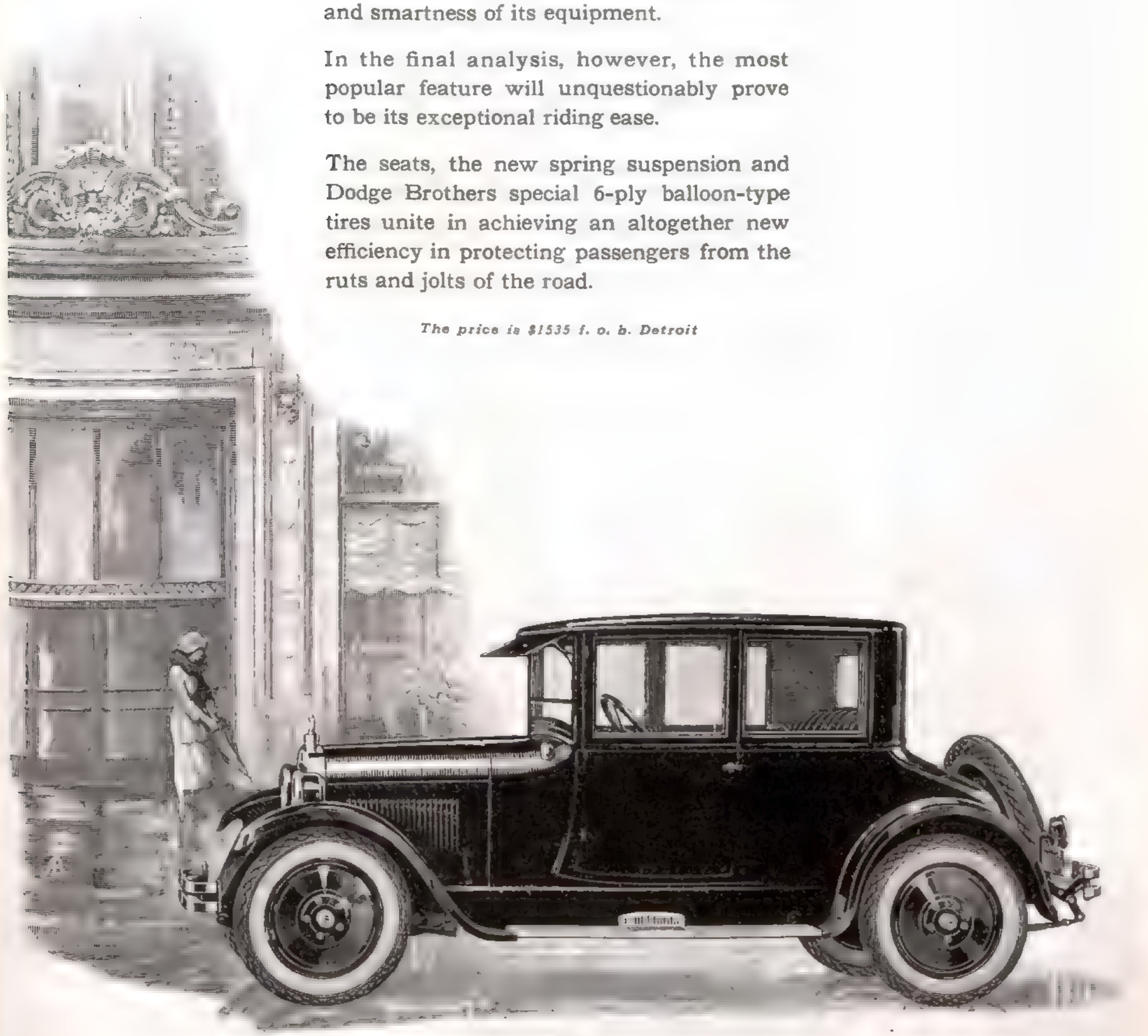
To see this car is to commend its beauty.

It stands out strikingly, both in the symmetry of its design and in the excellent good taste and smartness of its equipment.

In the final analysis, however, the most popular feature will unquestionably prove to be its exceptional riding ease.

The seats, the new spring suspension and Dodge Brothers special 6-ply balloon-type tires unite in achieving an altogether new efficiency in protecting passengers from the ruts and jolts of the road.

The price is $1535 f. o. b. Detroit



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(Continued from Page 54)

on it and sell it across the counter as if it were a side of bacon or a ham. It's not brains these men lack; it's moral integrity."

"And what about the private activities of the United States senators while they are still in office?" I asked. "Is there any practical line we may draw as to the kind of employment they may or may not take?"

"Well," he replied thoughtfully, "that's a bit different. It's different in that it's more complex. The situation is more complicated, much more extended, ramified. In former years, the relations of this Government with the private individual were fairly simple; there were fewer contacts and those contacts were clean-cut. But now its economic and financial relationships touch those of private individuals and firms at almost every turn. And senators, it must be remembered, have always tried cases. Their pay is not large; the majority of them are lawyers and they are obliged to engage in their professions on the side in order to support themselves. And that is perfectly all right, with certain conditions.

"Senators must live—though some of their enemies don't think so. But this we may say: Senators, in common with other public men in office, should not take employment with private firms which would involve their representing those firms, directly or indirectly, with the Government, for by so doing they are selling political power or prestige which is theirs not as individuals but because they are occupying public positions that have power attached thereto. Such cases they are bound to eschew."

"Will you name some of those cases which, in your judgment, a United States senator should not take?"

"Well, there are a number. Cases connected with income taxes; cases connected with the tariff, with railroad rates, with our public resources—forests, oil, lands or water power; any cases dealing with the Federal Trade Commission or touching on the Sherman Antitrust Law; in short, dealings of any description, direct or indirect, immediate or remote, with any branch of the Government in which a senator, as a lawmaker, might conceivably have power or wield influence with other officials or departments."

A Set of Working Rules

"But are not such cases generally considered the most lucrative?"

"They are. But that is beside the point."

"And a senator or other public official or ex-official is cut off from this most lucrative field?"

"Absolutely! It is the sacrifice he makes in accepting public service. Public office confers its own distinctions, but wealth it does not give. If a man must have wealth he had better keep out of public life. It is no place for him. And I repeat, this is no high, difficult or abstruse problem to decide. It is a matter of plain honesty, plain decency, and is observed as a matter of course throughout the country by all men of character and integrity."

It was the underlying principles of public conduct which I wished to establish—some practical working rules clearly set forth and recognizable to all, by means of which the plain man in the street could judge for himself the conduct of public and ex-public officials and bring in a verdict of "Guilty" or "Not guilty," as the particular case might warrant. Here, then, was a fair beginning of a general law, a code. Nor was this any mere closet doctrine or academic philosophy, too fine and high to be practically applied. It was simply the reaffirmation of those solid principles on which rests civilization itself. Eliminate character, individual responsibility and moral guides from the modern regime, and back we go to the jungle—to the law of fist and fang and claw.

In the quiet office of this great lawyer, these principles, stated with clean-cut bluntness, to which the whole of his long honorable life gave a force comparable to that of a pugilist who puts the entire weight of his hard, intensive training in to one single knockout blow, the whole proposition seemed as solid as a skyscraper, which, like civilization itself, is also built by invisible rules that hold it in its place. But back once more in the feverish, morbid atmosphere of the capital, those rules seemed curiously unreal, ineffective, remote. One must get out of the market place to find truth. But truth is not worth a sou unless it can be applied in the market place and can still show the color of gold after it has passed through a million dirty hands.

In Washington, one comes inevitably to the conclusion that they love the fuss and excitement of having the Government, like an important sick-a-bed patient, on their hands. They read with zest the official temperature of the patient in the morning papers, noting the signed bulletins of the political doctors who are handling the disease. Some of these doctors are allopaths, some homeopaths, together with a few new-thoughters and masseurs. The public besieges these political practitioners for their opinions on the status of the patient. What is the name of the disease? Cancer? Oh, horrible—and still rather thrilling too. Such an important patient, you know. His demise would cause quite a stir. And what do the doctors intend to do? Operate? But can the patient survive the operation? They quote the old joke: 'The operation was highly successful, but the patient died." Or will they, perhaps, cup him or merely make him sweat blood?

Ethics and Politics

In the Senate gallery the seats are crowded, the gallery hounds arriving long before twelve o'clock, when the morning session begins. A gentle white-haired lady leans across and obligingly points out now this famous fire eater and now that upon the floor below. Five senators are on their feet shouting and glaring at one another and the chairman pro tem is pounding his gavel with a smile. Epithets are flying like hail.

"Wouldn't you think," murmurs the white-haired lady, "that they'd be ashamed to say such mean things about one another and about the President? They act to me just like children, with their little tin pails, playing in the sand and yelling when one of them steals the other's sand."

In the senators' offices, their secretaries give you the low down, as the colloquial phrase is—and sometimes that is very low, indeed—on more angles of the situation than you could shake a stick at, all interesting, none to be swallowed whole, but to be taken *cum grano salis*, and none for publication. And what floods of venomous personalities! Tales of low standards in public life that would make a wooden Indian's hair curl. These tales sometimes concerned Democrats, but just as often they concerned Republicans. Moral integrity is not a question of political parties. How simple life would be if it were!

I had been reading a history of Grant's Administration following the Civil War, with its disclosures of profiteering and fraud, and this present situation seemed comparable to that stormy period of low standards and moral collapse. All these inside revelations, spurious and otherwise, are profoundly depressing. Maybe the disease from which the poor old patient is suffering is nothing but democracy. If so, what a joke! But on whom? And where shall we get the virus with which to cure this disease? I came out of my reverie to hear a senator's secretary finishing his speech: "——and there's a lot of these lame ducks right here in Washington. They make a fat living too."

"Lame ducks?"

"Well, you know what I mean. Fellows with no moral get-up don't care much what they do so long as they rake in the cash. These boys with the ripe bananas for spines—— Yes, we have no morals today. They may have been employed in some of the government departments. Occasionally they have held high positions."

He named off a list which astonished me—men in both parties.

"These men, once out of public service, instead of going back home where they came from ——"

"Perhaps they know them too well back home," I suggested.

"I guess that's right. There's nothing doing back home. So they stick around here, hang out their shingles and take jobs dealing with the very departments in which they previously worked. For instance, one of these men had worked in the Federal revenue department, he knew all about tax returns; he knew the officials there. While in office he obtained a lot of valuable inside information, and now he's using it to help rich men evade their income taxes. He's making a wad of money at it.

"Some of them go into lobbying and use their influence and prestige. Most of these men disguise their transactions under the term 'legal services.' There's been an epidemic of that kind of legal practice in Washington during and since the war. It was discovered that big profits could be made by pressing the claims of private interests against the Government and there followed a great flood of resignations by government employes, eager to get rich quick by cashing in their influence and prestige. It's only the big offenders, the headliners, who make the front pages of the dailies. The smaller fry slip through the net."

He mentioned names which I knew, men in prominent positions who had sold their prestige. I checked up these names in other offices and found he had spoken the truth. My inquiries took me to the office of another citizen, not a lawyer, but distinguished by his services to the nation in private and in public life.

"I can tell you very concretely what I think about this whole business," he said. "I think it is perfectly hideous!" He paused for a long moment and stared at me, then repeated the phrase, "Perfectly hideous!"

"What is?"

"For a man who has held public office to sell or to use for his private or pecuniary advantage the influence, the inside knowledge or power or prestige he has gained through tenure of office. To do such a thing is shameful. It's hideous—a disgrace!

"There are, of course, all manner of private interests which have relations of one kind and another with the Government, and they must have a representative to present their claims. That is perfectly legitimate. But a man who holds or has held Federal office, by that very fact comes to have a knowledge of government affairs and of the permanent officials in the various departments. Some of the appointees may be men he has helped to put into office who are thus under political obligation to him. The result is that, through his tenure of office, he has gained power, prestige. But this prestige is a gift of the Government. It is sacred. For him to sell it or use it for his own private or pecuniary advantage is a disgrace. It is not his to sell. This is a plain ethical principle which should govern the conduct of the ex-official when he quits public service and resumes his private career.

What They Can Do

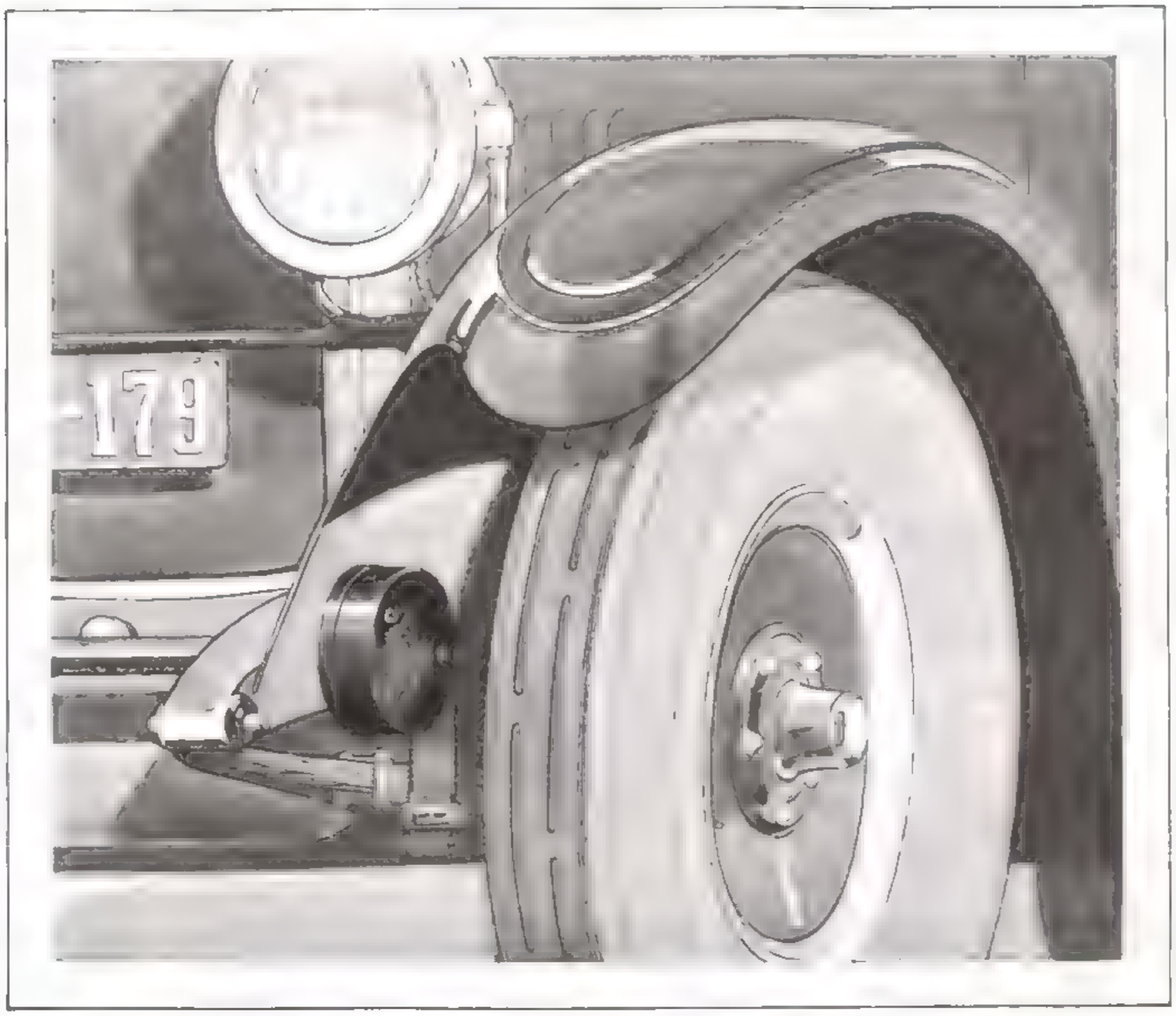
"The sale of prestige occurs most often—though not altogether—in the case of lawyers, who after retirement from public life receive offers from this or that private interest to represent them with the Government. And there is no doubt that there has gradually grown up and been established among certain private interests the bad practice of retaining such men to press their claims—men who, having held Federal office, have an added power and prestige; and the interests pay these men stupendous sums because of their known intimacy with the Federal Government. They pay them these huge sums expressly for the use of that power. They buy prestige.

"These interests could, without the shadow of a doubt, obtain other men to take care of their claims; men who could give them equally good or even better legal advice, but who, not having held Federal office, have no special entrée to the Government. But it is that inner power to reach high officials on the inside which renders the ex-official so valuable to these firms and for which they are willing to and actually do pay enormous sums.

"Employment of this character an ex-official must refuse. If we are to establish an ethical principle which should guide public servants and ex-officials in the conduct of their private affairs, it is upon these grounds they should be based. And we must establish these principles; we must affirm them, practice them and be willing to have our conduct judged by them or the country will lose faith in its public servants. Speaking generally, our Federal servants are upright and honorable. But the relationships of this Government with private business have become so vast, so complex, that people are confused and issues blurred—facts which render it all the more necessary to establish these principles and steer our course by them.

"And now what may our public servants do when they retire to private life? How may they earn their living and still retain their honor? For we cannot cut off their right to support themselves. In addition,

(Continued on Page 58)



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(Continued from Page 56)

many of our most distinguished officials have been poor men. They are inadequately paid by the Government. It is practically impossible these days for them to live within their salaries, and some of the finest and best of them have left public life in debt, without sufficient money to pay their grocery bills. And yet their skill and ability, had they been used in private affairs, would have commanded high pecuniary rewards.

"What shall these men do? Well, it is manifest that they should be free to use their abilities, their enhanced reputations as ex-public servants in any honorable private enterprise which does not involve their dealing with the Government in behalf of the interests by which they are employed. In all other fields they are absolutely free."

I had a question:

"But are these ex-Federal officials who accept employment from private firms desiring to make use of their political prestige with the Government—are these ex-public servants, in actual practice, very successful in gaining the ends sought by their employers? Would not the very fact that they represent these interests, and are known to be paid for representing them, render their influence nil?"

He shook his head with a grim smile.

"That, unfortunately, is not how it works out. In actual practice, they have power—enormous power."

"How?"

"You see, the situation is like this: These ex-public servants have friends in office. They have friends among the permanent officials—and by that I mean those who remain in the various departments year in and year out, no matter which side is in power. For example, a Republican Administration may be in, and yet many of these permanent officials may have been appointed by Democrats to key positions—or vice versa—and they may be willing to help their friends along, render them a political quid pro quo. Or perhaps these ex-officials have been instrumental in appointing friends to other powerful positions. All these elements combine to give the ex-official enormous power which he is able to use in behalf of the private interests that employ him." He named outstanding men in both parties who, retiring to private life, had scorned to take financial advantage of their political prestige—Woodrow Wilson, David F. Houston, Elihu Root.

Secretary Mellon's Order

In the course of my inquiries, I sought the Democratic leader of the minority, United States Senator Joe T. Robinson, from Arkansas—an exceedingly busy man. He begged time to think over the situation and then delivered himself of this clean-cut statement:

"United States Senate, Conference of the Minority. A representative of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has requested from me an expression on the subject of Prestige for Sale. Though it is difficult clearly to define the limitations which propriety and fairness to the public impose, certainly one who has held public office should not accept compensation for the exercise of either his personal or political influence to secure action by governmental departments or officers.

"A public servant retiring to private life may legitimately accept employment which utilizes his experience and intelligence, but he may not represent interests or causes which he has reason to believe seek his services because of his intimacy with officers charged with the duty of determining issues and who possess ability to confer special favors."

Senator Pepper, Republican, from Pennsylvania, whose secretary delivered him into my hands one morning in the President's room in the Capitol, adjoining the Senate chamber, opened the subject by declaring that the whole problem of prestige had been engaging his attention for some time.

"Secretary of the Treasury Mellon," he began, "recently issued an order against the appearance before any branch of the Treasury Department of former employes until they have been at least two years out of the Treasury service. In this manner the whole subject of prestige has come directly under my view.

"There are," he continued, "four types of bad men who get into public office and with whom we have to deal. First, there is the out-and-out burglar who comes for loot. He comes disguised, his real intentions hidden, wearing the mask of an honest man; but he is out for what he can steal from the Government. Second, there is the man who is not a regular burglar, and he does not enter public service with his real character disguised. He has ability, intelligence, magnetism, perhaps, but no moral stamina, no convictions of right. He is a shell, and when any crisis comes he collapses because he has no moral strength."

"Will you please name examples of these men as you go along?"

"No!" he laughed. "You can do that for yourself.

"Third, there is the man, good but not alert; honest, patriotic, but not on the job. He either doesn't know enough or he doesn't take sufficient pains to guard that which has been intrusted to his care. He is like the military officer who is ignorant of the terrain over which his troops must fight or neglects to keep his sentinels out, and when a rush comes he is overpowered by the enemy because there was nobody on guard. The result is that officer has to be court-martialed. He may be honest, patriotic and good-intentioned; but he neglected to protect that which was given into his care. Then, fourth, there is the type of man who comes into public office, acquires influence, makes powerful friends and gets to know key people in the administrative departments and among the permanent officials. In short, he gets to know the combination which will open the safe to the valuables inside—and when he returns once more to private life he has that combination and he proceeds to pick the lock."

An Illustrative Case

"Now let us take a glance at this thing as a question of ethics in law. Let us say, for example, that I am counsel for a firm called the A B C Company. I resign that case. But having resigned, I could not ethically do a piece of work for another company which was a business competitor of the A B C people, and in which my inside knowledge of the first firm would be of direct advantage to the second firm. To do such a thing would be to transgress regular professional ethics, which are widely known and bind all decent men. And when a man gives up his professional career to enter public life, it is to be expected that his ethical standards should be at least as high as those that obtained in his private career. In general, they do obtain. And when they do not obtain, the man who transgresses them knows. He knows it and his professional brethren know it. That is a thing that cannot long be hid.

"But the war brought a sort of breakdown of the moral fiber in many directions. Old standards seemed obliterated; ethical principles and guides of conduct seemed to go into eclipse. This held true not only for business and sex and private character and politics but all the way up and down the line. We saw the same type of moral collapse taking place after the Civil War, in the political and business scandals that broke loose.

"The two postwar periods are analogous in many ways, and it ought not to be surprising that such a widespread influence should have touched the conduct of some of our public men. Certain individuals took office for the business to be got out of it later, or for the power or prestige which they definitely intended to cash in. Some of them hung out their shingles in Washington and practiced law in matters dealing with the very governmental departments by which they had previously been employed.

"We come now to the private activities of the United States senators. And if I give my own personal experience, it is only because it concretely exemplifies the situation in which many senators find themselves. Before I took public office my firm handled many cases dealing with the Government—and I might say that cases involving claims against the Government or representing the rights of private interests form a very large portion of the work of certain firms. It is honorable and lucrative. These cases might be income-tax cases. They might be divers cases in which the rights of both parties must be ascertained. And before I took office my firm handled many of those cases dealing directly with the Federal Government. I should add that in my case—and it is the case of many senators—I have to earn my living. I have no independent fortune. It would simplify matters if I had, for I could then refuse all cases. But not possessing an independent income, I must go on practicing law. My salary as senator is seventy-five hundred dollars, and simply to keep up my office here costs me double that sum, not including my own private expenses.

"Well, I took office, and my firm and I decided not to take any cases dealing with the Government, because I am myself in the position of making laws and I know people of power and influence. We decided, therefore, not to have anything to do with such cases—to make a clean break. Then we took up the question of whether it was incumbent on all the members of the firm to forgo these lucrative cases. But for them to take them brought complications, for my name is on the firm and prospective clients might go to them, knowing I was senator and expecting them to get hold of me and use me to further their ends. In addition, it would be hard to keep separate books, and even if we did it might be misconstrued by the public or something might come up, innocent in itself, which had a bad look to the public.

"So eventually we decided as a firm—not only for myself, you see, but for all the members—to refuse all cases dealing directly or indirectly with the Government and in which influence might be brought to bear. That decision cut out a large portion of our best business, but it was the only thing to do.

"Sometimes these cases which come up are rather complicated. For example, after I was in office, a certain company came to our firm and asked for an opinion about combining their interests, desiring to know whether such combination would be construed against the Sherman Antitrust Law. Well, we gave them an opinion. It was a case of abstract law. No influence was involved.

"And we said: 'Along certain lines this case is clear. It is thus and thus. But in certain other respects it is not so clear, and it would have to be determined by the Federal Trade Commission what your course should be. We don't know what they would say. You'll have to take it up before them.'

"To this the company replied, 'Very good. You take it up with them.'

"And my firm replied: 'No, we can't take it up with them. You'll have to go back to New York, hire another set of lawyers and let them take up that end of it with the Federal Trade Commission.'

"'But why on earth should we do that?' they urged. 'You have a senator in the firm. He knows the ropes down there.'"

The Path of Duty Plain

"'Yes,' replied my firm, 'and that's the very reason we cannot act for you.'

"For it was true, I did know members of the Federal Trade Commission; I had helped to vote their appropriations, and it was conceivable to the public that I might try to influence them in arriving at a decision favorable to my client. So here we see an ethical principle emerging very clearly in practical, concrete form to determine a public servant's conduct with reference to his private affairs.

"That particular case is interesting, for it reveals how this rule we are trying to establish actually works out. There were, you see, two stages or periods in that case. In its first stage it had nothing whatever to do with the Government; it was simply a matter of interpretation of the law. But in its second stage, when it came up before the Federal Trade Commission, its character altered and it became definitely a government case.

"So we state as a general proposition that when private employment does not touch the Federal Government, a public servant is free to handle it; but the moment it does touch the Government he is bound to keep his hands off.

"That case may perhaps give you the impression that these matters are hard to determine, that the line between what may be honorably done and what may not be honorably done is a delicate one. In practice that is not true. It is not really hard for a man to determine what is his duty in a given concrete situation. Something inside of him tells him the case is honest or else whispers that he'd better lay off. What he's been engaged in building up all the years, his character, his professional integrity, is going to make his decision easy, his path plain."

One difficulty in dealing with Federal officials who use their political affiliations

Continued on Page 60

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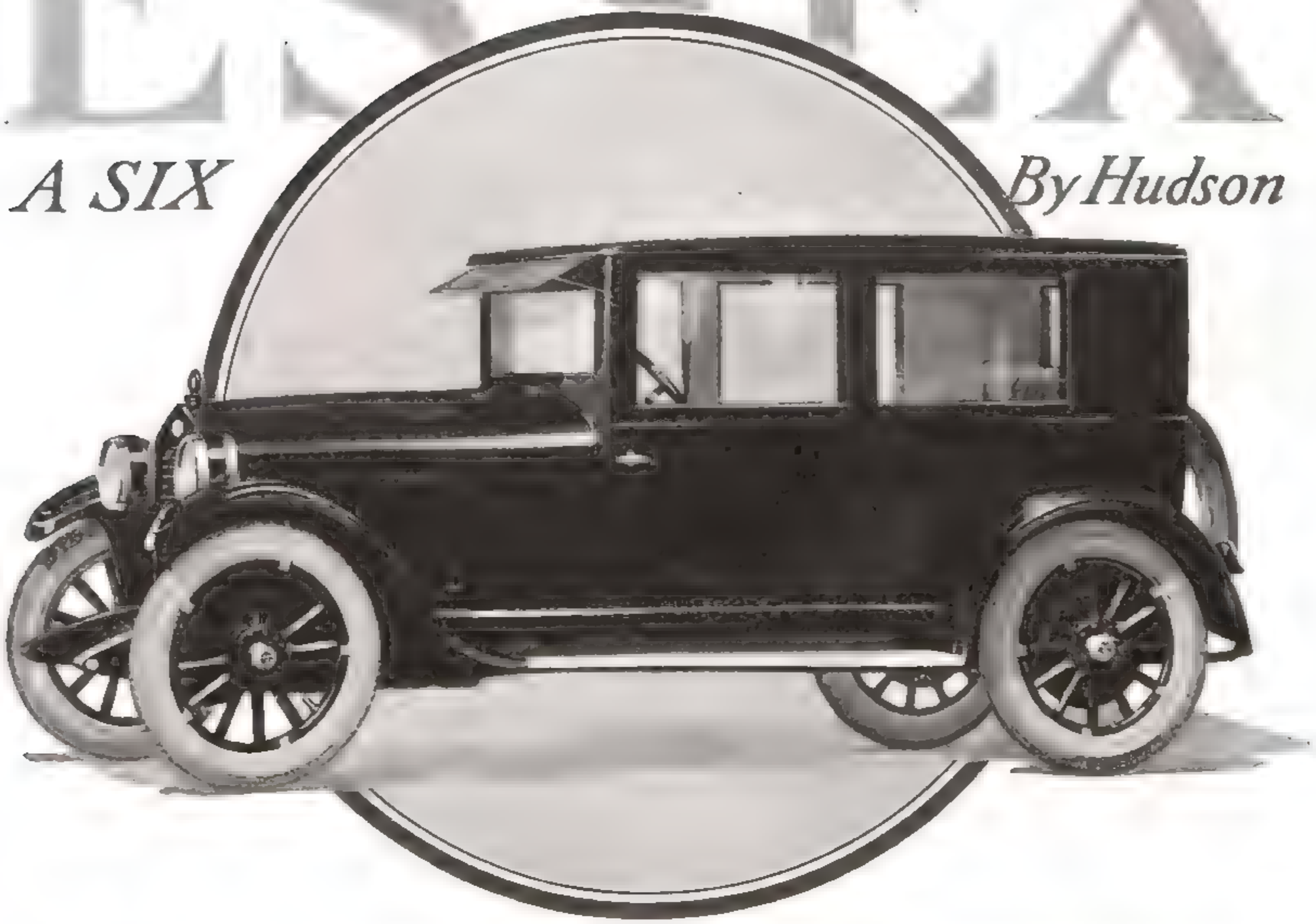

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(Continued from Page 58)

is the peculiar rhinoceros quality of their moral hides. It is hard to reach them. Ordinary bullets glance off that tough, perdurable, pachydermous surface; it requires a gun with a special bore. Fortunately for the nation, the actual number of such predatory animals who break into high places is comparatively small. Unfortunately, once in, they are hard to trap For impeachment of a high official is, rightly, a grave affair. And though we have rules in the Treasury Department forbidding the appearance before any of its branches of former employes until they have been at least two years out of the service, it would be scarcely compatible with the honor of the nation to enact similar rules for its highest dignitaries.

We are supposed to elect only honorable citizens to such offices; and we must not throw away such a decent supposition, but rather strive to make it good in actual fact.

What Jefferson Wrote

It is not therefore the statute book or rules or regulations of parliamentary bodies to which one looks for a cure of low public standards. Nevertheless, in Thomas Jefferson's Manual of Parliamentary Practice, which has been incorporated into the rules governing the procedure of the United States Senate, a clear indication is given of what Jefferson himself thought of this business of mixing up private and public affairs or of using a Federal office for pecuniary benefit. On page 248 of the manual he writes:

"No member may be present when a bill or any business concerning himself is debating; nor is any member to speak to the merits of it till he withdraws." And later, on page 249: "Where the private interests of a member are concerned in a bill or question he is to withdraw. And where such an interest has appeared, his voice has been disallowed, even after a division. *In a case so contrary, not only to the laws of decency, but to the fundamental principle of the social contract*, which denies to any man to be a judge in his own cause, it is to the honor of the House that this rule of immemorial observance shall be strictly adhered to."

The italics are my own. From this excerpt it is abundantly clear what Jefferson felt concerning an official using his public position in a matter touching his private or pecuniary affairs. He declares outright that such conduct is "against the laws of decency." Not only that, but "contrary to the fundamental principle of the social contract."

It was this particular portion of the Senate Manual upon which Senator Carter Glass, Democrat, of Virginia, and former cabinet member in Wilson's Administration, based his recent decision not to vote in the Senate when the question of wood pulp came up in the tariff bill. In private life, Senator Glass is a publisher; he has therefore a pecuniary interest in wood pulp, and having this pecuniary interest he felt it was not compatible with his honor to take any part in the discussion or to vote. His own case, in abstaining as a publisher from voting on the paper-pulp issue, indicates his attitude as to what course a public man should pursue when his private affairs become interrelated with those of the Government.

"Nevertheless," said Senator Glass, speaking upon the subject of prestige, "it is difficult to say exactly what should be the ethical guides of men in and out of public office. I know what would guide me, but I cannot speak for what should guide other men. I can only say that for myself, I should not like to be even remotely mixed up in any questionable transaction in which my honor might be tainted, or any transaction in which I might be suspected of using my political power for pecuniary benefit. Call that simply a little private prejudice against dirt on my part, if you will. That's for myself."

Senator Fess, Republican, of Ohio, spoke with particular reference to senators, though application might be made to other Federal officials.

"A man," said he, "can very rarely make money in public life. If he wants to make money, he'd better get out of public office altogether. For if he begins to use his political influence or prestige in outside business, sooner or later he lands in trouble: he finds himself in a situation awkward to explain to the public. Usually he is wrong, or has somehow got in wrong: but it occasionally happens that he is innocent. The trouble is, though, his actions don't wear an innocent look to the public."

"And if, in addition, that man has no great reputation for innocence?" I suggested.

He laughed.

"Then he's in a bad fix. The difficulty is that as a lawmaker, a senator's influence reaches out to so many fields that he is practically cut off from lucrative private business. He has power and other people who employ him wish to use that power in their behalf. That's human, but if he yields it lands him in a snarl just the same.

"The fact is there's not enough money in a high public career to attract a man if it's money he wants. Sooner or later he must make a decision. If the honor of the office and the knowledge of faithful performance of his duty to the public are not sufficient for him, then he must get out, quit. Temptations press in upon him from every side; men offer him easy money; it is with extreme difficulty and only by practicing rigid economy that he can live upon his pay; and if he has no private fortune, he is bound to lead a cramped life. Well, that's his handicap, his sacrifice. It's when public men refuse to accept that sacrifice and reach out for money that complications set in. They can't get away with it for any length of time. Federal officials must draw a very strict line with regard to the kind of private employment they take and accept their positions as they are, with their consequent sacrifices."

The recent disclosures at Washington, with their revelation of graft and even more startling implications of low public standards, have profoundly shocked the American people. They have every right to be shocked. Nevertheless, it has been evident to acute observers for some time that American politics has been riding for a hard fall. That the spill has been particularly nasty and has shaken the nerves of the nation is on the whole a very good thing. For it may set the voters to pondering on the causes which, given the circumstances, rendered this catastrophe inevitable. It may set them to studying on what is the matter with the political parties in which such flagrant scandals can occur. It may set them to wondering if there is any essential difference between the sale of political prestige in high places and the sale of political prestige in some of our big boss-ridden cities where "politics" and "business" are interchangeable words.

And once the connection between the morals of the nation and the morals of the community is established, any schoolboy can finish out the problem and state the conclusion: The politics of the nation is nothing but the politics of the community writ large.

Time for a General Clean-Up

If we cannot separate little business from little politics, how in the name of just heaven can we separate big business from big politics. It can't be done. Why? Because it's against science and the nature of disease. If a boil breaks out on a man's neck it is not a sign that something is the matter with his neck; it is a sign that something is the matter with his blood. By all means lance the boil, but know that the boils will continue to appear until the blood which produces them is purified. These outbreaks of political corruption in high places are simply surface signs of a deeper infection which has penetrated the vitals of both party organizations in certain of our boss-ridden cities and states; the sinister relationship existing between business and politics and the wide-open, flagrant sale of political prestige which obtains in some of our great metropolitan centers have now reached up to the capital itself; the boil has broken out on the neck of the nation.

Until we clean up politics at the bottom, throw out the bad eggs, eject the corrupt or incompetent little local leaders, we are in for trouble up at the top. For a corrupt boss-ridden party organization in a city or state sooner or later infects the national organization. Low political standards in the nation follow low political standards in the community as night follows the day. So the whole situation is straight up to the voters. Cleanse the base of the political pyramid and the apex of the pyramid will take care of itself. If we don't, we shall presently discover ourselves citizens without a country. The whole domain, lock, stock and barrel, will be grabbed from our flaccid hands.

Transportation Ability Determines Value

The high value which users place upon GMC trucks is based, not upon their initial cost—but upon their ability to deliver dependable, economical and enduring haulage.

And this value is further guaranteed by the knowledge that the list price of a GMC truck is the actual cost of producing it, plus a fair profit—no more.

Likewise, GMC users have come to value their "used trucks" in the same way—by the actual transportation left in them.

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Only upon such basis can sound, satisfying business for both buyer and seller be established.

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The Mennen Process is *fast* and *comfortable*

You may want a *fast* shave above everything else. Or complete *comfort* may be your first consideration. Dermutation, the Mennen process of beard-softening, will give you *both* to the highest degree.

Dermutation is the transformation in the beard caused by the lather of Mennen Shaving Cream. Each stiff, horny hair is made wholly soft and pliant. No hairs escape the softening action. Hairs thus softened offer no resistance, and instead of turning back the cutting edge of the razor, allow the blade to cut right through. Not a second is wasted in finger-rubbing, applying hot towels, or coaxing the razor through unsoftened hairs.

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The lack of resistance increases the life of the blade and prevents the hairs from pulling at the sensitive facial nerves. That is one reason why a Mennen shave is so completely effortless—so remarkably comfortable.

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A wonderful emollient, Boro-glycerine, is contained in Mennen Shaving Cream. It feeds and stimulates the facial tissues, and by relaxing the pores, enables the skin to release the hidden oily deposits that cause blackheads.

Our invitation

Get a handy 35c tube or an extra-economical 50c tube of Mennen Shaving Cream. Try it for a week. If you don't get *faster, easier* shaves than ever before, send the tube to us and we'll refund its cost.

If you prefer, send the coupon below for a postpaid free demonstrator tube.

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Send me a small free tube of Mennen's to demonstrate dermutation. If I like it, I'll be a regular.

Name

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TRAVELER'S JOY

(Continued from Page 13)

"I can't talk and hear at the same time, in this!" she gasped.

Martha requested that Doctor Royce should be shown up, but reported with a surprised smile that the doctor would prefer to remain downstairs.

"For heaven's sake," she added good-naturedly, "does he think I'll be in the way? I'm going to bed five minutes after he comes! He certainly doesn't expect to have you more to himself in that horrid little parlor, does he? It's jammed at this moment. What did we get a sitting room for? You'd better go down and get him, my dear. He seems a determined sort of person."

"He—he is," Nell murmured. "I'll go." And she went slowly toward the lift, half eager, half chilled. What could Rob mean?

The little parlor was only half full, after all; the theaters had called to the Americans and the English were in their rooms. Two Japanese talked quietly in one corner, a family of Cubans chattered Spanish over their late coffee, a married gentleman from Georgia was trying to engage a French teacher for his uninterested daughter. In one corner a tall Frenchman in heavy stitched gloves and a tight-waisted overcoat turned the pages of the Figaro. If Rob had been much plumper and worn a mustache and small well-pointed imperial, he might have looked like that a few years later. . . . What? Was it possible? It was Rob!

He advanced to meet her.

"Well, Nellie," he said, and bending, kissed her cheek lightly, "welcome to Paris! Where's your aunt?"

She shrank a little. Rob had not kissed her often enough to make this matter-of-fact embrace, in this public place, quite comfortable.

"Why, Rob, I didn't know you at first!" she cried nervously. "You look so different!"

His quick glance at the others in the room gave her an unpleasant feeling of having talked too loud; she lowered her voice consciously.

"Why didn't you come to dinner?" she asked. "We expected you would."

"To dinner?" he repeated, surprised. "Why, did you expect me? I'm sorry. It wasn't possible, Nellie; I'm frightfully rushed. I'll tell you all about it. Did you have a good crossing? Where's your aunt?"

"Aunty?" she said, wondering. "Why, aunty's not here, Rob. Did you think she was? She's in Rome for the winter. She sailed the first of October. I came with Martha Wendell. Didn't you get my letter?"

He scowled a little and stared at her.

"You mean you came alone?"

"No, Mattie and I. What's the matter?"

"Let's sit down," he said abruptly. "We can't talk like this."

"Oh, but not here," she protested; "not this horrid little place! Come upstairs. Mattie wants to meet you."

"My dear child," he answered, scowling again and sitting down determinedly on the shiny red satin sofa, "you'll have to begin to learn these things. I can't possibly come upstairs, Nellie; it wouldn't do at all. Of course you mean perfectly well, and I understand it; but they wouldn't over here. Only your brother could do that. I wish I had understood about your aunt."

Nell's nerves snapped and her voice took an edge which she couldn't control.

"For heaven's sake, Rob, let aunty alone!" she cried. "What on earth are you talking about? If you can't come up and make a call in our perfectly good sitting room, I'm afraid you won't see much of us. I simply loathe this place. I shouldn't worry much about those Cubans, nor the Japanese, if I were you."

He drew a long breath.

"You've engaged a suite then?"

"If you want to call it that. Cousin Jo advised us to. She said it would be much pleasanter for us when our friends came. Did you think I expected you to sit on a trunk?"

"I'm sorry, Nellie," he said gently. "I didn't mean to be unreasonable. If you knew the sort of thing we have to listen to about American girls over here! Even so, I think it would be better, downstairs, as you have no one with you; but of course, under the circumstances, it's a little different. I'll come up. When is your aunt coming?"

"She's not coming at all," Nell answered shortly. "And I can't help saying, Rob, that perhaps 'the sort of thing you have to listen to' may be based on just such misunderstandings as yours. You might suggest that to your friends. Shall we come up?"

They rode up in the tiny little lift in silence. As they stood at the door of her sitting room he felt for her cold, angry little hand and pressed it warmly.

"Don't be cross, Nellie," he said quickly. "It's so long since we've seen each other! And I agree with you that they do jump to conclusions, sometimes, over here."

But an American princess is not easily appeased.

"That's hardly our affair then, I think," she answered. "After all, you can't expect us to change our ways—just for a visit! If they make mistakes, I can't see that it need bother us."

"You don't understand what I mean," he began; but the door opened and Mattie welcomed them.

The little room was already homelike and habitable. Photographs on the mantel, a Chinese petticoat thrown over the table, golf clubs in the corner, cigarettes and chocolates in silver boxes, and two slender silver vases crowded with roses and lilac dressed it prettily; and Martha in rose color and Nell in her favorite silver-gray seemed as effectively settled and at home as if they had always lived there. Doctor Royce glanced around, surprised.

"This must be very expensive," he said slowly. "I wonder you think it's worth while for such a little time."

"But it may not be such a little time, Rob," Nell answered, her usual good nature almost recovered in the pleasure at Mattie's obvious admiration of this handsome, dignified man for whom her friend had not prepared her. "I want to see a little of Paris before I—we—I go to Italy, don't I?"

"Oh," he said uncertainly, feeling his way, "Miss Wendell is going to Italy then?"

Mattie laughed.

"Dear me, no," she said. "I'm not bent on a honeymoon in Venice, I assure you. No such luck! When Nell leaves me, I'm going to do a little work at the Sorbonne, probably. I'll go over on the left bank then, of course. What's the best place for golf now, Doctor Royce? When I lived out in Passy, I ——"

"I don't play golf," he interrupted brusquely. "I'm afraid I shall have to seem very rude, Miss Wendell, and talk about a great many personal matters in a very short time. Unfortunately we have never been so rushed in the hospital. My chief has had a serious accident in his family—his wife had a paralytic stroke last week—and we're all working overtime and planning ways and means. It—it has quite altered my own arrangements. Frankly, I am a little disturbed at not finding Miss Ella Armiger here with you. I don't know just what to do."

Martha, at first surprised and chilled, became quickly cordial again at this recital. She put out a firm brown hand with a friendly gesture.

"That's awfully hard," she said; "I quite understand. I'm sure we'll manage, Doctor Royce. Don't worry. I can go down with Nell at a pinch. I get on pretty well in Italian when I have to. I'm used to taking care of her in French. I know you have lots to talk over, and I'm dead for sleep. Good night, and don't keep this child up too late, will you? She's more tired than she realizes."

He bowed formally and, as the door into the bedroom closed, turned to Nell.

"Don't you speak easily yet, Nellie?" he asked. "That's too bad—I hoped you would. It makes such a difference here. You can't know the French if you don't speak their language."

A curious fatigue pulled at her knees; she sat down hastily. Was all this a dream?

"I don't know that it makes much difference, Rob," she said wearily. "I'm not going to live here, you know, forever."

He cleared his throat nervously and took off his heavy overcoat.

"That's what I want to talk about," he said, sitting beside her on the sofa and taking her hand decisively. "Oh, Nellie, how strange it seems to see you here, after

(Continued on Page 64)

The Four Commandments of Motor Car Upkeep

Which Do You Break, and What Is It Costing You?

You wouldn't think of running your car without water in the radiator. Or without changing the oil regularly. Not any more than you would think of running without air in your tires.

Yet, just as important as oil, water and air, is *regular lubrication of the hard-wearing chassis bearings*. (There are twenty or more on your car.)

Statistics show that *repairs and depreciation*—not tires, gasoline and oil—are the biggest cost in running a car. And 80% of all repairs on moving parts are due to lack of proper lubrication.

Repairs and rapid depreciation due to neglect of chassis lubrication, add 15 to 20% to the cost of running a car.

Reduce the Wear and Tear

Lubricate regularly the moving parts on the chassis—universal joint, clutch-bearings, wheel bearings, spring bolts, shackles, steering connections, etc.

Do it every 500 miles, just as regularly as you change oil. It's a simple matter with the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System. (Do it yourself or have an Alemite service station do it for you.)

A turn or two on the Alemite Compressor develops a pressure that shoots the vital lubricant clear to the heart of the bearing. As the fresh, clean lubricant goes in, the old, worn grease is driven out. This is *correct* lubrication—simple lubrication—the lubrication that is as fundamental in motor car maintenance as oil, water and air.

Every 500 Miles

If your car is Alemite-equipped (more than 4,000,000 cars are) see that the system is used regularly.

If the car you own is not equipped with Alemite, have the system installed at once. We'll tell you where to have it done—$5 to $20 complete. (Chevrolet and Ford, $3.99. Overland, $5.67). Canadian prices higher.

An Enlightening Booklet

To know fully what lubrication means to the riding of your car and to operating costs, read our booklet, "Vital Spots on Your Car to Watch." It is free for the asking.

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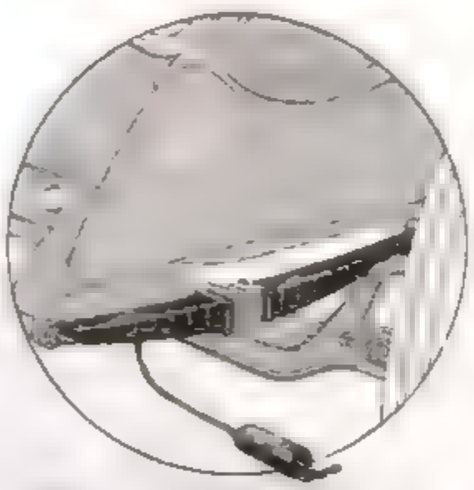
Alemite works well with either oil or grease. But for best results we recommend Alemite Lubricant—a pure, solidified oil, especially adapted for our system—has all the virtues of oil but is sufficiently solid to "stay put."



Alemite All-Metal Lubricating Spring Covers eliminate squeaks and make cars ride easier.

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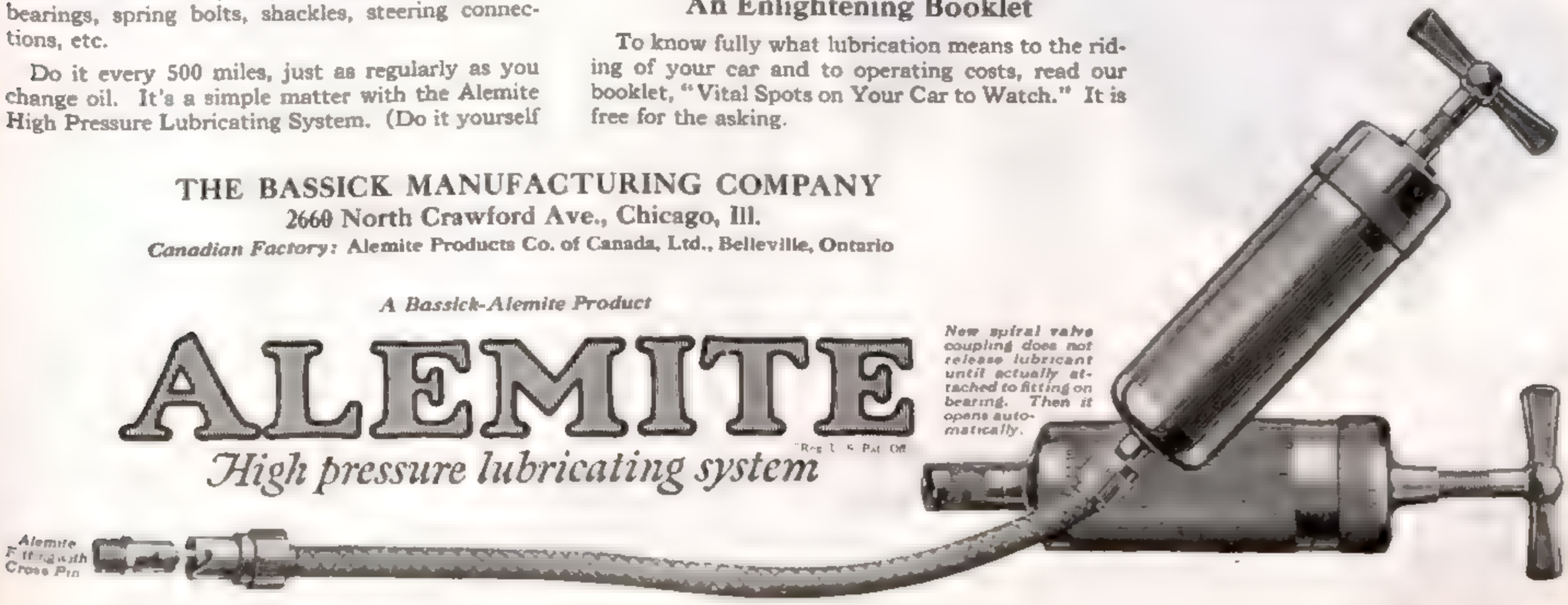
New spiral valve coupling does not release lubricant until actually attached to fitting on bearing. Then it opens automatically.
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—Subtract depreciation
—Subtract old meter reading from new
—Subtract commissions
—Subtract (reconcile) wrong entry

TO OPERATE the New Model Sundstrand for a moment, is to realize that Direct Subtraction is a practical necessity. You need it every hour; for example, to instantly eliminate items added and listed in error. Once you know *all* its advantages, you will not be satisfied without it.

Sundstrand leadership in Direct Subtraction is typical of its entire record of progress. Just as it has shown the way in this remarkable feature, so it has led in many other adding machine improvements

Sundstrand is today the *only* adding and figuring machine combining portability, convenient desk size, visible writing and one-hand control —with *Direct Subtraction*. It is also the *only* adding machine with 10 keys arranged in natural one-two-three order. You may find *some* of its features in the late models of other machines. But you find *all* of them only in Sundstrand—the machine that developed and originated them

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ADDING AND FIGURING MACHINE

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Sales and Service Stations everywhere in the United States and foreign countries

140

Continued from Page 62

all! I I'd forgotten how pretty you were, child—or have you grown prettier?"

He kissed her with the eagerness she had pictured sometimes on the boat; but she received the kiss quietly, hardly relaxing enough to bend nearer him. A tiny frown drew her straight, fair brows; she bit her lip.

"I don't think I've changed," she said. "What is it you want to talk about, Rob?"

"Why this," he answered, and his eyes brightened, his voice was deeper than she had remembered: "It's the most wonderful chance! Nobody could have expected it. I'm to have the practical direction of the establishment here. Doctor Barbier feels he must be with his wife now, and he will go outside, in the apartment I'd got for us; and I'm to take over his—he's made the most advantageous terms, or of course we couldn't afford it. Of course, anything I could have done—I'd have been only too glad—but he says it is only anticipating what would have happened in a few years, and he'd rather be called in frankly as consulting physician. You see, it's an entirely American clientele, practically, and I happen to have got on very well with them. That's the one trouble. I don't get much chance to practice my French. I'm talking English all day, and so is Riggs. It vexes him too. Westcott—our third man—simply won't learn anything else; doesn't want to. It's extraordinary how obstinate he is."

He glanced at her, but she was staring ahead, her lips tightened. What was he talking about, this dark, bearded man? Why all this prattle about French? What did he want her to understand? He drew a long breath and tightened his hold on her hand.

"Excuse me, dear. I'm bothering you," he said. "I seem to explain things badly; but I'm nervous, Nellie, and I haven't had much sleep lately, and this has all come so suddenly. That's why I am a little upset about Miss Armiger's not being here. It would have been so much simpler."

"How would it have been simpler?"

"Why—we could have been married immediately! I must move in as soon as possible, you see. Somebody must be there, and the place is full—we have twenty resident patients. The doctor's apartment is charming. It looks out over the court and garden, and it's quite shut off from the rest. A separate entrance, and everything. I'm sure you will like it. I'm awfully sorry about not being able to take you away for a few weeks. I know you had some plan for Italy; but we can do that later, can't we, in my vacation? You see, this was all so sudden."

"It seems to have been," she said. "And how long will you have to stay here, Rob, under this arrangement?"

He stared at her.

"How long?" he repeated. "Why, that's just the point! Forever, I hope. Wouldn't you like to? I wouldn't get such a place as this in ten years at home—twenty, perhaps! It's a great thing for me. I thought you'd love it. And you will, you know. It's the only country in the world to live in. You wait—you'll see! It isn't as if you have any family to leave, my dear—you're as free as I am. And of course you could go back for visits whenever you liked—if you did like! Or better still, your friends can come over to see you. They'll be glad of an excuse."

She folded her hands in her lap and looked thoughtfully at him.

"You mean that you decided to live in France without consulting me at all? That seems a little odd to me, Rob. You see, I had never thought of such a thing."

To her amazement he burst into sudden laughter

"Oh," he said, checking suddenly at her look, "I see! I had forgotten the American woman's point of view. Really, my dear, I can't help feeling you're a little absurd I mean, here I am, explaining all this to you, showing you just how and why it is For heaven's sake, what do you want, Nellie? It's not as if I said, 'Here, we're going to be married tomorrow—never mind why! And we'll live thus and so; don't ask any questions!'"

"Oh, Rob, it's you that are absurd!" she cried. "Do you imagine for a moment that I'd agree to anything like that? Who would? I understand all that you're explaining. I only say that you've arranged it all, apparently, and then you explain it. I I have to have a little time to think. I don't say I couldn't do all this, but I have to think."

They did not look at each other. He rose slowly and took both her hands

"Of course, of course," he answered, mastering his disappointment with a strong effort. "I—I understand—or I can try to. I know it seems sudden, though I shouldn't have thought you'd mind that so much But, you see, it's my whole career. A man naturally expects his wife to be interested in that, doesn't he—even in America? It's not as if I had to go to Greenland or—or Africa!"

"I'm glad you haven't," she answered, laughing nervously, "because I'm afraid you'd have to go alone in that case, my dear!"

He made an odd face at that, but laughed with her, and the air cleared. They shook hands.

"I'm planning things so that I can have tomorrow afternoon," he said. "I'll come and get you and show you over our place, and see if I can get Doctor Barbier for a minute, to meet you. He's a marvelous old fellow. If Miss Armiger couldn't get up here, we could be married very quietly, couldn't we, without her? Because honestly, Nellie, I couldn't get down to Rome now. Would you mind?"

She left her hands in his and studied his face, so strange with its little pointed beard and yet so quickly grown familiar. The old Rob had nearly faded from her memory.

"Perhaps you could come down later," she hazarded. "In a great many ways that might be better."

He smiled and shook his head, as one smiles at a charming, unreasonable child.

"There, there!" he said. "We'll talk about it tomorrow. Poor little girl, you're tired and nervous, and it's all my fault. And maybe I'm a little tired and nervous myself. Good night, my dear; I'll come after lunch."

"Good night, Rob," she said, and they kissed quietly.

Nell walked slowly into the bedroom and sat on her bed without a word. Mattie, upright in hers, gave little evidence of her much-discussed sleepiness.

"Well, how was it?" she inquired eagerly. "Isn't he stunning? I think he's much better-looking than his photograph, Nell. And awfully nice, too, if he is a little —— Have you got Italy all planned out?"

"There won't be any Italy," Nell answered in a tired, empty voice. "He wants to be married very quickly, here. He has to live in an apartment in the sanatorium. He's to be the head of it, practically. He—he expects to live over here always."

She was very near, suddenly, to tears. One kind word from Mattie and she would have wept in her arms, close to her kind heart, in the little friendly bed. But Mattie, surprisingly, had no kind word; did not feel the need of any.

"Well," she cried in her brisk boyish voice, "what's the matter? Anybody would think you'd lost your last friend! Why not be married now? What's the difference? You don't really need your Aunt Ella, you know. And Paris is a jolly place for a honeymoon, I should think. Of course, if Rob's to be the head of the hospital, he's got to stay here."

Slowly, by little and little, Nell's heart lightened. Under the glow of this cheery common sense her hopes warmed, her fright faded.

She was tired, that was it; tired and nervous. It all seemed natural enough to Mattie then? She took it all for granted, just as Rob did?

"I mustn't act like a fool!" she told herself. "Perhaps I did expect too much."

She slipped into bed, glad of an excuse to scold herself; things like this mustn't be spoiled.

They had an amusing morning of shops and boulevards. The city had not yet fallen under the November rains, and showed them its best shining face. Nell was enchanted.

"Now I'll go and get everything through the customs. Give me your keys, dear," said Martha, after a delicious luncheon—and so cheap too! "Have a great afternoon with him, and don't worry about a thing."

What a friend! Nell posed her new close-fitting little hat gratefully over the freshly rippled bronze hair that had called forth such delightful comments from the coiffeur.

"I'll tell you all about the apartment," she promised. She was really interested in the apartment now; these old courts and gardens were full of possibilities.

Continued on Page 66

We Believe in Men

Some altruistic factors in Studebaker cars

WHAT are the secrets of Studebaker's remarkable success? Sales almost trebled in three years. A demand developed by leaps and bounds to 150,000 fine cars yearly. Extra values and attractions which led people to pay $201,000,000 for these cars last year.

What is behind this sensation?

It is men—above all

We might tell you of steels and other materials—the best men know.

Or of model plants, on which we have spent over $50,000,000.

Of $8,000,000 in drop forge plants—$10,000,000 in body plants.

Of an engineering department which costs us $500,000 yearly.

Of bodies built by masters of coach building. Of luxurious upholstery, of countless extra touches. Of every dainty factor which the heart desires.

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But other factors did far more to place Studebaker at the top. Those are modern methods of co-operation with our men.

There are 23,000 of us

There are 23,000 of us who co-operate to build Studebaker cars. We are all of one family. We share the same enthusiasms, foster the same ideals.

We are partners. All workers can buy stock from us on most attractive terms.

We spend large sums yearly on co-operative work. On work which makes us a family.

We strive to keep these men together as they develop skill. We pay them annual dividends on wages. After five years those dividends amount to ten per cent of their wages.

We give them annual vacations with pay. We pension old workers when they wish to retire. We finance their pleasures, like the Studebaker band.

So these men work to a common end. Their future is wrapped up in our future. Every man shares our success.

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That's why we reign

That, as we see it, is why Studebaker holds the place that it does in this field.

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Sons, fathers and grandfathers are working here side-by-side. Three generations of men schooled in Studebaker principles. All treating their work as an art.

To them the name Studebaker is a tradition. All of them share our ambitions, and all of them share our success. The lowliest worker is a partner, and he realizes his responsibility.

This is a new conception of business. Here it is being worked out to the limit. It means, as we see it, a new industrial day.

What it means to you

We urge you to learn what this means to you. It means, for one thing much extra cost, and buyers have to pay that. We spend millions on efforts which seem altruistic.

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Studebaker typifies new-day business, so far as we know how to do it. Our standards, in every part and detail, are the highest yet known in this industry. We claim no materials, no workmanship, no care, no luxury, no beauty can surpass what we offer you.

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Touring	$1045	Touring	$1425	Touring	$1750
Roadster (3-Pass.)	1025	Roadster (2-Pass.)	1400	Speedster (5-Pass.)	1835
Coupe-Roadster (2-Pass.)	1195	Coupe (5-Pass.)	1895	Coupe (5-Pass.)	2495
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THATCHER
BOTTLES *for* MILK

When they say a Quart - They mean it

(Continued from Page 64

But at three o'clock, just as she was growing a little restless and displeased, a card was brought Dr. Russell Westcott! She remembered the name, oddly enough—"Westcott, our third man." The one who refused to learn French. Was it possible that Rob —— A quick resentment carried her easily through the ordeal of the telephone, and in a moment he was shaking her hand heartily; a tall, slim, blue-eyed fellow, with the square American chin and the long, humorous nose she was soon to recognize as typical of her countrymen.

"Now don't scold me, Miss Armiger!" he begged, showing a mouthful of white, square teeth. "Don't be like the ministers on rainy Sundays. It's not my fault. And any woman who gets engaged to a doctor might just as well get used to it before she takes the final plunge, you know. They're fatal. Royce is all tied up—can't possibly leave till six. So he asked me to come and show you round a bit, and of course I was far from bursting into tears." He still shook her hand energetically. "As a matter of fact," he added naïvely, "I can show you round a lot better than Royce—he'll take you where he likes and I'll take you where you'll like! *Voilà la différence*, as we say over here. Don't you believe me?"

She found herself smiling with friendly confidence into his eyes.

"I believe you absolutely, Doctor Westcott," she said.

"Royce stops at every corner to explain that they're the only people who know how to manage a city. Some day he'll be killed in the traffic, demonstrating how little the French need traffic regulations," he observed, shooting a saucy gleam at her from his blue eyes.

"And you don't think they're the only people?"

"Oh, I'm all for God's own country," he said with a laugh. "I'm hopeless! But I've got one of those funny little baby automobiles, and the traffic has nothing on me. What a wonderful little place you have here! Isn't it pretty and cozy? It takes an American to do it, doesn't it? And I see you've accomplished the first duty of an American woman—you've bought a hat!"

"How do you know?" she said, smiling.

"Oh, my dear lady! How do I know? That's one thing they can do, isn't it? It's awfully becoming—'*très réussi*,' as my concierge's daughter says. Now, let's go. These days are precious; you won't see many of 'em, as I suppose you know. I'm going to show you the Bois first. Do you know the French idea of a wild woodland scene? It's awfully pretty, if you're careful of it, and don't muss it up!"

She slipped into the tiny car, and realized, with a lift of spirits, that this was what she had imagined—this was to be the afternoon of her hopes, after all!

It was all delightful, from the pots of azalea and chrysanthemums purchased at the great flower market, so amazingly filling the open square with bloom, to the delicious tea and cakes in the bright restaurant and the snatched fox trot in the big hotel.

"You'd better dance while you can, Miss Armiger, because Royce has given it up," he warned her with a laugh—"unless you can make him begin again," he added.

"Oh, I'll make him!" she answered gayly; but a little shadow of uncertainty brushed the bright afternoon; could she make him?

"I suppose he's awfully busy—really?" she asked suddenly, as they mounted the little car again and started for a final turn to see the city under the early lights.

"Rushed to death," he answered. "He's a whale for work, you know. And this affair of Madame Barbier has doubled it. It's a wonderful thing for him, but no more than he deserves—not a bit. The patients are crazy about him, French and American both. It's made a big difference to me, too, you know. I'm all mixed up in my mind, Miss Armiger—I wish you'd give me some advice. You seem just like a breath of home, blowing in on us. You see, I'm getting poetical. But I would like to see how it strikes you. . . . That's the Sacré Cœur up there, like a dome of cloud. In the sunset, later in the year, it seems to float in the mist; it's amazing."

"Advice about what?" she asked interestedly.

"I'll tell you later," he said, a sudden reserve in his voice. "I hadn't an idea how late it was. Royce will be calling me out if I don't do better than this."

"I don't think it's likely," she said quietly. "But I suppose we had better get back; Martha will wonder where I am."

But Martha and Rob were bending over an old map of the city he had found in a bookstall on one of the quais, and did not question their hour of arrival.

"You understand why I couldn't come, Nellie?" Rob asked. "I didn't like to leave you alone, and I asked Doctor Westcott—it was his afternoon off, anyway, and I knew he wouldn't mind."

"That's a very mild way of putting it," Westcott added promptly. "I hope you'll be busy often, *cher docteur*."

"Now I'll be getting on; I know you have a lot to talk over."

"Oh, won't you stay and dine?" she begged hospitably. "Do! And then we can go out somewhere this evening."

Rob looked a little surprised through his shell-rimmed pince-nez.

"Out? Again?" he queried. "Why, aren't you tired, Nellie? I thought I'd show you this map"

"Tired?" she repeated lightly. "Why should I be tired, for heaven's sake, Rob? And Mattie must have a little fun. She's been at the customs all day."

"I'd love to stay," said Doctor Westcott. "Riggs has had altogether too easy work, if you ask me. And I know exactly where we'll go. I'll prescribe for Miss Wendell."

"You didn't need to do that, Nellie," Rob began, as they walked down the stairs, leaving the little lift to the others. "You aren't supposed to entertain here, you know; it isn't as if you were at home. And all this costs something, my dear girl. It isn't as if it came out of your own kitchen. Westcott and I are old friends; he knows you're alone here. And of course you won't do it. I mean, my being here makes a difference, of course; but with your aunt away —— You have to be very careful in a hotel, you know. They don't understand, over here, about our young girls."

"Really, Rob, I don't mean to be rude, but I can't help it!" she burst out, stopping on the landing. "If they don't understand me, I don't understand you! What do you mean? I shouldn't dream of not asking Doctor Westcott, after the perfectly delightful afternoon he's given me! I'd like to anyway. It's much nicer, four than three. How about Mattie? And I wish you wouldn't keep talking about aunty being away. She never was here! And Martha Wendell's twenty-seven—she isn't usually called a young girl. And we invited the Welles boys to dinner day after tomorrow, yesterday morning, when they brought the roses—you might as well know it. I promised Cousin Jo we would."

"The Welles boys?" he repeated slowly. "Who are they?"

"Friends of mine," she answered briefly. "They're studying at the Beaux Arts. We know several people in Paris, you know."

"Americans, you mean."

"I certainly don't mean Patagonians," she replied. "Do you dislike Americans, Rob? I'm one, you know!"

"I'm sorry," he said quietly. "We seem to get into unfortunate discussions, my dear, don't we? Of course I can't say as to what you should do now—but I hoped you wouldn't get in with the American colony here. You don't get any idea of French life that way. And I hoped you'd want to "

"Oh, I don't know what I want!" she cried impatiently. "How can I tell—so soon?"

"That's perfectly true," he agreed, relief in his voice; "you can't, and I mustn't hurry you. I see that. We must both be a little patient, that's all."

She gave him her hand repentantly and they hurried to join the two others, who met them with wise smiles.

Nell blushed angrily. How little they knew about it!

Russell Westcott's cheery nonsense soon got them all into good humor; the little dinner was gay and friendly. Only as the two girls dropped comfortably into bed, after an amusing evening, did it occur to Nell that they had not in any way discussed Rob's plans or her adaptation to them!

There would be no visit to the apartment for several days, at least, it turned out, for Madame Barbier's condition would not permit her being moved; and as Rob had described it thoroughly, and as it was clearly a most charming and convenient little room, the girls ended by taking it for granted; and Nell found herself, characteristically, more interested in it and her occupation of it in the near future than when she had been so hurriedly threatened with it.

"When will Madame Barbier be able to leave?" she asked, a week after their arrival.

It was the first afternoon she had found herself alone with Rob in the cheery little sitting room. Martha was at the theater, and Nell, who had expected to go out to Versailles with Doctor Westcott for Rob had feared the arrival of an important new patient and must hold himself free—had been oddly surprised and a shade disappointed at the substitution of a tête-à-tête indoors for a run through the fresh air.

"Nobody knows," he said absently. "It's just a matter of waiting. Do you really need a fire here, Nellie? It's not cold you know, and they charge you very high for this wood. No French person would think of having a fire here."

"But I'm not French, Rob," she answered, smiling a little quizzically; "and I happen to be cold without it. The hotel is very reasonable really. Imagine getting all this for five dollars a day at home!"

"But, my dear girl, won't you learn to think in francs, not dollars? I assure you, my French friends would be horrified at what you are paying. The franc is your basis now, isn't it?" he added hastily.

"I've got loads of francs, Rob. I changed a lot this morning. Open the window, if you're too hot. I asked about Madame Barbier," she went on persistently, a little piqued at his easy dropping of the subject, "because Mattie is thinking of beginning a course in French civilization, or something with this professor she's so crazy about, and I was just wondering ——"

"Oh, those courses are always going on," he said carelessly. "She's not working for a degree, is she? Westcott has a cousin who can take you both over the devastated region, in a really very interesting way, if you cared to go before it gets too cold. Would you?"

"I don't believe I care anything about it," she answered briskly. What had come over him? She looked curiously at him. "For a person who came to this hotel in the state of mind you came in a week ago, Rob," she said suddenly, "you're taking a funny sort of attitude now. Before I had my hat off you wanted me to decide—everything; and now when I try to find out where I am ——"

He flushed slightly, but she caught a quiet little triumphant smile in his eyes. It was as if he had said, "Aha, my girl! so it worked!"

He took her hand with a transparently masculine relief.

"You see, Nellie," he began quickly, "I understand a little better than I did, that's all. I was too sudden, too abrupt about all this. It wasn't to be expected—I have been convinced—I have decided, that is, to let you settle down and look about a little, and see for yourself how things are; and then, as I see now, you'll feel that you're doing this yourself. That's better, isn't it?"

"Much better," she agreed, studying him. "I see. And what made you think of all this so suddenly?"

"What made me? What—what do you mean?" he questioned hurriedly, "I—I had a little more time, I suppose, to think it over."

"I see," she said again, and sat silent.

They looked out at the sky, which was now overcast and sullen, and watched the first drops hit the panes. Rob's eyes were far away when he began to speak.

"Cloudy again," he said. "I am so sorry that you can't meet one of my friends here, just now, that I'm particularly anxious to have see you—a typically charming and delightful Frenchwoman. Did I ever mention her to you? The name is Picquemalle."

"No, you never did," she replied.

"It's the type Americans don't often get the chance to know," he went on; "they don't care much about meeting American women, you know. But she has a bad case of grippe in the family and is tied absolutely to the house. Her little boy, a perfectly delightful little fellow, has been in bed a week, and she never leaves him. It's a little different," he added, smiling, "from the women at home, you see, who leave all that to nurses. They're very old-fashioned here, that's God!"

Nell shot up from her seat beside him and picked nervously at the fading blossoms of the pink azalea

"Rob Royce, what do you mean?" she cried, her eyes dark, her cheeks deepening. "Are you utterly crazy, I wonder? Who told you that American women leave sick children to nurses? What rot! Of course they get them, because they can afford them, and because they're the best nurses

(Continued on Page 68)

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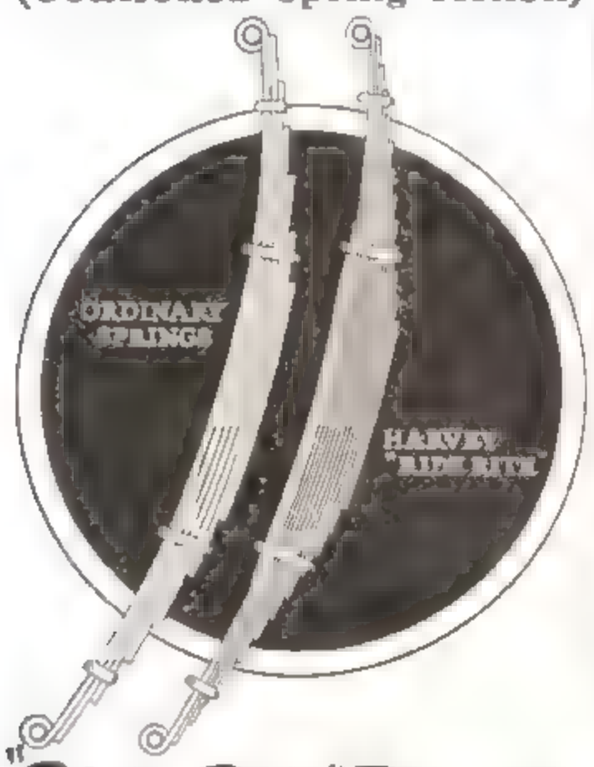

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(Continued from Page 66)

in the world, thank goodness! But they get them to help. Why, when I had the grippe, aunty—and she was only my aunt—never took her clothes off till daddy actually put her to bed! I wouldn't take my medicine from anybody but her. I simply detest you, Rob, when you talk like this!"

"Well, well," he said pacifically, "I'm only too glad if I'm wrong, Nellie—only too glad. But that's the idea one gets these days. These clubs and this voting ——"

"Voting isn't our principal indoor sport," she said, with a choking little giggle. "Let's go out and take a walk, Rob, shall we? I've got a raincoat."

It was three days later, and she was sitting beside Westcott in the little car, her lap full of flowers. They chattered or sat in silence as her mood directed. He was very companionable.

"Do you know Madame Picquemalle?" she asked abruptly. "What is she like?"

"Oh, has Royce spoken of her? Have you met her? I'm glad," he answered quickly. "I didn't know ——"

"Why are you glad?"

"Oh, come, Miss Armiger, how you pick a fellow up!" he protested, laughing a little awkwardly. "I mean, I couldn't very well, could I, until he did? Yes, I know her, and she's awfully nice. The child's sick, you know, and she can't see anybody. She's a fine little woman. Rob's known her for years."

"Is her husband a doctor too?"

"Her husband? Why, she's a widow—didn't you know? Picquemalle was killed in '14. The boy's about ten."

"Oh, ten! She isn't young then?"

"Forty, I think."

"Oh!"

But this careless, final intonation of young American disillusionment brought a quick response.

"That's nothing, you know, Miss Armiger, over here. It's all right for Rob—I mean—I mean ——"

Her quick, hearty laughter reassured him. He brought the car around with a nervous jerk.

"See here, you mustn't get this wrong," he said, stopping the car and looking straight at her. "Don't make any mistake, Miss Armiger—Rob's straight as a string. I'm telling you, and I know. Don't get any ideas from these novels and the plays, because it's Paris! They're the best of friends and nothing more."

"Why, of course," she said quietly. "Do you suppose I don't know that? You needn't tell me—really."

"Then that's all right," he concluded, with a deep breath. "I can see you mean it. I don't mind saying that if he hadn't been crazy about you, and engaged and everything, there might have been a chance for her. We all thought so, as a matter of fact. They have a lot of things in common and she's been a great help to him. It's she, you know, who's given him all his ideas about France and French women—she's told him a lot about them, of course."

"She's told him a lot about American women, too," Nell added demurely. "She understands them, too, I should say."

"What do you mean? I know she advised him not to hurry on the—his—your wedding too hard, for she told me so."

"So I judged."

He laughed shortly.

"You can't fool women, can you?" he said. "She was working in his hospital during the war," he went on. "We all thought they'd make a match of it. And then he went over and met you again, and it was all up. But she's a charming person. Quiet, you know—not at all the dashing-widow type. What they call over here a *femme bien sérieuse*."

"I see; I shall be glad to know her. Tell me, Doctor Westcott, what did you want to ask my advice about that first day?"

"Oh, you remembered? Why, it's this."

He paused a moment, pulling a flower from her lap. They were sitting quietly under a tree; the light struck the mossy, green, theatrical trunks of the *bois* and slanted off like a Diaz picture.

"When Rob moves up, I move up, too, Miss Armiger—that is, if I stay. It's a big job for me—his place. But if I keep it, I'd better stay—a long time, that is. I've got to make up my mind. If I go home, I can set up for myself in Philadelphia and my uncle will help me. It'll be all right, but it'll be slow. Here, with the franc what it is, and the hospital booming, I'll be much richer, really, though it wouldn't sound so over there. But do I want to stay? It would be just business with me—I don't feel as Rob does, of course. He'll never be happy anywhere else, you know."

"I know."

"It suits him down to the ground. He likes them and they like him. Now I admire them, Miss Armiger. I take off my hat to them; but I don't, really, like 'em. I don't understand 'em. That's the real truth of it. And yet, as a professional proposition, maybe I'd better go on with it. I don't know —— So I put it to you—shall I go or stay?"

She stared at the flowers, flame-color in the faint late sun.

"Go," she said instantly. "Go back, Doctor Westcott."

He laughed shortly.

"I thought so," he said. "All right, I'll go!"

"You would, anyhow, sooner or later," she said. "You'd better do it now."

"'Right you are,' as Riggs says," he answered. "But my wife—if I ever afford one—will have to put up with a poor young doctor. I'm only thirty, you know."

"They have been known to do so," she replied briefly, "as you know perfectly well."

"It'll be a long time before then," he said quietly, "anyhow—if ever. But I'm obliged to you for clearing my mind, all the same. I knew you would."

"But—but ——" Nell twisted uncomfortably in the little seat. "Wait, Doctor Westcott, you mustn't be so sure. I mean—what is it to me? How can I tell, a complete stranger, what you ought to do? Ask somebody else."

"There's nobody else I want to ask," he said slowly, looking hard at her; "nobody. And—and you don't seem a complete stranger to me. You never have. Do you understand?"

"I understand," she said. "Shall we go on now? It's grown cold."

At the hotel Rob was waiting for them impatiently.

"Nellie," he began, "I'm sure you won't mind. I've asked Riggs to come in my place tonight. Here are the tickets, and he was delighted. Doctor Barbier is going to take charge. Madame is much better today. They're going to move next week. But Madame Picquemalle's little boy has been asking for me all day, and they can't get him to sleep. He's convalescent, you know, and restless. She's very apologetic and is going to write you, but I assured her you'd understand."

"Why, of course!" she said cordially. "What else could you do? It's absolutely all right. Run along. Please give her my regards and tell her how glad I am the little boy is better, won't you?"

She smiled frankly at Martha and Westcott, who were looking curiously at her. Her color was unusually high and her hazel eyes shone deeply; she had never looked more nearly lovely.

"Would you mind running down and ordering, you two, and meeting Doctor Riggs?" she said easily. "I want to talk to Rob a moment."

Mattie shot a quick glance at her as the door closed; she raised her brows and smiled. Nell smiled back at her, and walking up to Rob, held out her hand.

"Good-by, Rob," she said.

"Good-by, Nellie," he answered, drawing off the glove he was buttoning. "I'm so pleased that you appreciate the position I'm in. I couldn't very well go back on the little fellow. Madame Picquemalle has the name of a very good teacher for me—a friend of hers who has lost all her money and has had a great deal of success with Americans. I'll make an engagement for you. You'll have time now, won't you, to begin? Unfortunately, so few of the French speak English; but you'll pick it up quickly, I know."

"Don't bother about the teacher, Rob," she said, still holding his hand firmly. "It isn't worth while. And don't be vexed at what I'm going to say. There's no good making a long business of it, I'm sure. I want you to give my regards to madame and tell her that I'm sending you this evening very gladly—not as my fiancé any longer—just as my friend. Will you?"

He stared at her, frowning.

"Nellie," he said, "you don't mean—you're not serious?"

"Never more so," she answered him.

"You were so wise to wait a little, Rob; it wouldn't have done. We didn't really know each other, did we? There are—there are people much better suited to you than I am, Rob, I'm sure. There's no good trying to change me into somebody else you can't do it. You'd have to want me just as I am."

She held his hand still, though he twitched it nervously.

"If you think ——" he began, and bit his lip. "Nellie," he cried, "you can't feel you don't mean that you imagine that I —— If it's Madame Picquemalle, I swear to you that I've never said a word to her you couldn't hear!"

"You needn't swear it," she answered gently; "I'm sure of it, anyway. It's not that. But do you really want to marry me, Rob, if I don't want to?"

"Certainly not," he said stiffly.

"Well, I don't," she said, still holding that restive hand; "and so of course you don't, either. I don't know if this is the way they do this in France, but it's the only way I know," she added irrepressibly. "You know I'm right, don't you, Rob?"

"If that's the way you feel about it, there's nothing else to say," he replied, still staring at her; "but I don't understand this, Nellie. I'll admit I have been a little disappointed in certain things. But I'm sure that we could have ——"

"Oh, no, we couldn't!" she interrupted, smiling. "Never in the world! We'll always be friends? I think it's all we ever were, my dear."

He held both hands suddenly.

"What's made you find this out all at once?" he demanded. "I don't like ——"

"Does it matter?" she said. "I have found it out. Good night, Rob." And leaning toward him, she kissed his cheek lightly. "I like you better—now we're not engaged," she said.

In the little parlor Doctor Riggs met her, with his pleasant English smile. He held a little flowerpot with a trailing top of green.

"I brought you this for luck, Miss Armiger," he said. "My mother sent it me and I divided it. It's a sort of a custom in her part of the country to give it to—to brides, you know. Traveler's Joy, they call it. As long as you keep it green, your true love loves you, and all that sort of thing, you know. Will you have it?"

She took it from him with a strange little smile.

"If you'll let me keep it," she said; "but maybe you won't when I tell you that I'm not planning to be a bride any more. Rob and I have decided that we're just going to be good friends.

"Don't be embarrassed, Doctor Riggs! We haven't quarreled a bit. But we just decided it that way. We move quickly in the States, you know. But mayn't I keep it all the same? For I'm going to be a traveler very soon. I'm going on to Italy, as I'd planned at first, you know, to stay with my aunt. So it may bring me luck, after all."

He stared helplessly at Martha, who smiled back reassuringly at him.

"It's quite all right," she said. "I'm all for it, as we say at home. I was wondering when they'd wake up to it. Don't you agree with me, Doctor Westcott?"

But the joking answer they expected did not come.

"I—I don't—really, it's one of those things—I'm afraid I don't know anything about it," he said awkwardly. "I—I'm sure it's all right."

Even the Englishman laughed at him and forgot his own embarrassment.

Nell found herself with Doctor Riggs for the rest of the evening, and enjoyed the concert more than anything she had heard or seen in Paris, though she felt oddly relaxed and sleepy. They walked home, and at a street crossing she turned to speak and found Russell Westcott at her side; the others were lost.

"How long shall you stay in Italy?" he asked; and she answered, "All the spring, I suppose."

"If I turned up there in March, before I go home, would you be there?"

"I imagine so. Aunty can't change till it's warm."

"I just wanted to know."

They walked on in a soft, pearly fog; the lamps glowed gently.

"That little plant he brought—will you leave it with me? I'll look after it."

"Oh, no!" she cried softly. "I—I'll take it with me; for luck, you know."

He marched on, almost too quickly for her, eyes straight ahead.

"But will you look after it?" he demanded. "Will you keep it green? It won't—it won't die?"

"I'll look after it," she said, very low; "it won't die."

"Valspar-Enamel, you say— I call it Indoor Sunshine!"

No wonder father called Valspar-Enamel "Indoor Sunshine!" He had a good reason!

For the baby had been ill, you see. And her mother* had spared no pains to remove any lurking germ that might cause new trouble. She writes, "We scrubbed the furniture in her room daily for thirty-five days with five per cent. carbolic acid solutions, washing soda and soap, alternating with disinfecting preparations. In spite of this drastic treatment, the gloss of the white Enamel finish was as fine as the day it was applied!"

Acids, alkalies, oils, hot or cold water—Valspar-Enamel withstands them all without blistering or the least discoloration, for Valspar-Enamels are Valspar itself plus beautiful, permanent colors. So freely and evenly does Valspar-Enamel spread that you can apply it yourself. It comes in 12 standard colors, any two or more of which may be mixed together in varying proportions to give exactly the shade you desire.

And where you want a glossy jet black surface—for stoves, radiators, tools, tires—use Black Valspar-Enamel. It gives a high lustre that is absolutely waterproof and heat proof and will not check, crack or peel.

Send for Sample Can and Color Chart

The Valspar-Enamel colors are Red—*light and deep;* Vermilion; Blue—*light, medium and deep;* Green—medium and deep; Ivory; Bright Yellow, Gray and Brown. Also White, Aluminum, Bronze, Gold and Flat Black.

Send for Sample Can and Color Chart

*Mrs. C. L. Kirk, 2507 North Jessup Street, Philadelphia

Largest Manufacturers of High Grade Varnishes in the World

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
ENAMEL

The famous Valspar bathtub test

This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 Cents

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 460 Fourth Ave., New York

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c apiece for each 40c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample per person of each product supplied at this special price.) Print full mail address plainly.

Dealer's Name

Dealer's Address

Your Name

Your Address

Valspar-Enamel . ☐
State color

Clear Valspar . . ☐
Valspar-Stain . .
State color

THE CHARM OF COCA-COLA IS PROCLAIMED AT ALL SODA FOUNTAINS

TO THE MANNER BORN

(Continued from Page 22)

victims, they are pretty sure to turn out as foretold, as the methods of news gathering, though underground, are often successful. An impecunious or improvident young society person will exchange a chance titbit of gossip for even so slight a compensation as ten dollars; ten dollars that might send a bunch of orchids to an influential debutante—a turning point toward a rich marriage—or provide some seductively flavored perfume for some woman whose taste exceeds her pocketbook.

I was particularly interested in the personal file, which the society editor has been able to collect by years of contact with the socially prominent. Each family was carefully docketed and its complete history was written in letters of undying newspaper print. This file contained, I found, information that would have been the envy and despair of Philip Hone, who in the first quarter of the nineteenth century wrote his immortal diary, which pictured so vividly the social figures of early America.

These inner secrets of the office procedure so fascinated me that I pored over them by the hour, learning much of a side of life of which I was wholly ignorant. My family was an important one in Aspen, Colorado; but social activity there was limited to the church, and to join the ranks of the blue bloods it was merely necessary to join the church. Separation and divorce were only whispered of as legends of the city. Here in New York they were as much a part of the social calendar as marriages. I found broken engagements were announced through the medium of the society columns. As I became more accustomed to this practice I decided that it was a very good way of dealing with awkward situations—it took away the stigma from such occurrences.

Another important cog in the machinery of the office is the telephone. Though it is of great value, it is also a distressing feature in gathering news. So many stories need verification and so many lists need amplification that we have to turn to it in order to facilitate our day's work, yet it turns B's into P's, T's into D's, and in our effort to get the perfect accuracy that is demanded by the newspaper we find the patience of most society people soon wanes. Yet when it appears in print they are much annoyed if a letter or initial is misplaced and register furious complaints. It was hard for me to get used to taking such lists amid the clatter of the typewriters around us. Once in a while one is lucky enough to get a telephone booth with its walls tortured by the scribblings and works of art left by bored and nervous listeners, yet the long stuffy waits in it counterbalance the advantages of its privacy.

The Butler's Version

Although in the beginning I was depressed at the thought of being housed in the office and being tied down to these unpleasant details, I soon learned that I was to have plenty of opportunity for outside work. One of the great moments of my early career came one evening when I was alone in the office. The city editor got a tip of the elopement of a prominent heiress with a titled foreigner. The sensational marriage of either one of them would have been of great consequence; but when both parties were of as much note as these two it made a story of international importance. If the tip were true, streamer headlines would fly across the front of the morning paper announcing the marriage. It was not unnatural that even the city editor should become excited.

"You may have some trouble getting in," he said, "but don't come back without the story."

As I taxied over to the Park Avenue mansion I was prepared for great difficulties, but was determined to get in and get the story even if I had to use every single one of the tricks that I had read of reporters in fiction resorting to. It would be an adventure to bribe a maid or possibly to knock a butler in the head and step triumphantly in over his prostrate body. If necessary, I could crawl in through the coal hole. "Madam," I would say to the mistress of the house as I stood before her, perhaps a little dusty, but debonair—but by this time the taxi had arrived at the house. My courage oozed as I mounted the steps and rang the bell. After a long wait the footman appeared.

"Is Mrs. X at home?" I asked mildly.

"Who shall I say, sir?"

"Mr. Gregg, of the Press."

"I will see if she can see you." And he left me standing in the vestibule.

Almost immediately a soft voice called out, "Won't you come in here, Mr. ah ——" I followed her into a small reception hall and before I could speak she said, "Of course you have come about the marriage of my daughter." My affirmation was almost a gasp, and she went on:

"I want you to say that Mr. X and I entirely approve of the match, and the quiet marriage was in no sense an elopement. They had been secretly engaged for some time and were married at the Little Church Around the Corner, with no members of the family present, simply because we were out of town and unable to get back in time."

"But we understand that you and Mr. X have not yet given them your blessing," I ventured.

"We have not seen them," she said; "but I want it distinctly understood that there is no unpleasantness in the family because of this." It sounded pretty lame to me, but her manner of charm and hauteur was impenetrable. "And now I really must leave you," she said pleasantly, and swept out of the room, leaving me to be shown out by the butler. He caught her kind manner at once and made a friendly remark about the weather. I seized the opportunity to question him. Evidently he was only too anxious to talk of the episode, which had been seething in the minds of the servants.

"We were that shocked, sir. Why, the man had only called on us twice! It was supposed that Miss Ethel liked an entirely different gentleman and when the telegram reached the master in the country they rushed in. I don't know why, because it was done then. And now that they're here they won't even see Miss Ethel and his lordship, and you should know the number of times they've telephoned!" the butler told me excitedly.

This was just the information I wanted, and I returned to the office jubilant.

Very soon after this I realized that this was an exceptional episode in a reporter's career, for I learned that we were not always given such kind treatment. There were, I soon discovered, three classes in society with which we come in contact:

The avowed social climbers and publicity seekers who stop at nothing to keep themselves before the public in their effort to climb the social ladder; the people who pretend that they do not want to be mentioned in the public prints at all; and those who are sincere in their dislike, even hate, of newspaper mention.

The Craving for Limelight

Of these three classes it is hard to say which is the most difficult to deal with. The publicity seekers we have always with us. They are maddening, but often amusing. They crop up in every possible guise, and it is not only women who are the social climbers. The most unexpected is the man who craves publicity, and there are numbers of them in New York, mostly bachelors with ambitions to reach a definite place in exclusive society circles. The marriage road is, of course, the straightest one; but it is not given to all to tread its smooth pavement. When a bachelor finds himself beyond the age when he is a desirable parti merely because he is young and masculine, he tries to force himself into the limelight in devious ways.

"Men to Fit the Furniture" is the slogan

In the new home—be free from heating troubles

Don't put up with the old discomforts in your new home. Your mind will be easy about the heat if you have a Minneapolis Heat Regulator. Day and night, month in and month out, it regulates your heating plant like a faithful janitor.

Keeps your house at exactly the temperature you want. You set the indicator on the Minneapolis so that your house temperature will fall at any given hour, for the night, and rise at any hour for the day. All this is done automatically. Your house will be comfortably warm when you get up.

The MINNEAPOLIS HEAT REGULATOR
"The Heart of the Heating Plant"

is easily and quickly installed on any type of heating plant, using any fuel. Saves 1/5 to 1/8 on fuel.

Branch offices in principal cities render complete installation service. Elsewhere see a heating contractor.

Booklet on Heating Efficiency for New Home Builders

Write for our booklet describing the many advantages of automatic heat control in the home and how it may be applied to any type of heating system.

Minneapolis Heat Regulator Co.
Established 1885
2803 Fourth Avenue, So., Minneapolis, Minn.
Branch Offices in Principal Cities

The Minneapolis is standard equipment on leading oil burners. The principle of the oil burner demands it. Ask if it is Minneapolis-equipped before you buy.

PIONEER Brighton
WIDE-WEB GARTER

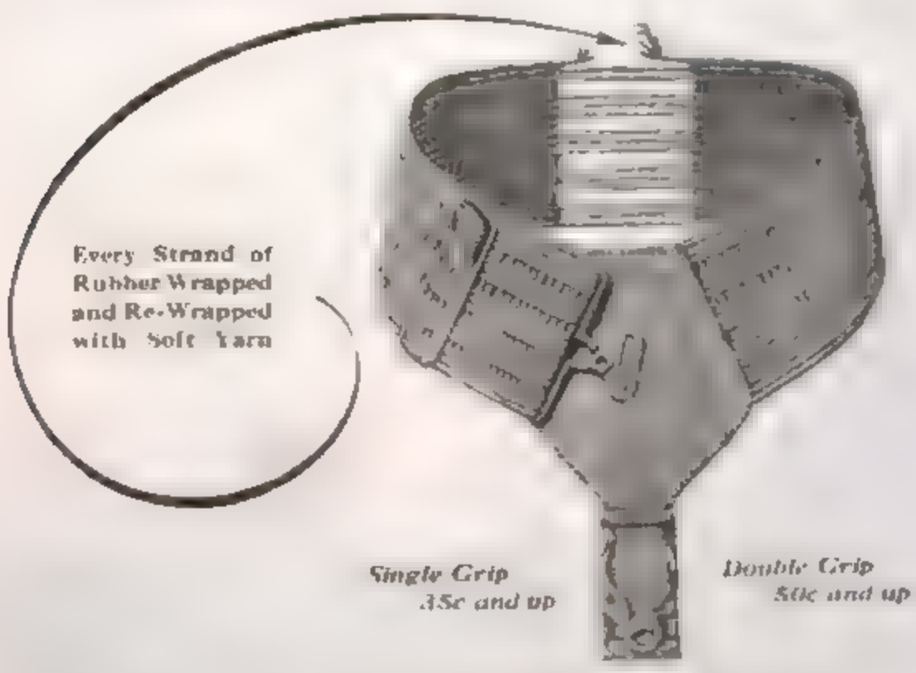
Enduring Garter Comfort

Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Webs are not only more comfortable when you first put them on, but the comfort lasts as long as the garters.

Because Pioneer-Brightons are built from the famous Brighton "comfort" elastic, every rubber strand of which is wrapped and re-wrapped with soft yarn to guard against the deadening action of perspiration and thus insure enduring service.

Comfort is built into every detail. The longer web minimizes tension. The sure holding cast-off disengages easily, yet never slips. The double-lined pad makes smoothness permanent and prevents curling. Even the stitching is reinforced to make comfort last.

Insist on Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Webs. Only then are you sure of the greatest comfort—and the longest wear.



PIONEER SUSPENDER COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pa.
For 47 Years Manufacturers of
Pioneer Suspenders Pioneer-Belts Pioneer-Brighton Garters

Also Sole Makers of
KAZOO ATHLETIC SUSPENDER WAISTS

One well-known New York bachelor of some business prominence, but absolutely no social standing, has as an asset his prowess as an after-dinner speaker; but, fearful that this will not carry him to his goal fast enough, he has identified himself prominently with affairs, whether he is welcome or not. On one occasion he appeared at a charitable entertainment at a fashionable hotel that was sponsored by the leading society matrons. It was one of those rare occasions when the patronesses were in the receiving line. They greeted him impersonally, as all the other guests were received, and when he reached the end of the line he fell in beside them and shook hands with the new arrivals as if he were indeed part of the committee.

Presently one of the women, whose blood was of the bluest, noticed his volunteered participation.

"Who is that man?" she asked her neighbor.

"I'm sure I don't know," was the answer.

However, nothing was said to him, and he stood there happily, seen by many of his casual acquaintances, thinking he had climbed another rung on the social ladder.

On another occasion, in his desire to attract the attention of a social leader, he arranged to sail on the same boat for Europe. A little judicious dealing with the steward secured a deck chair next to hers, and before the voyage was over he had so entertained her by carefully rehearsed anecdotes that a few weeks later he had the satisfaction of seeing his name in the paper as a guest of hers at a dinner in Paris. This opening wedge to her society was not permanent, however, for when they had both returned to America he found that she considered a polite bow on the Avenue sufficient contact for the future.

Other publicity seekers make their approaches directly to the newspapers. They come into the office with detailed accounts of all their activities and both persuasion and bribery are resorted to. Since money is refused by reporters on papers of repute, presents are sent as a more subtle method of ingratiating oneself with the staff. As I became better known, I found myself the recipient of innumerable cigarette cases and holders, desk sets and handkerchiefs. The woman who was the head of the department received a steady stream of hand bags. She got dozens of them.

"Oh," she would moan, as she opened a package, "if they would only send me soap or hair nets or biscuits."

Setting Snares for Bachelors

The more businesslike and impatient appealed to social bureaus to handle their publicity, and some of them even engaged personal social sponsors. Once in a while we would yield to the plea of a social climber to attend her party; but for the most part they were just great dull affairs, imitations of those given by the four hundred. Sometimes an amusing incident would freshen the evening.

A butlerless household once engaged a man for a supper party. He started the evening by being extremely debonair and ended it by being equally drunk. With disarming friendliness, he would step up to a guest—supper was served at small tables seating four—and tapping him on the shoulder, say, "How about a little Scotch right now? I'm sure you're wanting a little Scotch." During the course of the meal he approached one table, drew up a chair, and resting on one elbow, inquired cordially, "You folks all right? Like your supper?" During the final course he wavered around the room with a large tray of dripping cherry pie. Thrusting it under someone's nose, he would exclaim, "Now don't tell me you won't have a piece of this pie! It's marvelous? I made it myself!"

Since numbers are essential, the social climbers make every effort to swell their list of guests. Ambitious mothers borrow lists from friends who are richer than they are in acquaintance. To the people on these lists who are unknown to them they write such notes as this one, received by a man I know:

My dear Mr. Blank: My daughter and I enjoyed meeting you so much at Mrs. A's dance on Tuesday evening. We are anxious to know you better, and I would like to have you come to a party I am giving for Caroline on January twelfth at the Ritz.

Sincerely, _____

Since he had declined his invitation to Mrs. A's party, this was obviously a ruse—one that is becoming increasingly popular and is often successful. One reason for this is the desire of mothers to have their daughters meet new and eligible young men; another the very real need for extra men at a party. In fact, this need is so great that the menace of uninvited guests is creeping forward. There is scarcely a party of any considerable size, whether it is at a private house or at a hotel, that has not its quota of men who have come without the formality of an invitation. I say men because the proportion of women who are willing to take the risk of discovery is so small. The women usually feel that they can gratify their desire to mix with the great by going to benefit performances. Men are emboldened to appear at exclusive affairs because of the promiscuity with which invitations are issued to their sex. This condition is growing more and more distressing as the authority of the social sponsor increases. No hostess, no matter how ambitious she may be, welcomes these intruders; but since she has left the arrangement of her party to her sponsor, she has no way of knowing which are the invited guests.

One of the most flagrant instances of the undesirability of these interlopers occurred a few years ago at an immense party given at New York's most fashionable hotel. The only daughter of a rich but socially unknown family was to make her debut and her doting father was determined that she should establish connections for the future. A well-known man of social tendencies was engaged to pilot them through this important channel. He had a very good list of his own, which he augmented from numerous sources, until the final number of invitations sent out was well over a thousand. It was one of the most sumptuous affairs of recent years. The father of the debutante announced that there was to be no limit to the expenditures. The elaborate schemes for the party, tales of gold cigarette cases that were to be given as souvenirs, attracted the attention of numerous stray men about town.

The Lounge Lizard's Break

It was then the waning season for lounge lizards. They were finding fewer and fewer places in which to sun themselves. This was a rare chance to disport themselves at an expensive party. They came in droves; sleek, trim and with a manner as bored as if their mail had brought them heavily engraved invitations. They circulated among the debutantes, who were a little dazed at their familiar greetings, but assumed that they must have met them some place and were cordial to them. This cordiality resulted in several cases in alliances that were none too pleasing to the parents of one of the contracting parties. Since the cut-in system prevailed to an exaggerated degree, the lizards had no difficulty in snatching the prettiest debutantes for dances.

As the evening wore on they became more and more sure of themselves. Frequent visits to the punch bowl made them riotous, and at suppertime they did not spare the champagne. The liquor gave them an abandon that they perhaps would not have had otherwise, and they dealt with the food in a ruthless manner, throwing sandwiches that displeased them on the floor and criticizing the salad loudly.

As far as I know, only one of them came to grief. As I was leaving the party a gloomy youth, deeply in his cups, approached me in the coat room.

"Now I've done it," he moaned. "I cut in on a darn pretty girl and told her she was the only bright spot in a pretty dark party. 'Sorry you feel that way,' she said; 'it's my party.' And me not even invited!" he concluded.

The more exclusive hostess does not tolerate the uninvited guest and does everything possible to prevent his being admitted. The butler and footmen of the well-established household must, as part of their duties, familiarize themselves with names and faces of people who are acquaintances of members of the family. When large parties are given these trusted servants are held responsible, and it must be a very wise or clever intruder who can pass their scrutiny. One matron has a corps of servants so well trained in the status of members of New York society that she prides herself on never having admitted an uninvited guest to one of her parties.

The people who pretend not to want publicity, but who are, nevertheless, eager for it, are in the vast majority. They are the rock on which society is founded. They are the

(Continued on Page 74)

FOOD *and* NOURISHMENT
are two very different things –

"Access to abundance of food does not necessarily protect from the effects of food deficiency."
—*Jl. Amer. Med. Ass'n.*

"We now know definitely that the regular diet of a large portion of the people in the United States is falling short of maintaining satisfactory nutrition."
—*American Home Diet*

"It is the food digested, not the foodswallowed,thatreallycounts.
—*Food Facts*

One of the most important means, not only of building up the body, but of preventing deterioration of the body in disease, is through proper nutrition.

If you want to keep on patching your (human) house, keep on eating the wrong things. If you want to get and keep your house in order, eat food your body can digest.

Eat "what you want to eat," but see that the food you do eat is such that your body can turn it into nourishment.

In Grape-Nuts is nourishment you need, in the form your body can digest.

"The proper starting of the digestive process . . . Is conditioned by the satisfactions of the palate, and the consequent flow of the first digestive fluids."
—*Bodily Changes in Pain, Hunger, Fear and Rage*

"After diet comes the mastication. Every organ of the body is improved by use, and proper chewing of hard, resistant foods gives the mouth the exercise it needs to help make it self-cleansing, and to keep it healthy and normal."
—*Bulletin issued by the Dept. of Public Health, Mass.*

Don't take away from any one organ the legitimate work it should do. Don't baby it, but don't overload it.

Grape-Nuts is in a form that makes you chew. This makes your mouth do its work which, if it doesn't do, your stomach must do in addition to its own.

Food is what you eat –
Nourishment is what your body gets out of it – *what it digests*
Your table can groan under food and yet you can still suffer from mal-nutrition

Almost one-half of all the food we consume as a nation comes from the grains.

Nearly three-fourths of the carbohydrates (starches and sugars) are produced in the grains, *and the carbohydrates are your greatest source of strength and vitality —your power to do work.*

Yet even with this great consumption of grains or cereals, even with our tables loaded with every kind of food, one out of three of the American people suffers from some form of *malnutrition.*

Headaches, anæmia, decayed teeth, faulty elimination, dyspepsia—these are a few of the ills that doctors, dentists and the biological chemists are more and more tracing to the door of *malnutrition.*

With our nation so rich in foodstuffs, how can this condition persist? Why?

Because of the way we live nowadays, these authorities say, many of us are making our bodies attempt to digest foods by brute force, and our digestive organs rebel. Then follow lassitude, disability, and a train of ills.

To avoid malnutrition, to properly nourish your body, you must not only eat the right food, but your food must be in a form your body can easily digest and transform into strength and vitality

In Grape-Nuts is nourishment you need in the form your body can digest.

Unless the carbohydrates your system needs are properly prepared they are hard for your body to take care of. They may become a burden and their great nourishment-value lost.

In Grape-Nuts they are *dextrinized,* that is, they are broken down into a form the body readily digests and turns into vigorous health and strength.

This delicious food is made from pure wheat and malted barley, slow-baked by a special process that transforms the carbohydrates so that the body readily utilizes them.

All the nutriment of the grains is retained—including the precious mineral salts which science is each day setting more and more store by.

In a form which you must chew

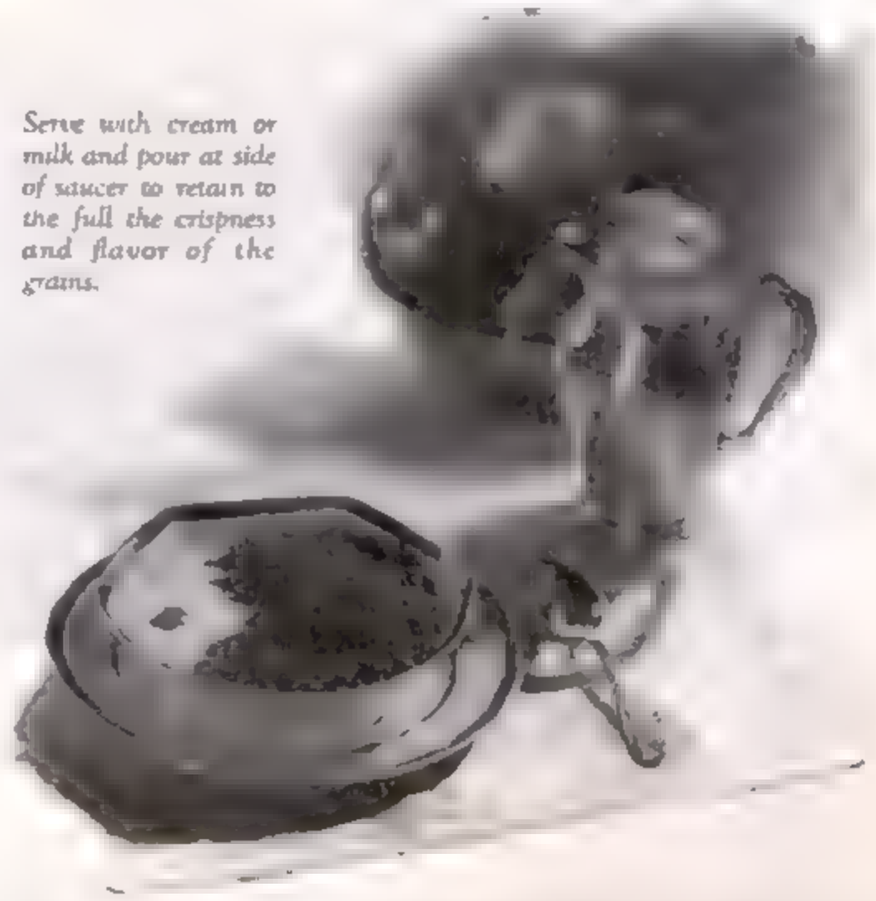
You can't help chewing Grape-Nuts. There is no escape. The crisp, brown kernels force you to chew. Not like something that is tough, which, if you don't remember, you will unconsciously swallow. You chew Grape-Nuts because you want to and enjoy it.

This good hard chewing gives the necessary exercise to teeth and gums and *it is the first step to digestion.*

With Grape-Nuts digestion starts in the mouth—where it *should* start.

Most people like Grape-Nuts best with cream or milk poured at the side of the saucer so as to retain to the full the crispness and flavor of the grains.

Tomorrow for breakfast eat Grape-Nuts. Eat it every day and at the end of the first week see how much better you feel. All grocers have it. All restaurants serve it in individual packages of a single portion. The Postum Cereal Company, Battle Creek, Michigan.



Serve with cream or milk and pour at side of saucer to retain to the full the crispness and flavor of the grains.

A tooth paste that does more than clean the teeth temporarily

By gently stimulating the mouth glands the natural protective processes of the mouth are made to protect your teeth from decay

Strong white teeth add to your personality. Pebeco keeps your mouth healthy—the surest way to keep your teeth clean and white.

THIS tooth paste does more than clean your teeth temporarily. It has a definite, gently stimulating action on the mouth glands.

By making these glands flow normally it helps the natural protective processes of the mouth.

Brushing the teeth—even though you do it thoroughly several times a day—will not keep back the acids which are constantly forming in your mouth. Only the alkaline fluids from the mouth glands can check these acids permanently.

But these glands have become weak and inactive through lack of exercise. As long as we continue to eat soft foods that require no chewing, we will have to use some means of making the mouth glands work properly or our teeth will decay.

This tooth paste increases the protective fluids of the mouth

Pebeco has a stimulating effect on the salivary glands. It makes them work in a normal, healthy fashion.

As soon as Pebeco enters the mouth, the fluids from these glands begin to flow more freely. They wash all through the mouth; in between the teeth where the tooth brush cannot reach. They thoroughly neutralize the acids as fast as they form and keep the teeth safe.

Pebeco leaves your whole mouth in a healthy, live condition. Your gums, your palate, the entire oral cavity. Pebeco is made only by Lehn & Fink, Inc. At all druggists'

Free Offer

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Dept. E-7,
635 Greenwich Street, New York, N. Y.

Send me free your new large sized sample tube of Pebeco.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

(Continued from Page 72)

sponsors of charitable enterprises, and charity is one of the most important factors of the social world. The interest of these women in their particular charity hobbies and their determination to make them a triumph make it necessary for them to receive society reporters with some degree of grace. The success of many philanthropic enterprises, such as the great Charity Ball and other benefit affairs, depends largely upon the attention given them by the press. A few weeks before these great events many of the matrons who would otherwise turn a cold shoulder to an appeal for aid, in a straight social story, will be unexpectedly charming to the harassed reporter in an effort to lay the groundwork of good will they will need later.

On several occasions I have been summoned to the home of some influential woman to get information about work in which she was interested. Once not long ago one woman was so appreciative of a story I wrote for her that she telephoned to thank me and asked that I call upon her whenever she could be of any assistance. Shortly afterwards I was in a slight jam, where her aid would have been helpful, and I rang her up about ten o'clock in the evening. After some difficulty and discussion with her first, second and third butlers, I managed to get her; but when she learned what I wanted she said, "You know, I never allow my name to be used—and how dare you call me, anyway?" Then she hung up. A few weeks later in her sweetest manner she was again in touch with us, eager to have her name among the list of patronesses for a benefit.

It was not at all difficult to tell the various stages in the development of an affair. If the reporter heard no more than a woman's voice, he could tell by the rise and fall in its temperature what the progress of the affair was. When the voice was at zero it meant that the ball or bazaar was quite over.

Getting pictures from these women is an annoying task. They invariably refuse first; then when the reporter, patience exhausted, turns to go, saying not to bother and that another's will do as well, she says, "It is not so much that I mind having it in the paper, but I really haven't a good picture." It is ever thus. A few compliments on the picture she pulls out and I triumphantly leave with it. It is a tradition among reporters that no woman who is at all good-looking will refuse to allow her picture to be published in the end, even though the occasion for notoriety might be the murder of her husband.

Taken at Her Word

Once in a while women of this type are surprised to find themselves taken seriously by reporters. On a cold stormy day last winter I went to interview a woman who was on the committee for a big dance at an exclusive women's club. At first she was reluctant to give any information, protesting that it was "a shame that one can't do a thing without having it plastered all over the papers." I assured her that I had come in answer to a notice that had been received in the office regarding the affair, and made gestures of leaving.

"Well," she said, seeming to yield with poor grace, "if I must, I must; but if I tell you about the party you will have to promise not to mention my name in the paper."

I promised easily, as her name meant nothing to the story, and the account in the paper appeared without it. I saw her again when I went to cover the dance and an icy stare met my "good evening." Ignoring it, I said breezily, "Did you see my piece in the paper?" "After all the time I spent with you giving you the story," she snapped, "you forgot to use my name."

The people who honestly do not want to appear in public print really have a hard time of it, for it is their activities that interest the papers most. Though they have made my work extremely difficult at times, I have always been in sympathy with them because of their sincerity. I have never been able to overcome my innate reluctance to delve into the private affairs of people when they do not wish to have me do so. While some object to appearing in the papers because it is publicity, others have a very definite reason for not wanting to figure in the limelight. Often for reasons of their own they do not wish to have their whereabouts known.

A correspondent at a near-by resort chronicled in the most innocent way the arrival of a certain society woman in his weekly letter to the New York paper. She was furious, because she had given the impression to her friends in New York that she was going to an entirely different place. This episode cost the correspondent his job.

Sometimes harsh methods are used by various members of society in their determination to avoid publicity.

Once I had the good fortune to be invited to a fashionable garden party on Long Island. I had met the host a short time before and he had given me a cordial invitation. It was a big event for me, for not often was I asked to such affairs for myself alone. I borrowed a friend's car and in new white flannels appeared, spirits high, at the lodge that guarded the great estate.

The car was stopped by a footman, who said, "Your invitation, sir."

Only then did I realize that I had forgotten it, but with assurance I said almost automatically, "I am Mr. Gregg, of the Press."

"Sorry, sir," said the man politely, "but we have been given orders to admit no reporters."

"But I am not here as a reporter," I protested. "Mr. —— invited me."

The footman looked at me coldly, with a that's-what-they-all-say expression, and no amount of argument and insistence on my part that I be allowed to see Mr. —— himself moved him. He was courteous and cold and orders were orders. So in my new flannels, which had been born to blush unseen, I drove back to New York.

Although some loathe publicity, still they recognize a certain duty to society, and as part of their charitable work will loan their houses for lectures and musicales. Of course, this does not mean that the chatelaine of the house will be in evidence. Mrs. X, of upper Fifth Avenue, has never been known to appear. With a house theoretically thrown open to the public, one cannot but speculate about her hiding place. Another well-known matron on these occasions appears for a few moments on a Juliet-like balcony that overlooks her ballroom. One wonders about the remote private lives of these people. Often in their desire to be exclusive they find themselves as limited as village women.

A Mannerless Icicle

Their snobbery must mean a certain degree of unhappiness for them. It even shows in their faces and bearing. One day I had an opportunity to study at close range one of the most powerful women in American society—the head of a great family. At first I did not know who she was. I was going into an art exhibition on Park Avenue and a little inconspicuous figure mounted the steps beside me. When we got to the door it turned out that she had forgotten her ticket, and I offered her mine, saying that I could get in on my reporter's card. Without a word of thanks, she took the ticket and passed on as if I had been a wooden gatepost.

"Do you know who you gave your ticket to?" said the door man in an awed tone. "It was Mrs. Z!"

I followed her through the gallery, fascinated by her personality—struck by her frigid bearing. She was like a little icicle with legs. She and other members of her circle hold themselves mightier than royalty and ignore the little niceties that even a washerwoman might have.

It does not follow that this snobbish tendency runs through whole families. Fine breeding does not always mean bad manners. One well-born man married a wealthy Western woman who believes that snobbery means social caste, and is known for her rudeness. When I went to her home on a story once, she was out and her husband received me. He gave me the information I wanted. As I was leaving I admired a picture in the hall. This interested him, as he is a great collector, and he offered to show me others. While he was explaining the history of a very fine Rembrandt his wife appeared and said sharply, "What are you doing, paw?"

"This is a reporter from the Press. I'm showing him the pictures."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," she said, and snapped out the light. And thus one more fine character was submerged under the weight of wealth.

Perhaps the only power to which the upper ten of society must bow is their servants. After all, they have the upper hand in making or marring social affairs. It is a

(Continued on Page 76)

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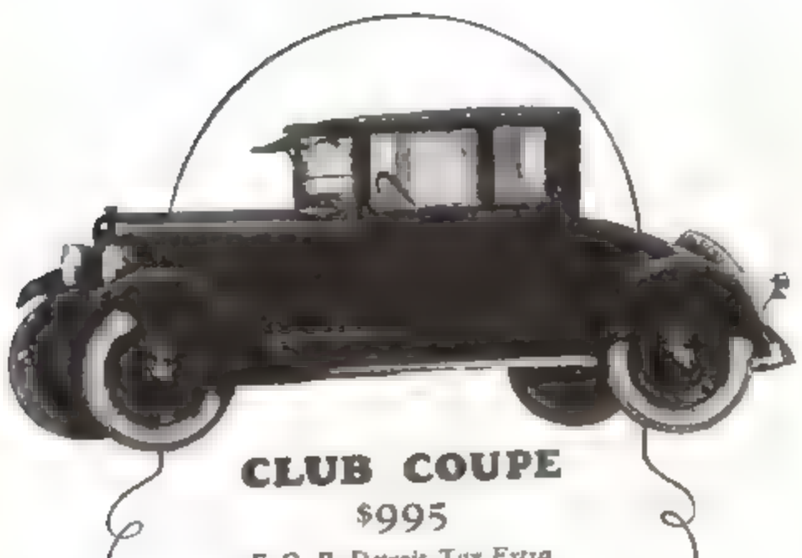

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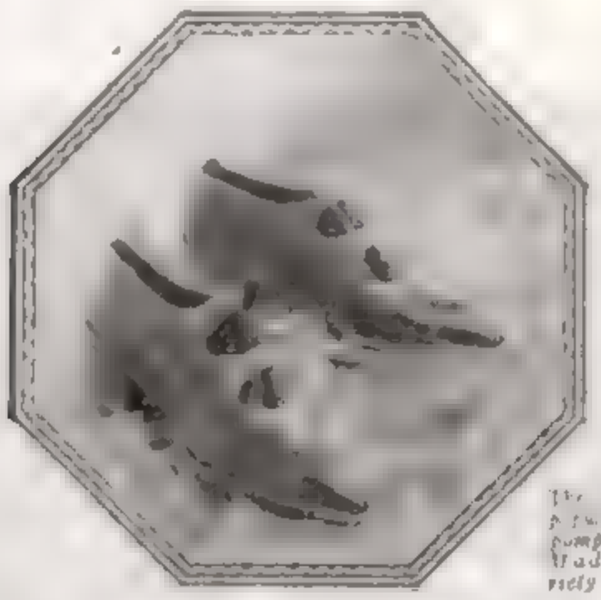

This Arnold pump for women is made in a variety of leather

ARNOLD
GLOVE-GRIP SHOES

(Continued from Page 74)

fortunate hostess who has a dependable retinue. Many a party has had to be called off because of a strike in the kitchen, for only a few have a reserve supply they can call upon. One woman in particular has the advantage of being able to commandeer the employes of her husband's store, which is an exclusive establishment on Fifth Avenue. This store caters to a smart clientele and its veteran staff is therefore well versed not only in the way of society, but from years of pinch-hitting at these affairs knows exactly who is and who is not welcome at the home of their employer. They serve as detectives, footmen and butlers.

Those less fortunate must depend upon employment agencies to augment their staffs, although the exacting hostess does not engage a random crew. Good looks and size are the important features, and service they take more for granted. The decorative effect of a party must have first consideration. "Men to fit the furniture" is the slogan. If a beautiful dining room is equipped with high-backed Italian Gothic chairs, none under six feet are considered, and of course they must all be of uniform height. As they stand behind the chairs, they are an imposing sight. Every butler a Valentino. But the butlers and footmen have other duties besides setting off the furniture, admitting the guests and serving the dinner. So numerous are their duties in fact that rehearsals are always held for large affairs.

Preparations for these parties are complex and many factors are brought to bear on their success. Not only is she a wise hostess who knows her own guests but a rare hostess who arranges her own lists, no matter what her circle. These details are largely intrusted to social bureaus, those strange powers that are so vital in deciding the destiny of many of our social aspirants.

Though the most picturesque dictator ever to hold sway as head of one of these bureaus is now dead, there are still several important ones, and the successful social climber is careful to keep in the good graces of these mentors. They are usually women who, though impecunious, have social standing that they have found can be capitalized. Some have started by acting as social sponsors for newcomers, paving the way and dictating the behavior and selection of friends of their protégés. They arrange all lists, sometimes with the counsel of their clients, sometimes independently. The discriminating hostess will inspect the lists before they are sent out, but the less well versed in the ways of society are at the mercy of their guides.

The Society Bureaus

The knowledge of the social world that these social guides have makes the fashioning of lists a simple matter. They have only to use the names of those with whom they have a bowing acquaintance and to add and subtract year by year. Then, too, lists of some of their exclusive clients have been the basis of lists for others. All is fair in the social game, and names are lifted freely by them.

Payment is made for the services of these social bureaus either by the year or for the launching of a single affair. Sometimes they act as the machinery for a more exclusive sponsor and the newcomer hostess has little hand in the arrangements for a big ball. She has only to bow and be indiscriminately pleasant; every gesture has been thought out. This is in contrast with the experienced and safely launched hostess, who can give just the right amount of recognition and sound each note in the social scale.

Of course, the bureaus are in very close contact with society editors and can do much to simplify the collection of news; but many of them, either because of their social prominence or the power they have, make it very trying for the poor reporter. Occasionally, when I have gone to them for lists that were to be given out, they have temperamentally decided, usually for some trivial reason—and after keeping me waiting for an inordinate length of time—that "it can't be done today. Tomorrow at ten." The repeated explanation that ten o'clock is not daylight for me, since I work into the small hours of the morning, carries no weight with them, and they sternly declare that I can have it then or not at all.

Except for these few temperamental flashes, the offices are most businesslike. They consist usually of a small reception room with an inner sanctum for the powerful head. Often they are located in the business section, though convenient for their clients. Besides the head, there is a worried-looking assistant who fills the position of telephone girl, file clerk and stenographer. One of the requirements for this position is fine penmanship, for the slavey who fills it must address hundreds of heavy, expensive envelopes in a neat hand.

From the social agencies we get the advance dates for balls as soon as they are scheduled, and some of them even attend to getting pictures of their clients for us for publicity purposes.

In spite of the fact that the offices of the bureaus are far removed from the frills of society, there is an evident desire for the expression of social snobbery that is vented most successfully on the reporter. They in turn have been subjected to the snobbery of their clients.

This snobbery is found everywhere, each class venting it on the class below. The servants, who are such important sources of news, are possibly the most uncertain quantities when it comes to snobbery; but after you have been a reporter for a while you find that in almost every instance they reflect the attitude of their employers. It is not uncommon for me to have the door slammed in my face by an uncompromising butler. No matter how often this happens, I can never get over the feeling of blankness that ensues. There are, however, one or two alleviating homes that I am accustomed to drop into for news, where the butler even asks me to wait in the drawing-room if his mistress is not in, and gives me tea. The servants of the *nouveau riche* are often kinder than their master.

Exacting Work

Lack of cooperation on the part of society people makes news gathering doubly difficult. Time is naturally of the greatest importance. In the society department almost more than in any other are we pressed for time in collecting our stories. It is not so much that things happen unexpectedly, but that they begin so late. Though the body of the story can often be written ahead, the final details must be personally corroborated unless you want to let the paper in for serious consequences, perhaps even a libel suit.

The opera begins late enough from the reporter's point of view, and the occupants of the Diamond Horseshoe arrive still later. Getting their names and the descriptions of the women's gowns in the hour or two before the paper goes to press is more than one person can do. The opera and the horse show—the two great social events—have, for several seasons, opened on the same night, thus giving us society reporters a very hectic few days. A week before the affairs we send out to the prominent box holders for the opera and the horse show, questionnaires asking for lists of their guests, descriptions of the gowns and details as to any dinners they might attend before. These questionnaires are a great help; but as many do not answer them, and as plans are often changed at the last moment, we cannot trust to them for a complete list.

In collecting news about the big winter balls, names are the important thing; and since often the lists are not given out, it becomes an amateur-detective problem for the reporter. I have spent hours out in the cold, jumping on the running boards of cars as they drove up to a party, peering in to see if anyone I recognized was within, or wheedling the names out of the chauffeurs after they have deposited their human cargoes. Accuracy is of paramount importance here, because if the name of someone who is not present is used, grave difficulty may ensue.

Perhaps the most strenuous of these experiences occurred a few years ago when the Prince of Wales visited this country. A brilliant party was arranged for him by a hostess who made it an invariable rule not to give out a guest list. All the time during his visit we found it hard enough to get the complete details of his activities, but on this occasion my ingenuity and endurance were taxed to the limit. All New York's really exclusive society was to be present in fact rumors were abroad that it was to make a new four hundred. The four hundred of Ward McAllister was out of date. Since the time when his famous list attracted so much attention, many new and interesting hostesses had been firmly intrenched in the social battlefield. Through poverty or scandal or death, many of the great names had sunk into oblivion and their places had

(Continued on Page 78

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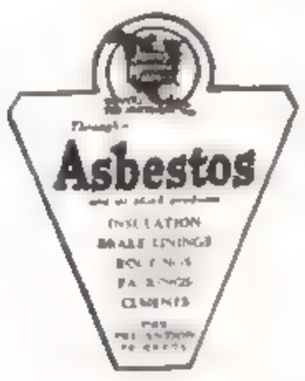

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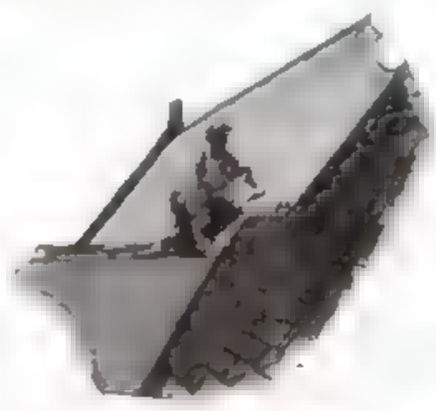
These shingles are the same as Flexstone Individual Shingles except that they are manufactured in strips of four shingles for convenience in application. By using the beveled strips here, you obtain the same advantages that are mentioned in the preceding paragraph.

No. 6. Flexstone Shingles laid directly over the old roof

You can save the small cost of the beveled strips by laying either the individual Flexstone Shingle or the Flexstone Strip directly on the old roof. We do not recommend this method generally, but if you feel that your old roof is in such good condition that flexible shingles can be laid right over it without the beveled strips, be sure that the shingles you use are Flexstone Asbestos because their asbestos rock base reduces the risks of this method to the minimum.



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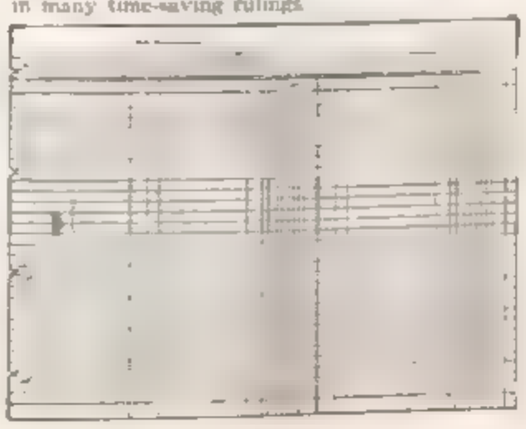

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LOOSE LEAF AND BOUND BOOKS

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(Continued from Page 76

been taken by people who a few years before had not even appeared on the social horizon. An invitation to this affair would recognize their admission to the front ranks.

I got as much of the information as I could from the outside, and as a last resort appealed to the servants. So signal an occasion had not left them untouched and they were in a friendly mood. I went to the servants' entrance and was admitted into the kitchen. As the waiters dashed back and forth I gleaned much from them, and some even gave me a pantomimic description of the festivities upstairs. With what they told me and what I had gathered outside myself, I had enough for quite a satisfactory story.

The visit of the Prince of Wales was the biggest event since his grandfather, King Edward, came here when he was Prince of Wales. When the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the Princess Patricia came down from Ottawa for a few days it caused a great stir, but nothing like this.

The appearances of the Prince at the horse show and the opera were also signal occasions, but possibly the most noteworthy of the affairs were those given on his yacht. I managed to make the acquaintance of one of his officers and in that way gained access to the yacht on a day when the program was shrouded in mystery. All kinds of rumors were echoing down Newspaper Row—among them that he was to have a luncheon party for New York's most popular debutantes. My new-found officer friend went to no end of trouble to spirit me over to the boat. He came to the foot of Eighty-sixth Street to meet me at the appointed time and we crossed on the crested launch, going directly to his cabin, since I had arrived only a short time before the expected arrival of the Prince.

When his motorboat started across the river from shore all the ship was intense with excitement. I stood at the porthole of the officer's cabin, and as the Prince mounted the ladder he passed near enough for me to touch him. But all the excitement was over in a moment, for he went straight to his suite and was seen no more. There was no luncheon. The rumor had simply been one of many that had kept us on the *qui vive* for days. I found that the only affair he had arranged that day on the boat was a party for the children of an orphanage that is supported by his countrymen here—all merry and nice, with the Prince appearing among the youngsters for a few moments later—but not the society occasion I had pictured.

The Democratic Mountbattens

Though the visits of nobility and royalty are becoming more and more frequent because of the growing number of international alliances, they are still the outstanding events from the point of view of the society editors. Snobbish New York society glories in these occasions. In this democratic country no one is quite secure enough to do exactly what he wants, and these royal visitors are interesting patterns after which American society has long fashioned its own behavior. However, as the years go on these models are becoming more pliant than their imitators, and members of society here are often shocked at their free-and-easy manner of taking their social responsibilities. Our distinguished foreigners have even been known to stay to the end of the opera here, a most unheard-of thing for the native members of society. Whereas once it was considered sufficiently fashionable to arrive late, now to be in the mode one must also leave early, even if the aria of the evening remains unsung. Some psychic power must give the signal to leave, for perhaps ten minutes before the end of the performance ermine and sable coats and top hats sweep out in a rather unquiet manner.

There are various reasons for the visits of prominent foreigners to this country. Though their visits all wear social veilings, some come for political reasons, while others are on pleasure bent. But whatever their motive, the aristocracy seems to be amused by being trundled around to different affairs. The Mountbattens, however, were the first to spurn elaborate society functions for affairs they considered more interesting to them. All the smart set was shocked at their conduct in allowing quite unknown persons to entertain them. They had many friends here whom they had met abroad, but it seemed quite unreasonable to social leaders that they should be content with these people, many of whom had no place on the social horizon. Nevertheless, this interesting and care-free couple pursued their own way; although after their return from the Coast they were house guests of an important matron and several smart affairs were given in their honor.

It is interesting to see how the point of view of the society reporter must change to meet the slightest tremor in social opinion. Prominence sinks as if in quicksand with the loss or abandoning of a title. There is Consuelo Vanderbilt for one, who during the years she was the Duchess of Marlborough was heralded like a princess; for several seasons there were great writings in the papers about her proposed trip to this country, yet when she arrived here last summer with her untitled French husband she slipped in almost unnoticed.

On a warm night, some months ago, I was on a listless night watch, waiting for the early editions of the other papers, which always have to be inspected for possible stories that have escaped us, before I went home. As often happens, the city editor had a sudden tip and asked me to go out on the story. It was rumored that an engagement between the young members of two old New York families was about to be announced at a party given at the home of the young woman. I subwayed up to the East Seventies, expecting the usual formal gathering, and none too sanguine as to the possibilities of getting the story.

To Print or Not to Print

As I walked west from Lexington Avenue and approached the house I heard music and saw vague white figures moving about on the stoop. The house was one of the newer type, with a broad low entrance—a decided departure from the old brownstone-front days. To my surprise I discovered that the figures were not only sitting on the stoop but dancing—certainly most radical behavior for New York where the front of the house serves only for decoration. The informal atmosphere continued as I mounted the steps and walked, unstopped, inside.

I was standing rather forlornly at the entrance of the drawing-room, no one paying any attention to me, speculating as to the means of getting my story, when a charming young girl in a quaint organdie dress came up to me.

"I don't know any of these people, either," said she shyly. "Most of them are friends of my sister's and the young man she is going to marry."

"It's nice of you to talk to me," I said. "Couldn't we go some place and sit down?"

She led me to a corner and sat down stiffly on one of the high-backed chairs.

"Which is the young man your sister is going to marry?" I asked.

She told me.

Finally she said with disarming frankness, "But I don't know your name."

"No, you wouldn't," I said gloomily. "I'm a reporter on the Press."

"Oh, and I've told you all about my sister's engagement! Mother will be furious with me. We're not even to answer the telephone this evening because so many papers have tried to find out. You won't print anything in the paper, will you?"

I still remember the appeal in her lovely eyes—and other things.

I don't recall exactly how I got out. But I do remember the struggle I had with myself on the way down to the paper. My duty to my job or her charming confidence! The gods were kind that night, though.

When I got in the city editor hailed me with "Too bad you had to go way out there. The Associated Press sent in the story just after you left."

My impulse was to write to the girl and tell her I had not betrayed her trust, but I knew that hers had been but a brief excursion from formality, and I never did.

Summer always gives the society reporter the most pleasant variety. Trips to Newport, to Southampton and other Long Island resorts are part of the routine. The holiday spirit prevails and the reporter is not always considered an unwelcome ogre hovering about to record unpleasant things. The festive gayety of the gymkhanas, races and benefit garden parties is infectious. One forgets the cold hard winter that is coming, when lines are tightly drawn again, and the problems of those who seek newspaper mention will return.

But the society reporter's cross section of life is a fascinating one, and I have the usual newspaper man's dream of some day writing a play about it, and I'll call it, I think, A Comedy of Manners.

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Set of Two $15.00 (Western Price $15.50)

RESTFUL RIDING ON ANY ROAD

Stewart WINDSHIELD WIPER

Electrically Operated

$7.50
Western Price $7.75

THE strong, steady sweep of the Stewart Windshield Wiper keeps the glass crystal clear in the heaviest rain or snow-storm.

The powerful motor operates the sturdy wiper-arm with a clock-like regularity. The pressure of this arm against the glass can be adjusted as desired.

As it is operated from the battery and does not depend on the car's engine for its motive power, the Stewart will not slow down or stop when you suddenly "step on the gas." It is always on the job when you need it.

A CLEAN WINDSHIELD MEANS SAFE DRIVING

LOOK FOR THE NAME

Stewart

when buying accessories. All Stewart accessories are of the same high quality in materials and workmanship as the Stewart Vacuum Tank and Stewart Speedometer, used for years as standard equipment by over 88% of car manufacturers.

$5
Western Price $5.25

Stewart MOTOR HORN

The finest motor horn made for such a low price. A big sturdy horn that never fails to operate when you press the button.

A loud, full-lunged warning note that clears a way through traffic. That can be heard far ahead on dangerous country roads.

Cars ahead pay no attention to a horn that whispers its warnings. Equip your car with a Stewart. It shouts its commands.

GETS THE RIGHT OF WAY

$15
Western Price $15.50

Stewart SPEEDOMETER FOR FORD CARS

NO more burned-out parts to replace due to lack of lubrication because you didn't realize they needed attention.

At regular intervals a colored numeral turns up in the mileage odometer and automatically warns the driver that some part or parts should be lubricated. He pulls down the metal chart which tells him just what parts these are.

When not in use the chart snaps up under the speedometer, entirely out of sight, yet always at hand.

WATCH YOUR SPEED AND SAVE A FINE

Stewart

CUSTOMBILT ACCESSORIES — USED ON 9 MILLION CARS

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER COR'N., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

MISTER PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page 17)

trips over the country every once in a while—say, three or four times a year—and longer ones at greater intervals. The President could get to the grass roots in that way—not formal state journeys with prepared speeches, but casual and neighborly visits here and there among the farms, shops and homes of the people punctuated with familiar off-hand short talks.

Also our Presidents spend a vast amount of time talking with senators and representatives and other politicians about the numerous minor appointments that must be made.

"I cannot exaggerate," testifies Chief Justice Taft as to what happened when he was President, "the waste of the President's time and the consumption of his nervous vitality involved in listening to congressmen's intercessions as to local appointments."

Nine-tenths of this is unnecessary. If at the outset the President would make it clear that he would appoint those recommended, but hold responsible—and mean it, do it—the senator or representative urging the appointment, most of the patronage burden would be lifted from the presidential shoulders.

Here again the theory and intent of the Constitution has undergone a radical change. Members of Congress have no legal authority whatever to recommend appointments; indeed, great pains were taken to keep this executive function out of the hands of legislators.

But practical necessity and party considerations long since established the custom of patronage distribution as now exercised; and it is not likely to be abandoned—certainly not so long as party government continues. President Taft urged Congress to pass a bill providing for official promotions on merit, which was right, wise, and would have greatly relieved the President of the intolerable burden described. But Congress would not pass it.

Then there is the signing of commissions—sheer mechanical drudgery that takes many hours each week. Speaking from his experience as President, Mr. Taft says that this "is the greatest manual duty the President has to perform," and that "a substantial part of each business day is occupied with signatures." Surely the head of the nation ought not do that clerical labor.

He probably could get out of it by asking Congress to provide some modern method. The constitutional language that the President "shall commission all the officers of the United States" does not require him to sign manuscript certificates of appointments; or if it does, it should be modified as necessity has forced other constitutional alterations. No amendment to the Constitution is necessary to accomplish this obvious need.

Ability to Get Information

Such things constitute by far the greater part of "the pace that kills," which some Presidents think they must keep up, but need not. Talks with local political leaders an American President must still have, since, as the head of his party, he needs to know the state of his party organization. But such consultations require little time, for the politician is usually a sensible person and very practical. Long-winded political conferences are a waste of time and strength, and the length of them often is more the fault of the President than of the politicians. "Give the devil his due."

So we come down to the real work that the President must do. Chiefly this is the mighty labor of decision, which is the burden and also the allurement of the presidency.

Take the formulation of policies. As all of us know, issues are not made but grow out of ever-changing conditions. A situation thus arises, to deal with which several courses are possible. It is for the President to decide which is best and then formulate—that is, state—that policy in simple and convincing terms.

To do all this requires knowledge, first of all, and then judgment. As to the necessary information, the President is fortunate. A senator or representative must himself dig out the facts of any given question, unless he happens to be a rich man, in which case he can employ experts to do his research work for him. Even this is risky; and, of course, the legislator who relies on *ex-parte* data furnished by interested persons is skating on very thin ice—very thin ice, indeed, and over deep and dangerous waters.

The President, on the other hand, has at his instant command not only all the resources of the Government but of the whole country also. He can order to the White House at any hour the man in any department who knows most about the subject in hand and say to him, "By tomorrow night I want the outstanding facts of this matter stated in writing on one sheet of foolscap—no longer; and bring it to me yourself."

Then the President can ask this official about details, and thus in an hour inform himself to the extent of all material the Government can supply. Next he can call in persons with special and practical knowledge, trustworthy and informed business men, or labor leaders, as the nature of the case requires. Finally he can send for professors in colleges and universities who have made the study of that particular subject their life work.

Presidential Decisions

All will come at the call of the President. Thus he can check up his data and get every point of view. The best minds and ripest thought of the whole nation are his—a tremendous asset of knowledge and wisdom.

So in less time than it takes a senator or a representative, a writer or a student, even to ferret out what and where is the material he must get hold of and study, the President can have all the facts, verified and reverified, as well as all shades of instructed opinion. Then comes the task of decision, the supreme requirement of the presidency, and—be it repeated—also its crowning attraction. Indeed, this is true of every form of leadership; and it is the gift of decision—for it is a gift—that makes and marks the executive in any field.

Decision must be made promptly, but never hastily. This requires not leisure but concentration, and swift, clear, accurate thinking. Such intellectual quality has always distinguished successful administrators. Napoleon or Washington in war, Morgan or Harriman in business, Cleveland or Roosevelt in statesmanship are examples.

They and men like them decided quickly, yet considered maturely. They consulted with competent and trustworthy advisers; but when they consulted they consulted—they did not take conversational rambles all around Robin Hood's barn. They asked for opinions and got them—then they decided and acted.

Moreover, the President must be alert—calm and steady, of course—but alert. He must know what is going on. That is part of his business. And he must have foresight, too, which is also a gift much like the gift of decision, though simpler. Indeed, foresight is the realizing of inevitable results of any given deed, act or event.

It is nonsense for any President to say that he was unaware of what was happening in his Administration or that he did not foresee consequences. To have knowledge and exercise foresight are parts of his job.

Of course he must have courage, too—utter fearlessness—and profound honesty, intellectual honesty, public honesty, wide-awake honesty, honesty in the very fibers of his being, and absolute devotion to the common good. These things are taken for granted—they go without the saying.

And another gift he must have—that of the management of men, the sympathetic understanding of human reactions, that combination of the come-hither and thou-shalt in personality which wins and compels human beings in the mass and individually.

This brings us to the relationship of the President with Congress, and the legislative powers he may exercise. The Constitution specifically endows him with large legislative powers, such as the veto of bills and recommendation of legislation. But his actual power is far greater than that given or contemplated by our fundamental law.

For instance, when, in spite of the Constitution, political parties sprang up, as was inevitable, the President became the leader of his party—which, of course, was also inevitable. Presidential party leadership is wholly antagonistic to the spirit and form of our fundamental law, the theory of which is that our Chief Magistrate shall be President of the whole American people and above faction. He still is, to be sure; but the constitutional ideal is impaired by the fact that the President is regarded as—and actually is—the head of the political organization to which he belongs.

As such, he can dictate, in practical effect, what Congress shall or shall not do at times when his party is solid and well disciplined. This was notably the case when Jefferson was President. A recent example is the dominance of Mr. Wilson over Congress.

With one or two exceptions, McKinley was able to do about what he liked with the legislative branch, although he managed to want what his party in Congress wanted. Roosevelt often forced a reluctant and resentful House and Senate to enact his measures—and this, too, at a time when Congress was led by very able and uncommonly strong men. One of the most potent of catch phrases is the familiar one of "stand by the President."

Presidential overlordship of the national legislature can be exercised only by a powerful character or one gifted with extraordinary craft, or both; and even with such a man in the White House, party solidarity must be so great as to admit of party discipline. On the other hand, with a commonplace President, party unity, regimented by strong and skillful leaders in House and Senate, can produce what seems to be harmonious teamwork by the executive and legislative branches.

Moreover, a President on good terms with congressional leaders can often kill bills by private talks with those leaders, and frequently does so. Or he can make a bold personal appeal to Congress, a sort of combined threat and persuasion, in which case it comes down to a question of who has the more nerve, Congress or the President, or which better reflects public opinion.

When Party Lines Weaken

As party lines weaken, presidential influence over legislation also weakens—the President is without the advantage of a compact and militant party following. This has happened several times in our history, and is inevitable when no one great elemental issue divides the people, such as union or disunion, sound money or free silver, protection or free trade, and the like.

In the last campaign an issue of this quality did arise in the question of going into or keeping out of European politics; but the proposal by a President elected by anti-League votes that we go into a part of the League—the so-called World Court—has greatly confused that issue, so that no single difference of policy that flames to the sky, to be seen of all men, now divides American political parties.

Thus, as everybody knows, some Democrats in Congress are for Administration measures and some Republicans against them—an absurd, politically dishonest and well-nigh unintelligent condition.

The same thing has happened in England, where there are four or more political groups instead of two political parties. Thus comes the Labor Government, which in fact is a coalition that can and will last only so long as the Liberal and Labor members of Parliament hang together. There, as here, no outstanding and overshadowing issue divides parties. There, as here, too, there might have been such an issue.

Even with our relaxed and seemingly dissolving party situation, a President may influence Congress in determinative fashion, but this can be done only by appealing directly to the people, capturing the confidence of the country, demanding of Congress compliance to the popular will.

Jackson did just that, and so did Roosevelt. It always is possible, though risky, and the President who attempts it must hazard mightily—"shake the iron hand of Fate," as Kipling puts it. He must be a supremely puissant and engaging personage of such stature, brilliance and command that the nation will respond to and follow him. Appeals to the country by smaller men always fail, sometimes in humiliating fashion. Thus Andrew Johnson's swing around the circle was absurd and well-nigh pitiful.

Presidential suzerainty of Congress in legislation is as real as it is nonconstitutional—or to be more technically exact, extraconstitutional. That is, the Constitution does not provide for such executive

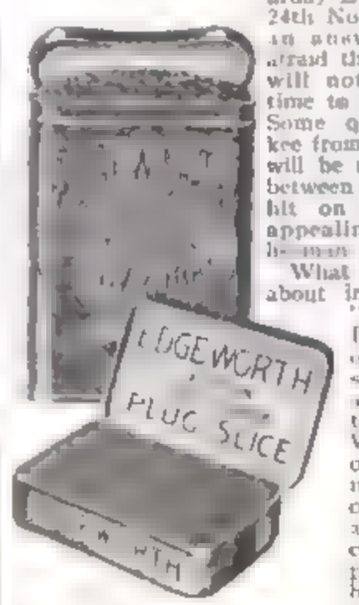
A "Vintage Smoke"

The Major tells Joe Rivers what "tasty-smellfulness" really is

Some time ago Mr. Joe Rivers, a confirmed smoker of Edgeworth, defined the friend-making, friend-holding quality of Edgeworth as "tasty-smellfulness."

In the following letter Major Edmund simplifies this description into one word, "bouquet"—which Webster defines as "an aroma as of wine."

When you have read Major Edmund's letter you can easily convince yourself that you taste tobacco largely with your nose. Fill your mouth with smoke from your favorite tobacco and then pinch your nostrils—immediately the familiar "taste" vanishes! Try it! But read this first:



London

Dear Joe:

Your letter about Edgeworth in the "Saturday Evening Post" for 24th November demands an answer, but I am afraid this effort of mine will not reach you in time to be of much use. Some quick-firing Yankee from Bangor, Maine, will be sure to barge in between us. You have hit on something very appealing to the Englishman.

What you are talking about in your letter is "bouquet" and [illegible] I tried them all, and [illegible] William Forbes of Boston met me in Lucerne one day two years ago and [illegible] me cursing the limit of Swiss air [illegible] because I had a sore tongue. He told me about Edgeworth, and I went to the Post Office and wired London to send me [illegible] samples. Since then—but you know the rest.

[illegible] Edgeworth, doesn't need any fine writing to [illegible] [illegible] it depends [illegible] what you have been [illegible] while I have been thinking, with the [illegible] of your room, [illegible] but your tale has been [illegible] by [illegible] which you have said [illegible] your [illegible] pipe, and how it [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] again make them [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] beauty, really is that has made him famous in two worlds.

Yours faithfully, Joe,
James Edmund.

We try to put into the Edgeworth blue tin a tobacco that has the quality of *friendliness*.

This quality may mean "comfort" to one man, "flavor" to another, "tasty-smellfulness" to Mr. Rivers, and "bouquet" to Major Edmund. There may, indeed, be some doubt as to just *what* it is, but there can be no doubt whatever that a great many men recognize its presence.

You may not find Edgeworth to your taste, and then again you may. It may prove to be just the *right* smoke for you as it has for so many others.

At any rate, we'll be glad to have you try it at our expense. Just write your name and address on a postcard and mail it to Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va., and you will receive, postpaid, generous samples of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

If you care to write the name and address of your regular tobacco merchant, the courtesy will be much appreciated.

If, after smoking a few pipes, you don't like Edgeworth—well, that's that!

If you *do* like it, you can be sure that every pipeful will be as good as the last.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

"That's my idea of a smart, dressy shirt"

The New Emery Piquette

YOU'LL say this when you see the new Emery Piquette, for its charm and distinction are undeniable.

To get the remarkably fine Piqué from which it is tailored, Emery selected only the finest, firmest, most lustrous fabric.

Much of its beauty and appeal lies in its lightness and lasting lustre. You will particularly like the quiet elegance of its corded finish.

For the season of week-ending just ahead you will find the Piquette a splendid companion. In either dazzling white or rich tan, it will reflect credit on your good taste.

You will see it at the Beaches . . . the Country Clubs . . . wherever men who set the styles are to be found.

Comfort is the keynote to the summer wardrobe and the Piquette is cut generously across the shoulders and under the arms. No binding anywhere.

Pre-shrunk neckband. Your own sleeve length.

Neckband style at $3.50 or with collar attached at $4.00.

Other Emery Shirts in silks, broadcloths, checks, and other fabrics, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50 and up, notable for their good taste, fit and finish.

Ask for the new Emery Piquette —at better class shops. Or we will see that you are served promptly, on receipt of money order and the name of your dealer. Give neckband size and sleeve length. W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc. Makers of Emery Shirts, Philadelphia.

Emery Shirts

dominance, does not contemplate it. Still, it exists. The party system started it and practical necessity developed it.

For instance, such things as Administration measures are unknown to our fundamental law—in fact, are negations of the Constitution. Yet as a practical matter we have them and must have them. Legislation has become so complex and specialized that bills are and of necessity must be prepared by appropriate executive departments.

Moreover, Congress has become so large in numbers as to be unwieldy and slow acting; and the public demands quick results. From all the causes mentioned in the last several paragraphs, executive power over legislation has grown far beyond the dreams of the fathers.

On the other hand, the President has certain constitutional powers that have decayed from misuse. For example, he can adjourn Congress when the two houses cannot agree upon a time of adjournment. But no President ever has done this, although appeal was made to President Wilson to adjourn the houses; and Chief Justice Taft relates that when he was President the Democrats were fearful that he would adjourn Congress after it had passed the Canadian reciprocity bill.

But it is doubtful whether any President would now exercise this power; as a practical matter, it probably is an atrophied power, although in theory it remains in full effect. So we see again how our basic law expands and contracts with the growth and needs of the nation.

The fact that Congress, or one house thereof, may be controlled by one party and the President belong to the opposing party usually means that little legislation can be enacted. Appropriation and uncontested bills are about all that can become laws during such a deadlock.

But this result is not so bad as at first it seems to be. Especially in the present period of overlegislation, it has its advantages—unnecessary laws cannot be passed, a fact over which Mr. Taft justifiably chuckles when commenting on this situation.

In this respect, as in many others, the American President is unlike the British Prime Minister, who is the head of a governing cabinet which, as Bagehot says, is merely "a committee of the legislative body selected to be the executive body." In theory the Prime Minister is appointed by the King, but in reality he is chosen by his party in the Commons or by a majority of the House, as at present.

The Sword of Damocles

So long as the majority supports "the government," as the Prime Minister and his cabinet are called, he can, of course, put through any law he likes or, indeed, do pretty much as he pleases in executive as well as legislative matters. He is boss of everything, but always with a sword of Damocles hanging over his head—the sword of the loss of his parliamentary majority. When that sword falls, off goes his official head and another is chosen who can command a majority of the Commons.

But though both Senate and House were opposed to an American President, he can block all legislation unless two-thirds of each house should overrule him.

A British Prime Minister may dissolve Parliament and appeal to the electorate of the United Kingdom, and if sustained by the election of a new Parliament that will support him, he is, in practical effect, omnipotent for the time being; but if defeated, the Prime Minister falls and a new government is formed by a new Prime Minister.

So can our President appeal to the country at any time or all the time, but only in the manner of creating public sentiment not registered in votes, which public sentiment influences Congress in a psychological but very real fashion. To be sure, the President can ask the people to elect a friendly Congress, but only once in every two years—unlike the British Prime Minister, who can go to the country whenever he likes.

Strangely enough, though our people welcome and respond to presidential appeals on great questions, and Congress yields to the general opinion thus created, our people resent presidential mandates to elect a Congress of the President's party. They object, too, to such a demand for the election of a particular representative or senator in Congress. They appear to regard admonitions of this kind as interferences with their voting rights—as, indeed, they are.

No matter how unfavorable or even hostile the popular verdict at a congressional election, our President still remains President, with full constitutional powers; his extraconstitutional influence over Congress is destroyed; that is all. He can go on managing our foreign affairs, directing our Army and Navy, making appointments and the like.

He cannot declare war, as the British cabinet can, but he can do things or refrain from taking measures that create a situation plunging us into armed conflict. In "the protection of American interests," as it is styled, an exceedingly vague and indefinite duty, the President can easily embroil us; or by formal neutrality but unequal treatment of belligerents he can induce attack upon us; or by suffering violation of American rights from one quarter, encourage the same thing from another quarter.

In short, there is practically no end to the ways by which a President can get us into war. He can, indeed, commit an act of war, as was done in the case of our "punitive expedition" into Mexico in 1916 or the occupation of Vera Cruz in 1914, although in that unfortunate military gesture the Senate passed a sustaining resolution simultaneously with the entrance of our warships into that Mexican harbor.

How any affair that may plunge us into hostilities shall be handled is purely a matter of presidential discretion –a matter of judgment. Prudence or rashness, daring or timidity, prompt firmness or hesitant uncertainty, tact or blundering, address or crudity, exclusive devotion to America or foreign favoritism—all enter into the President's decisions.

Powers in Time of War

But, as has been said, though a President can get us into war or in large measure keep us out of war, he cannot declare war or state the reasons therefor. The Constitution bestows that solemn and tremendous authority on Congress and on Congress alone; and that body has never yielded a particle of it and surely never will. Yet the President can veto a declaration of war, but never has done so—another atrophied power.

Under the Hague Convention of 1907, Congress must announce in its declaration of war the reasons therefor. Presidential statements of reasons for declaring war have no legal quality whatever; they amount to no more than an individual opinion, except as the President's official position gives his opinion more public weight than the views of a private citizen.

Still, his power to bring war about is wellnigh illimitable—a fact that cannot be stated too often, so vital is it. The testimony of so eminent and careful a scholar as the late Professor Dicey, of Oxford, illustrates this point in startling fashion:

"Mr. Wilson, though he could not technically declare war himself, could certainly, as we know by experience, determine whether war should or should not be declared, and fix, according to his own judgment, the date at which the United States should become the enemy of the German Empire."

Once formally engaged in hostilities, the President, as commander in chief of the Army and Navy, can order our forces hither and yon as he pleases. When the country is at war his military power is absolute. He can appoint and remove generals and admirals, direct operations or even take personal command himself.

Also he can suspend operations, agree to armistices, admit defeat or fix terms of victory—although, most fortunately, any treaty of peace must be ratified by the Senate, as all the world knows and has known since our Government was established.

Stupendous as are the constitutional war powers of the president, his extraconstitutional powers are still greater—such as censorship, suppression of free speech and press and other constitutional guaranties. The refusal of these rights depends on the public temper.

If, by well-known methods, public passion can be sufficiently aroused, there is simply no boundary to what a popular war President can do. For the time being he is literally dictator and can say, in the words of Louis XIV, "I am the State," and of his successor, "After me the deluge."

As a matter of sheer constitutionality, it is doubtful in the extreme whether a President can lawfully suspend the writ of habeas corpus. But Lincoln did it, although over

(Continued on Page 84)

QUICK QUAKER makes oats the quickest breakfast

—*Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes*

There is a new Quaker Oats—Quick Quaker. So remember, your grocer now has two kinds: Quick Quaker and also regular Quaker Oats—the kind you have always known.

A HOT BREAKFAST—QUICK

Quick Quaker cooks perfectly in 3 to 5 minutes. It's ready and waiting—steaming, flavory and nutritious—in half the time of coffee. Takes scarcely longer than simple toasted bread.

Thus now, regardless of how hurried you may be, you can have the world's premier vigor breakfast, every day.

Quick Quaker is the same as regular Quaker Oats. The only difference is that the grains are cut before flaking. Then rolled very thin and partly cooked. And these small flakes cook quickly.

ALL THAT RICH QUAKER FLAVOR

All the rich Quaker flavor is there. All the lusciousness. All the body-strengthening elements. Made of queen grains only. The kind from which we only get 10 pounds of flakes from the bushel.

TWO KINDS NOW

Ask for the kind that you prefer—Quick Quaker or regular Quaker Oats. But be sure you get Quaker. Look for the picture of the Quaker on the label.

Oatmeal Cookies

½ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
¼ cup chopped nuts
3 cups rolled oats
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon mace
¼ teaspoon cloves
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup raisins
3 teaspoons baking powder
4 tablespoons candied citron
4 tablespoons candied orange
4 tablespoons candied lemon
¼ cup milk

Cream shortening; add sugar and cream again. Add one egg at a time and cream thoroughly after each addition. Add fruits, nuts and raisins, then milk, and stir well. Sift flour, salt, spices and baking powder and mix well with rolled oats. Add into first mixture. Drop from spoon on cookie sheet and bake in a hot oven (400 degrees) for 15 minutes.

Now two styles of Quaker Oats at your grocer's. Quick Quaker and Regular Quaker Oats

Quick Quaker — *cooks in 3 to 5 minutes*

Quaker Oats — *the kind you have always known*

THE QUAKER OATS CO.

HATCHWAY

The Garment That Took Button-Mending Out of Underwear

Until this garment was perfected, men in a hurry were forever confronted with lost underwear buttons—and women were enslaved by the needle, doing unnecessary mending for their men and boy folks. But the

HATCHWAY *NO-BUTTON* UNION SUIT

has done away with all button bother forever. It has saved endless time in dressing and undressing for thousands of men. Best of all, it is perfectly cut to fit perfectly.

See these garments at your favorite dealer's today. He can get them for you. It has been a big job to keep dealers stocked up this Spring, but if you have any difficulty in getting just what you want, we will be glad to see that you are supplied, delivery free anywhere in the United States. In ordering, please state size, and enclose remittance to our mill at Albany. Send for free catalog illustrating complete line of Hatchway No-Button Union Suits and Hatch One Button Union Suits photographed on live models.

Men's Nainsook Suits, $1, $1.50, $2, $3, $6. (The $6 garment is all silk.)

Boys' Nainsook Suits, $1, $1.25.

Men's Knitted Suits, $1.50, $2, $3, $3.50.

Boys' Knitted Suits, $1, $1.25.

DEALERS

Write us for samples and swatches if you are interested in stocking Hatchway No-Button Union Suits, or ask to have our representative call. In certain localities exclusive agencies are open to the right kind of merchant.

FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO.
Albany, New York

Woods Underwear Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada, Licensed Manufacturers of these lines for Canada.

(Continued from Page 82)

the violent protests of ardent Union men. Precedent has, perhaps, established this peremptory denial of one of the fundamentals of free institutions as a legal exercise of executive war power, but only within the area of military operations or adjacent thereto.

The President can receive or reject all diplomatic or consular officials and agents of other governments. He can send any of them home, too—demand their recall or order them to leave. Even ambassadors have been handed their passports, each time for good cause. A gravely delicate business, this, yet not overdone.

Indeed, a little more firmness might perhaps not hurt us, or impair relations of sound and honorable friendship with other nations. At the present moment we are afflicted with and submit to foreign propaganda that no other government would tolerate for an instant; and knowledge abroad that their diplomats here must watch their step would at least not tend to encourage propaganda activities.

We want to be friends, the closest possible friends, with all other countries; but we object to being worked, as the saying goes; and our real friends will respect us all the more if we politely decline to be so used. Also we play no favorites, as Washington and all our foremost statesmen warned us not to do.

Since treaty making has recently engaged our attention, let us note the power of the President in that respect. He can negotiate a treaty, and that is all he can do about it until the Senate has passed upon it, unless in the meantime he withdraws it from the Senate. Indeed, in the Constitutional Convention it was first proposed that the Senate alone should make treaties and also appoint ambassadors; but this was changed for the present arrangement.

When the President arranges an international contract he must submit it to the Upper House of Congress. Unless and until the Senate approves that contract it has no binding force, legal, moral or political, on the American Government, nation or citizens.

It is like a mortgage written out and agreed to by attorneys, but not signed by the parties, or at least by one party. After the Senate has amended or ratified a treaty the President can drop the whole matter, or exchange ratifications, in which case the treaty becomes the supreme law of the land.

Senate and Treaty

Because these treaty provisions of our fundamental law are peculiar to the American Constitution, and because they are the outstanding feature as to foreign affairs of our system of government, foreign statesmen, scholars, publicists, diplomats and journalists are and always have been more familiar with the American treaty-making plan than with any other part of our Constitution. Indeed, they know and always have known more about it than some of our own public men.

The pretense that foreign statesmen supposed that our President could bind us by signing a proposed treaty, and were surprised and shocked that our Senate could amend or reject it, was sheer buncombe. They know all about the power of our Senate over treaties, and always have known all about it. They merely tried to "put one over on us" by pretending ignorance, and they came very near succeeding.

When the Senate passes upon a proposed treaty it performs the most important and the only definitive function that any branch or official of our Government can perform. For a treaty, when ratified and ratifications exchanged, cannot be altered or got rid of in any way except by executive denunciation, which is exceedingly dangerous and seldom done; or by consent of the other nation or nations signing the treaty, which, of course, amounts to a new treaty in practical effect.

To be sure, Congress can repeal a treaty to the extent that it is municipal law—that is, treaty provisions "prescribing a rule by which the rights of the private citizen or subject may be determined," such, for example, as those "in regard to rights of property by descent or inheritance, when the individuals concerned are aliens," as the Supreme Court defines domestic law often covered by international compacts.

Though Congress can pass a law negativing such treaty provisions, it has rarely done so, and it would appear that this power is in the process of atrophy. But in other respects a treaty is a fixed, permanent, inflexible contract during the time named in the treaty as the period of its existence.

Thus a senator, when voting to ratify, amend or reject a treaty, acts as a trustee of the whole nation now and for many years to come—sometimes forever. So he must examine the proposed international contract with meticulous care, consider it with utmost deliberation and from every possible point of view, and decide with absolute independence of all earthly influences.

So we should never try to hurry the Senate to action on a treaty, since once ratified it is permanent as described—unlike an act of Congress, which can be amended or repealed at any time, as constantly happens and has happened thousands of times.

Even without negotiating a treaty, the President can fasten a foreign policy on the country, although perhaps not irrevocably. This can be done by means of diplomatic correspondence—the exchange of notes between our Secretary of State and foreign ministers. For example, John Hay did this in the matter of McKinley's Chinese policy.

Responsibility for Foreign Policies

It is a method often used abroad of late when governments for sufficient reasons do not wish to make formal treaties. Diplomatic memoranda were exchanged, thus obviating the necessity of filing treaties with the secretariat of the League of Nations as required by the League Covenant. These memoranda are treaties in every sense; they are merely called something else.

The President must interpret treaties, and in this way, among others, he must and does formulate foreign policies. These may or may not bind the nation, though it is embarrassing and difficult to change a policy once defined and followed. Here is a vague but actual power of first consequence and great delicacy.

Then, too, the President can recognize or refuse to recognize a foreign government, and no power can compel him to do either. This is a matter of prodigious concern to the American people, since it affects our foreign trade and trade opportunities and even may embroil us in war.

The President is supposed to be guided by international custom in recognizing or refusing to recognize other governments; but he need not do so.

So we recognized the revolutionary régime of France in 1790, and, more than a century later, took no notice of the revolting double murder by which the king of Serbia was placed upon the throne—the father of the present monarch. On the other hand, we refused to recognize Huerta because of his alleged complicity in the killing of Madero.

The appointment of ambassadors is one of the weightiest matters in the hands of the President. Here again our institutions are the reverse of those of other nations, since they have a permanent diplomatic service composed of men carefully selected in youth, thoroughly trained and promoted on merit from the humblest secretarial position to the most exalted ambassadorship; whereas our ambassadors are changed whenever a new party comes into power.

Since women have been placed on political equality with men, we may expect a woman to be made ambassador one of these days—an experiment not without reason. Certainly we should not be any worse off than we have been, speaking by and large; for we seldom have won a diplomatic victory in fact, no matter how attractively the outcome of our diplomatic engagements have been represented to us. Indeed, one of the favorite strings played upon by our opponents is, through one of our national susceptibilities, to make us think we have won when in reality we have lost.

In this respect also American interests largely depend upon the judgment of the President. Also the welfare of the country in domestic affairs is determined in no small measure by his wisdom in making appointments. Take the cabinet. As such, it is unknown either to the Constitution or the statutes, although heads of departments are provided for by law.

But the cabinet, as such, is exclusively the creation and creature of the President. By custom it meets twice a week, yet the President need not call it together at all. He can, should and does consult his cabinet and individual members of it, but he is not obliged to do so.

In short, these men are, in legal effect, merely agents of the President. Their acts are his acts. The Secretary of State is no more than the representative of the President in charge of foreign affairs, and the President can dismiss this head of his cabinet or any member of it without cause.

Yet the cabinet has grown to be—indeed, was from the beginning—a vastly important part of our government mechanism. The members of it should be the very ablest men to be found in the President's party, and men, too, who have the complete confidence of the country. A powerful cabinet can go far to make up for the deficiencies of a weak President, and afford added strength to a strong one.

Excepting only Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States and other Federal judges, the President can dismiss any official he appoints. He appoints by and with the advice and consent of the Senate in most cases, but he can dismiss without the advice and consent of the Senate.

This exclusive power of dismissal was sharply disputed in the Senate during the first Congress, and denied by law to President Johnson. But the consensus of opinion now is that removal is an exclusively executive function. President Jackson removed everybody he could lay his hands on and let Congress howl.

Anybody can see at a glance the vast potentialities for good or evil in this presidential prerogative. Domestic administration and foreign relations are thus in the President's hands in a most direct, intimate and vital fashion. Moreover, he can name certain presidential agents as his personal representatives without consulting anybody—at least this has been done. Here is a practice on which the Senate should keep a watchful eye.

By far the most important duty and power of the President is the appointment of a Chief Justice of the United States, of Associate Justices of the Supreme Court and of judges of inferior Federal tribunals, for these men are the interpreters of the Constitution and the laws; they hold office for life if they wish and cannot be removed except by impeachment, which can only be for indictable offenses.

Judicial Appointments

The national judiciary, especially the Supreme Court, with its definitive power of judicial review, is the king bolt of our whole American scheme of republican government. Upon the popular confidence in and respect for national courts depend the stability of our institutions and the security of our rights of person and property.

So these officials should be picked with infinite care and with regard only to their fitness, and to that alone. Even Federal district and circuit judges should be learned and experienced publicists as well as profound lawyers; and the Chief Justice of the United States and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court should have the qualities of statesmanship quite as much as those of jurists of the first rank.

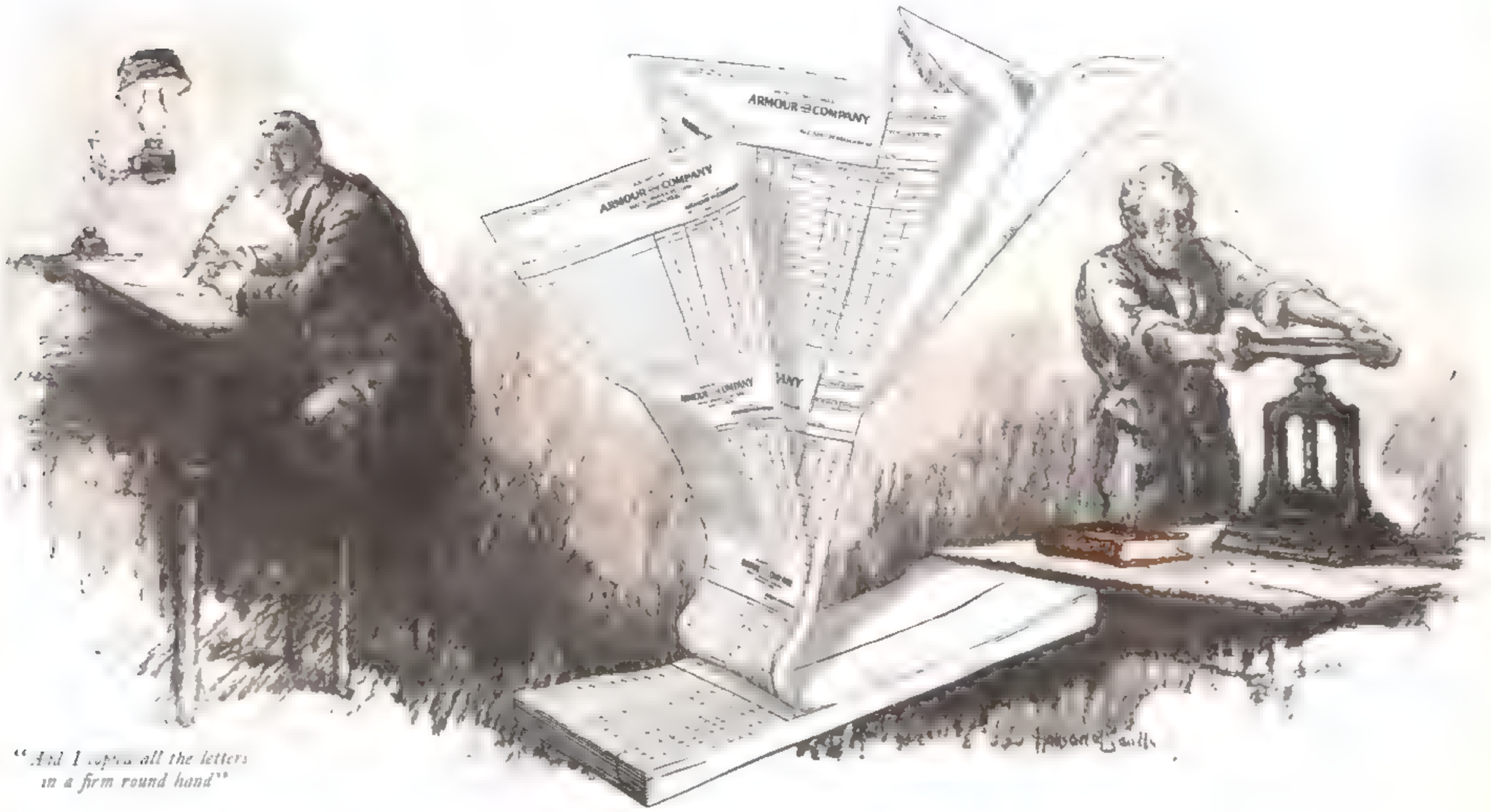
So far-reaching is the presidential power of judicial appointment that, in the absence of any commanding issue, the most hardened partisan would be justified in voting for the presidential candidate of the other party if he believes that candidate, as President, would make better judicial appointments than the candidate of his own party.

To appoint or refuse to appoint justices or judges for factional reasons, to place on the bench a man because of personal friendship or obligation of any kind, is a betrayal of the country and a moral crime against the people. For the Senate to confirm such appointments is scarcely less unworthy.

Thus, in this rapid and incomplete survey of the powers, duties and potentialities of the American President, we have reached his highest function—that of judicial appointment.

Throughout all his deeds and words runs the fascinating but awful power of decision. Whether in formulation of policies or appointment of officials, whether in interpretation of treaties, management of foreign affairs, direction of military and naval forces, recommendations to Congress or what not, the President must decide—always he must decide.

In this is the lure of the presidency; in this the responsibility; in this the potentialities of good or evil for the whole country, every man, woman and child in it, and generations yet unborn. So "Mister President" is the most exalted of human titles, and in the hands of the man on whom it is bestowed rests, very largely, the destiny of the American nation.



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THE RATIONAL HIND

(Continued from Page 29)

Esther shook her head. She did not speak; nevertheless the negative was sufficiently emphatic. A moment later, as though by way of explanation, she said. "Caleb and I are going to be so busy. We've got to do something this year, you know. The cordwood's all gone off the Bartlett lot; and last year was so dry the hay on the Meadows wasn't hardly worth cutting. We've usually had some to sell. We've got a big garden in, and all. I declare it's too much for Caleb and me to handle. The home place is really all we can use."

Dora looked at her with sudden attention. "Esther! You're not thinking of selling off the Meadows!"

"They're not much use to us, Dora."

"But father loved them so. They were the best part of the place for him. We can't ever let them go."

Esther nodded. "I know," she assented in her quiet tones. "It don't seem as though we could, does it?"

A moment later she spoke of something else, content that the talk had been successfully diverted from the dangerous topic of Mary's approaching wedding. They ate dinner together without again treading on forbidden ground; but Dora's eyes told Arthur that she had failed. After dinner Arthur and Caleb disappeared; Esther asked no questions, but she understood that they had gone over to see Fergus and Sam. She and Dora cleaned up the dishes, then found a shaded spot under the old apple trees beside the house, and more remote from the dust of the road.

Toward midafternoon Dora began to think it was time for Arthur to return. A little later, with a certain air of guilt about them, Arthur and Caleb came around the corner of the house, escorting young Sam, Leon's boy. They came forward steadily, shoulder to shoulder, as though this contact heartened them; and when Sam saw Dora he took a quick step forward and cried "Hello, Aunt Dora," and flung his arms around her and kissed her cheek. Dora hugged him warmly. Esther, pale and still, had risen from her chair and seemed about to move away.

It was Caleb who said, almost sternly, "Sam, this is your Aunt Esther."

Esther hesitated, her back toward them; then she slowly turned to face the boy. Sam stood for a moment, uncertain what to do. The cold and weary eyes of the old woman met the gay eyes of youth. Then Sam laughed teasingly, and exclaimed, "I'm just going to kiss you, too, Aunt Esther."

And he did; but Esther stood as still and unresponsive as a post, so that he fell back from her as though she had rebuffed him.

"We're taking him up with us to Mary's wedding," Arthur Tuck explained, in his slow uneasy tones. "That's why we brought him down here, Esther."

Esther's lips moved in an attempt at speech; but no words came. She turned and walked away from them, straight and rigid and unbending; and they watched her go in silence.

When she had disappeared young Sam said slowly, "Oh, gee!"

Dora touched Arthur's arm. "We'd better start back to town," she suggested in a low tone.

Caleb saw them into the car, and they departed without having seen Esther again.

■

MAHLON HULL, whom Mary was to marry, lived on a farm some three miles north of Leon's, with his mother and a sister already middle-aged. He had been the only boy in a fairly large family; his other sisters, all older than himself, were already married and established in homes of their own. Since his father's death, half a dozen years before, he had carried the farm on his shoulders.

Although he was six years older than Mary, they had first seen each other in school, where some thirty children of widely varying ages had been grouped together. If Mary had ever heard of the proposition that all men are created equal, she would have been sure it was false as soon as she saw Mahlon. He was the biggest boy in school, and the gentlest and the bravest; and from the time she was seven years old she gave him a blind adoration of the sort of which only little girls are capable. Mahlon at first perceived this with boyish disgust; he came by slow degrees to tolerate her; and in the end he found a certain pleasure in knowing how much she liked him. When she was on the verge of her teens a mantle of shy grace fell upon her and he perceived one day how lovely the child was become. Thereafter he was almost equally her slave.

There was never any break in Mary's loyalty to him. When she was a little older and Jennie taught her to cook, she insisted on baking a batch of biscuits and taking them to Mahlon. In her fourteenth year she put up her first jelly, and he must have a glass. One winter she knitted a great pair of mittens for him. If she had gone out into the world, had seen other boys, it is probable that her devotion to Mahlon would have wavered; but she knew nothing outside the little farming town, and among his neighbors Mahlon did stand out, head and shoulders clear. So her ideal was never even threatened, and when she had passed the childish stage of open worship she still clung to Mahlon in her most secret heart.

When he was in his early twenties and she was in her middle teens, constraint descended upon them; they saw each other often, but their manner each toward the other was formal and restrained. Not till Mary was eighteen did Mahlon begin those open attentions which gave their relation in that community a definite and respectable status of its own. Once or twice he took her riding in his buggy; when he bought a car she was the first to ride in it. Sometimes he came to Sunday dinner. If he found time to catch a string of trout he brought a few to the house. In the fall he was apt to leave half a dozen woodcock at the door for her; and in the winter of her eighteenth year he came every Sunday and Wednesday night to supper and sat in the evening with Mary, before the Franklin stove in the parlor, while Jennie and Leon and the other children too old to go at dusk to bed stayed in the kitchen with a closed door between.

Thus their courtship was, from the dispassionate point of view, mere routine; but neither Mahlon nor Mary felt any lack in it. If Mary had any yearning for romance Mahlon satisfied it; if he craved beauty and sweetness and ardor he found it in Mary. They were both well contented; and Jennie and Mrs. Hull were satisfied with the situation.

But Leon had a miserable time of it. Mary had been his first baby; she had always been and would always be dearer to him than any of the others. The thought of giving her up to any other man was terrible to him; and there was enough Dillard in Leon to dread and fear—for all his years with Jennie—this mystery that was unfolding before Mary's feet. He never spoiled Mary's happiness, never spoke critically of Mahlon; but it was because Jennie kept him in check.

"Just you remember," she warned him over and over, "that Mary's going to go her own way in the end anyway. And if she marries Mahlon and has to remember all her life that you didn't want her to, and that you didn't like him, it's going to make her always a little afraid and resentful toward you. You mind what I say about this, Leon."

He protested desperately that Mary was too young to think of getting married, and Jennie laughed at him. "I was nineteen," she reminded him. "You didn't think I was too young."

"You always seemed older, Jennie," he argued. "You were always a woman. It was different with us anyway."

"It's always different when young folks are that way," she assured him wisely. "You just do as I say."

So Leon was brought at last to a passive acquiescence in the tides of life which flowed about him. He knew nothing of any definite plan for the wedding until Jennie announced it to him in the privacy of their own room; before he saw Mary again Jennie had brought him to a level frame of mind, and he was able to hide the sharper edges of his grief from the two young people most concerned.

Jennie and Mrs. Hull were both pleased with the turn of events. "She's a right sensible woman," Jennie confessed to Dora, the day before the wedding. "With some women I wouldn't want to think of Mary going to live in the house with them. But she's sensible; and Mahlon is crazy about Mary, and she is about him. And Mrs Hull will know how to keep things going smoother."

"They won't be right in the same house after next year," Dora reminded her. "Mahlon told me he was going to build on a wing, all separate, for him and Mary."

Jennie nodded. "I know. That will be nice too. But Mrs. Hull will be good to Mary. And Mahlon's doing right well since his father died. He's got a good orchard, and he puts in more trees every year; and he's a good farmer too. Leon likes him."

"She'll make him a good wife," Dora suggested smilingly.

Jennie nodded. "Mary's like me," she replied. "She likes being outdoors, and working in the ground, and all. She can make better butter than me, right now."

Dora accepted this with a smile. Jennie, who had been an eager, splendid girl, was become a capable and serene woman and mother. Her brown hair had not lost its luster; she was as straight and strong as she had been in youth. To the casual eye, save for the fine maturity in the mother's countenance, Jennie and her daughter might have seemed sisters. There was a warm understanding and affection between these two; and Mary, though she lacked her mother's stature, had the same atmosphere of wholesome health and vitality which Jennie had always worn like a splendid garment. However, as Dora now pointed out, Mary might be a fine housekeeper, but she could not compete with Jennie in any household art; and to say that she could was simply excess of fondness.

Jennie's eyes were soft. "Well, of course, a body does think their own children are so fine," she said apologetically; then, with an affectionate impulse, touched the other woman's hand with hers. "They really think almost as much of you as they do of me," she said reassuringly.

But Jennie and Dora had not much time for talk that morning. Mary must be made ready; the attire of the other children must be overseen. Sam could take care of himself and Fergus too. He was fifteen, now, and very like Leon in feature and in manner, though he had his mother's coloring. Dora and Fergus between them dressed young Caleb and the little girl who wore Dora's name; and then they all combined to overpower five-year-old Ethan and make him clean and neat and keep him so.

It was this morning that Dora noticed for the first time, and with a certain pang of jealousy, the fact that her own namesake was so like Esther. The little girl, now ten years old, had all Esther's poise and assurance and strong will; had even her low firm voice. None of the children looked like Dora; the fact made her feel weary and alone, as though she were excluded from even this much of happiness. There is no higher comfort, on the threshold of age, than to discover your own lineaments in a youthful countenance just coming to maturity.

Leon was the only jarring note in the concord of that day. Jennie took her daughter's marriage with a calm pleasure; she accepted it as normal and fine and beautiful. But to Leon, spite of all his resolution, it could not fail to seem little short of tragedy. He knocked half a dozen times at the door of Mary's room before Jennie at last admitted him; sat then on the edge of the bed watching the final stages of the process of dressing the prospective bride with such woeful eyes that Mary came near tears, and Jennie sent him away.

"Out of here, now, Leon!" she cried in good-natured impatience. "You and Mary will be crying together in a minute, and I'll not have any weeping at my girl's wedding. You go talk to Mahlon. I expect he's nervous as a witch downstairs."

Leon obeyed; and the countenance of the man his daughter was to marry reassured him. Mahlon was strong and kind and fine; he wore a humility which Leon approved. They two had half an hour together, out of which Leon got some measure of comfort.

When the hour came Mary was as sweet as any bride has a right to be, and Mahlon as badly frightened as might have been expected. Mary spoke her responses in clear and even tones, like the pure note of a sweet bell; Mahlon stammered and stumbled through his. When the ceremony was

(Continued on Page 89)

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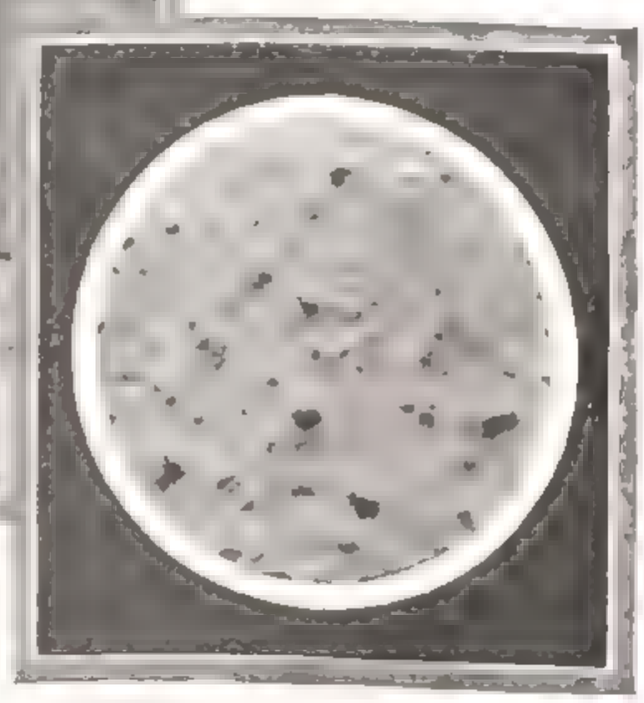

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THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

(Continued from Page 87)

over someone laughed with hysterical relief; and then everyone laughed, and there was a great deal of promiscuous kissing, and everyone ate more than he wanted; and by and by a certain restlessness manifested itself and people seemed to wait for what came next. So in due course Mahlon and Mary drove away.

Mrs. Hull and Mahlon's sister would stay with another sister for a few days, so that Mary and Mahlon could have the farmhouse to themselves for a while. It was the busy season; Mahlon could not take time to go away. The two young people departed alone, in Mahlon's car; and at the end young Sam and Fergus and Caleb tormented them and pelted them with anything that might serve as a missile; and everyone applauded this bombardment, and an old shoe knocked Mahlon's hat off. He would not stop to recover it, but Jennie rescued it from Fergus, and brushed it and put it away for him.

Not till it was all over did anyone remark the fact that Leon had disappeared. Then Jennie went to search for him, and did not return; and the wedding guests departed one by one, omitting the formality of farewells. Arthur and Dora were left with the children at last, and they had a happy time of it till Leon and Jennie reappeared. Leon was shamefaced and red about the eyes, but Jennie was determinedly cheerful.

Arthur suggested that some of them might want to take a ride in his car. The children wanted to go, so Fergus and Caleb and little Dora were permitted to pile in. Jennie said she would stay to clean up, and Dora to help her. The car disappeared amid a final chorus of good-bys and admonitions. Fergus was warned to see that Dora did not fall out; Caleb was directed to hold on to his hat. When the car was gone Leon and Jennie and Dora and young Sam looked at one another and wondered what to do next.

Only five-year-old Ethan, taking advantage of their preoccupation to forget his clean clothes and enjoy himself, seemed unconscious of the tension under which they all were laboring.

XXI

JENNIE said she supposed they might as well clean up. There were dishes to wash, and the furniture must be rearranged, and the flowers sorted and put where they would show to best advantage under a normal routine of living. The front parlor would have to be shut up again. Young Ethan had already soiled his best bib and tucker and ought to be put into his overalls. Dora said she would help; and Sam and Leon, uncomfortably afraid of being left alone with nothing to say to each other, followed the two women into the house and put themselves under Jennie's command. Jennie told Sam where to find some ordinary clothes for Ethan; then she decided the first thing was to wash the dishes.

"I'll stack them and scrape them, and you can wash, Dora; and Leon and I'll wipe them together."

Dora said, "Why don't Leon just sit by the window, where we can all talk? I expect he's tired."

"I'd rather be doing something," Leon protested; and the two women exchanged glances of amused understanding as they permitted him.

Dora, more to divert his thoughts than from any curiosity, asked, "Have you got your farming done, Leon?"

He nodded. "Yes. Yes, I finished the bulk of it last week. Nothing but cultivating now till it comes time to cut the hay."

"Leon's put in a big garden this year, since he got the tractor," Jennie explained.

"Does it work all right?" Dora asked; and Leon grew enthusiastic.

"Why, say," he exclaimed, "it'll do more work than four horses. I had it out early in some marshland down in the valley, pulling alder stumps. It yanked those stumps out just as easy. And I did all my plowing with it, and I used it to drag the duster around through the orchard, and the spray tanks. It'll do pretty near anything."

"Caleb saw one last year," Dora commented. "He went up to Winterport on the Farm Bureau tour and saw where they were using one there that four of the farmers had bought together. He kind of thought that it would be nice to have one; but he don't do enough farming to really need it."

"It pays me," Leon assured her.

"Well, you do a lot more than Caleb does."

"He could do more if he had one."

Dora smiled. "I guess you know the way Caleb is. He'll do about so much; but that's all he can do."

Jennie spoke proudly. "Leon just seems to thrive on work," she exclaimed. "He's busy all the time. And not making barrels and doing road work, the way so many farmers do while their farms run down. He puts all his time on the farm. If it ain't the chores—the boys do most of them now—or the farming or the hay or the apples or the wood, it's straightening the brook, or clearing out the alders somewhere, or clearing the stone off a field. He's cleared stone off of twenty acres since we bought here. He raised potatoes in the ground one year that brought him seven hundred dollars."

"I've put it all back in fertilizer since," Leon protested ruefully. "And we haven't had a right good potato year either."

"Well, that's all right," Jennie loyally insisted. "You're putting into the farm all the time, and not taking out. It's getting better all the time instead of worse, the way the other farms around are."

He looked at her fondly, and Dora saw the affection in his eyes. "Well, you showed me how to do that," he said. "You and Fergus. Remember how you used to work in the fields when we first come here? Before Mary was born?" His eyes became misty. "That's twenty years ago," he added in a weary tone. "And her nineteen now, and married today."

"I'm as good a hand now as I was then, too," Jennie boasted, quick to divert him. "I can handle a team better than you can, Leon. You had to get that tractor that I can't run, just to make me stay in the house." Her eyes were twinkling.

"We worked pretty hard those days," he remarked. "But I guess it was worth it, wasn't it, Jennie?"

"You talk like an old man," she chided. "You talk as if you were all through working. Anybody'd think to hear you, you expected to sit around the rest of your days. Well, you're not if I have the say. I don't aim to have any man cluttering my kitchen." She came behind him—he stood at the sink, wiping dishes—and put her arms around his waist from behind and squeezed him till he grunted. "No, sir, you're no old man yet."

Leon looked across the floor toward where his small son played, and he smiled at his wife and bent and kissed her, a plate in one hand, the towel in the other.

"I guess I can't grow up much as long as you keep the house all littered with children," he complained teasingly.

"Well, I aim to keep it littered as long as I can," she retorted. "And Mary to help me now!"

Dora—the ancient inhibitions still held her—felt her cheeks burn; but Jennie only saw that Leon had winced at the prospect her words conjured, and was quick to repair the mischief she had done.

"They'll be the ones you'll be foolish over," she prophesied. "If Mary has a girl I expect she'll boss you around." She wooed a smile to his lips.

Young Sam, having attired his brother in a fashion fit for play, had wandered out of doors. He might be lonely, but he did not care for dishwashing. Now that the task was nearly done, he came in, and Jennie, busy putting dishes away in the cupboard, gave him a hug and a kiss as she passed him.

"How's my big boy?" she asked. "I haven't hardly had a chance to make over you, sonny."

Sam said he was fine. Dora, smiling at them both, remarked, "Fergus says Sam will make a farmer. And Caleb says it's wonderful the way he gets along."

Leon watched his son proudly. Sam grinned a wide grin; and Jennie asked, "Is that so, sonny?"

"I've been working hard as I knew how," her son replied. His arm was around her waist.

"If he can satisfy your father he's a good man," Leon asserted jocosely.

And Jennie cried, "Pa's all right. He's always worked hard, and expected others to work hard. I wish he could have come up today."

"He said he couldn't leave the farm," Sam explained.

And Leon added, "You might have known you couldn't get him away, busiest time of the year. Mary ought to have waited till August, when the hay was cut."

"She had too much of me in her," Jennie laughed. "If she had more of you she'd have gone right on waiting. You never would have married me if I hadn't made you."

Dora said smilingly, "That's what I tell Arthur."

"Oh, every wife says the same thing," Leon protested. "To hear you talk, Arthur and me just sat around waiting."

"Sam," Jennie cried to her son, with a gesture toward her husband, "you hear him. You wouldn't think, to look at what a big bold man he is now, that I had to do all the courting. Why, he used to hide in the barn to get away from me." Leon, leaning against the sink, swept her into his arms, and she disengaged herself with a kiss. "Oh, you've learned your manners now," she confessed. Turned to her son again, with a little imp dancing in her eyes. "And, Sam, I wanted to ask you—pa said something about your going to a dance down there and taking a girl, and everything. You haven't said anything to me about it."

They all looked at Sam, and, perceiving his confusion, added to it by laughing at him. But Sam, though he might blush, was bold.

He said stoutly, "Yes, I went to a dance over in North Fraternity one night."

His mother pinched his chin between her finger and thumb, fixing his eyes with hers. "Who is the girl you took, Sammy?"

He said appealingly, "Why, I just happened to ask Annie Maclure to go with me."

She studied him for a moment, and her heart contracted; then she released him and spoke of other things. But Sam knew he would have to answer her questions by and by.

Their talk drifted back to Fergus, to his farm.

Leon said soberly, "From what I saw when I was down there last, he's got about the only decent farm in town now. Things seemed to be going back all the time."

Dora nodded her assent. "People keep moving away."

"You can't keep taking out and never putting in," Leon commented. "They tell me a lot of the farms are just rented now. A man rents for a few years till the place is worked out, and then rents somewheres else, and keeps moving on. You can't expect a man to take care of land unless he owns it. It's human nature."

"They can't do much," Dora argued.

"They don't want to do better," Leon insisted. "They're satisfied to just get along. They'll sell off a piece of land, or a couple of cords of wood, or a corner of the orchard, just to get a little money to get along on. Why, I bought a little orchard up here last year, about three hundred trees, for less money than the apple crop brought me in last fall. Man that sold wanted to move away."

"You're lucky, Leon," his sister insisted. "Things happen for you."

"I've heard that all my life," Leon protested.

"You've got money to get along and do things," Dora urged. "Most folks have to sell when they can and get what they can."

"I didn't have money when I started. I tell you we lived on salt pork and boiled potatoes for a spell, more than one time. But I'd never sell a calf when I could pasture him two years and get real money for him. And I'd never sell hay as long as I had barn room for cattle to feed it to. And I'd never cut off wood faster than it grew. These farms right now are worth three or four times what I paid; and I've got money in the bank."

Jennie said slyly, "You've done wonderful well, Leon."

He saw the twinkle in her eyes, and cried contritely, "Lord, Jennie, I know well enough, without you I'd never have done a thing."

Dora said thoughtfully, "Things are bad at home too. Caleb—he's willing enough; but it seems like he just can't get anything done. They're worse off than they were twenty years ago, and all they've had is a living."

"I know," Leon agreed. His eyes were sorrowful. "I remember coming home from the Philippines, how green and fine Marshall's Meadows looked to me when I drove up the road. Father always kept them cleared up, and the hay was always stout. Last time I was down it struck me, the change there was. The alders have come in from the Pond-lot side, five or six rod of thick growth of them; and they're sprinkled all over the Meadows, little bunches here and there. And the grass is

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thin, not hardly worth the cutting. You can haul all one man will cut in half a day to the barn in one load, pretty near. It made me sick to look at it."

"Caleb can't seem to get any help," Dora confessed. "Lately he's sold the hay off, you know."

"Just as if it was an abandoned farm," Leon commented unhappily. "Oh, I'm not blaming Caleb," he explained. "I know he's done the best he could. But it needs more than he knows how to do." He looked at his sister with a sudden acute glance. "Dora, what are they going to do?" he asked.

"Do? What do you mean?"

"You know as well as me," he insisted. "They're living off the land, selling it off or selling the stuff off of it. I'd hate like time to see the old place go; but Caleb and Esther—why, they're getting old. They won't be able to get along much longer."

Dora hesitated. "They're talking about selling the Meadows," she confessed.

Leon stared at her for an instant in stark incredulity. "The Meadows?" he repeated. "After the way father worked to pay for them, and the way he loved them?" He was silent for an instant. "I'd hate mightily to see that," he protested.

"I guess we all would," Dora agreed.

"Are they really talking about it?" he asked.

"Yes. Yes, Esther told me so."

Jennie saw the trouble in his face and came and touched his hand. "I didn't know they were that bad off," he murmured slowly. "I didn't know things were that bad."

He became silent; after a little wandered out-of-doors alone, and Sam followed and sat near his father, sharing the older man's trouble, and willing to postpone the hour when he must answer his mother's questions about Annie Maclure. They were still there when Arthur and the children returned.

XXII

IN FRATERNITY July is the appointed season for haying. Most of the farmers begin the process about the Fourth. They work against the difficulties to be expected in such a locality. It is almost impossible to hire help, so that men trade a day's work with each other. In many of the smaller meadows the mowing must be done in part by hand; there are so many corners into which it is impossible to maneuver a machine. Little by little the hay is cut and sweated and spread and dried and mowed away. The great barns, yawning and empty when the task is begun, slowly fill. A barn in Fraternity is almost all mow. There may be a tie-up for the cows and a stall or two for horses along one side; at one end of the other side perhaps a chicken pen. But for the rest, from the floor to the nest-crusted beams overhead, the hay is packed and piled.

This year haying got under way as usual. Caleb could cut as much as he needed for the two or three head of stock in the big Dillard barn from meadows on the home place, but he could not do the work alone, and he could not afford to hire help. Esther always objected to his trading labor with other farmers. This year he appealed to Fergus Weir.

Fergus had, in the last two or three months, aged perceptibly. The man, Caleb thought with a dull surprise, seemed to be collapsing almost before his eyes; he had been minded once or twice to write and warn Leon. But young Sam was with Fergus and took care of him as well as a boy might, and Caleb knew Leon must be busy at this season, so he forbore to write.

He went to see Fergus one late afternoon early in July and found him engaged with Sam in mowing a load of hay. Fergus on the load adjusted the hayfork; and Caleb could hear him pant with the effort. The well-trained horse at a word of command walked out through the barn door, drawing on the rope which lifted the filled fork to Sam, waiting overhead. Sam thus had the harder task of stowing the hay; nevertheless, Fergus was visibly in distress, and Caleb persuaded him to come down and lead the horse while he took the older man's place on the load.

When they were done Caleb asked if there was more to come in, and Fergus shook his head. "This is the last of it, for tonight," he said.

They stood in the wide barn door, where a cool breeze sucked in from the shaded eastern end of the structure; and Caleb asked if it might be possible for him to get young Sam to help with his hay for a day or two, and pay with his own services for the services of the boy.

Fergus, mopping his forehead and coughing the dust and chaff out of his throat, considered.

"I've got two-three days more of hard work to do," he explained. "And I don't seem to be able to get as much done as I did. It kind of hurts me in here, to swing a fork, sometimes." He rubbed his side thoughtfully. "But we aim to be neighborly with you, Caleb. How much you going to cut this year?"

Caleb's program was a meager one; Fergus grimaced when he heard it.

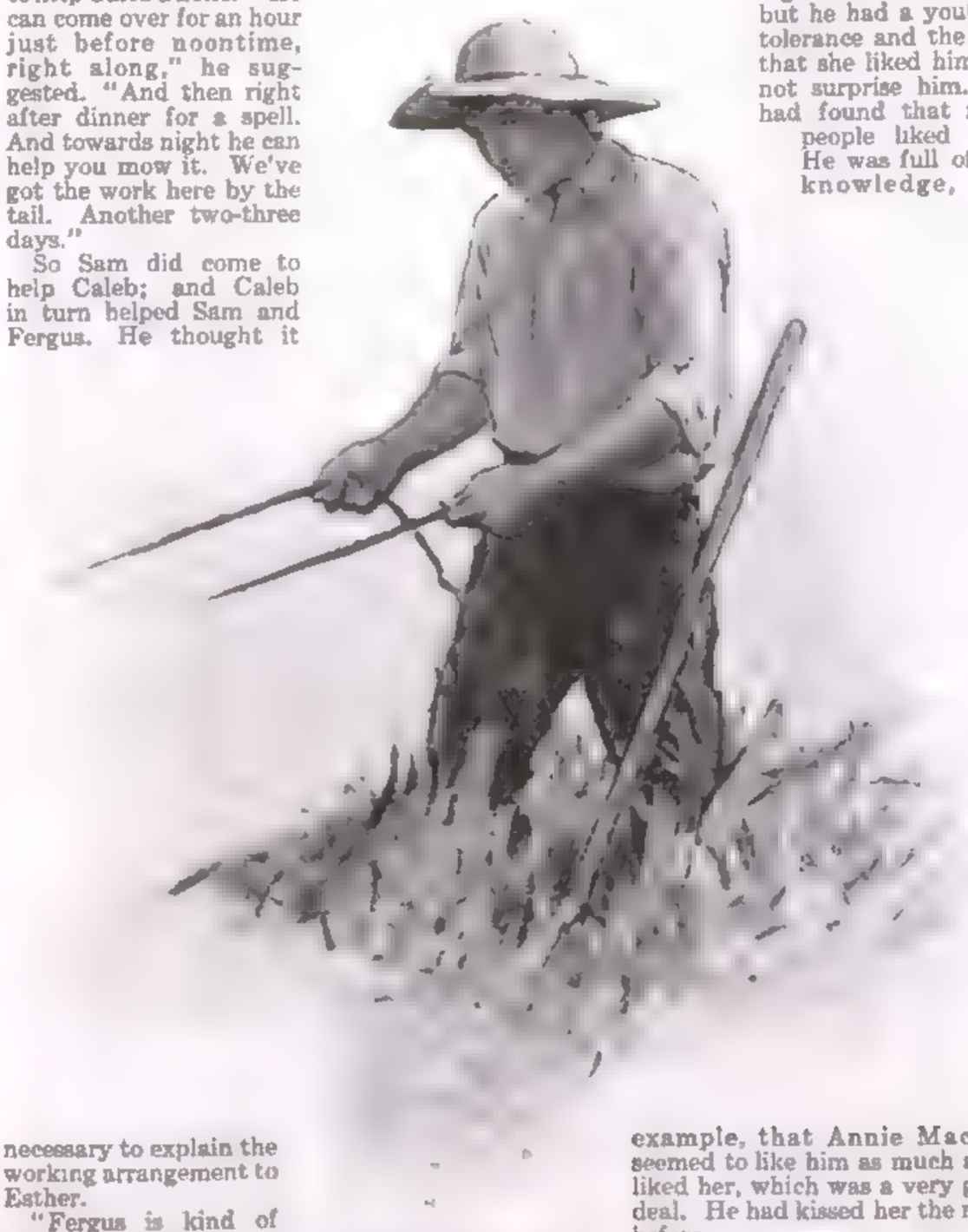
"Ain't you cutting the Meadows?" he asked.

"I'm selling the hay off of there to Lee Motley," Caleb explained. "That is, I figure to. We don't need it."

Fergus shook his head. "Seems like a shame," he commented. But he agreed that young Sam would be able to help Caleb a little. "He can come over for an hour just before noontime, right along," he suggested. "And then right after dinner for a spell. And towards night he can help you mow it. We've got the work here by the tail. Another two-three days."

So Sam did come to help Caleb; and Caleb in turn helped Sam and Fergus. He thought it necessary to explain the working arrangement to Esther.

"Fergus is kind of poorly," he told her. "I can do him some good; and I couldn't get along without Sam unless I hired somebody. You better just put up a lunch for me, and him and me will eat up in the field."



Mahlon Hull Lived on a Farm Some Three Miles North of Leon's. Since His Father's Death, Half a Dozen Years Before, He Had Carried the Farm on His Shoulders

She heard him through, but negatived this last suggestion. "It's a nuisance and a bother," she said, in her even tones so full of finality. "You fetch the boy to the house and eat here."

Caleb was surprised; but he kept his eyes on his plate—they were at supper—and made no comment.

After a little Esther said, as though she would justify herself, "I see him going by here in the evening sometimes, gadding. He goes to see that little Annie Maclure. He needs somebody to look out for him and tell him what to do."

"Sam's a good boy," Caleb said mildly.

"He might be if he'd been raised right," Esther amended. She looked toward her brother with some hesitation. "I noticed he looked some like father's boy pictures," she said at last. "Did you notice that?"

Caleb had not noticed it; but he was so gratified at Esther's surprising complaisance that he was unwilling to contradict her. "Yes," he agreed. "Yes, I can see it in him."

So, three or four times Sam had lunch in the kitchen with Caleb and Esther. Appetite overrode any constraint he may have felt; he ate with a lusty heartiness. Caleb and Esther were accustomed to eat but little; and at Sam's first performance Esther was kept scurrying for fresh bread and butter to keep him supplied. The next day she was prepared for him, with a bounteous repast; and Caleb caught her smiling with satisfaction as she watched the gusto with which Sam attacked it.

She said to Caleb that night, "It's a pleasure to see a body fancy his victuals so."

She made no open move to reclaim him from the clutches of Annie Maclure; but one day at noon she said, "Sam, any time you're lonesome in the evening we'd like if you came over."

Sam said gravely that he would. He was eighteen, and doing a man's work, and felt himself mature. To his eyes there was nothing astonishing in Esther's invitation. He knew her bitter feeling toward his father; but he had a youthful tolerance and the fact that she liked him did not surprise him. He had found that most people liked him. He was full of the knowledge, for example, that Annie Maclure seemed to like him as much as he liked her, which was a very great deal. He had kissed her the night before.

Sam met Annie at that first dance in the hall above Will Bissell's store. Young Andy Wattles, who clerked for Will, suggested Sam's coming to the dance. The two boys were about of an age, and they liked each other. Annie—there were a number of Maclures in Fraternity, but her father was Dave Maclure, who lived toward the head of the pond—had come with her older sister. Andy knew the sisters, and he brought Annie and Sam together. A shy friendship developed between them that night; it was to persist and grow. There was a vigorous quality in Sam which set him apart from the other boys of the village; it was as though he discovered a keener pleasure in the mere fact that he was alive and young. Annie found him different; she remembered him and he remembered her.

Old Fergus, though he worked vigorously through the day, was apt to doze off to sleep in his chair beside the kitchen table soon after supper. This did not seem to Sam the right way to spend an evening; he fell into the habit of taking advantage of his grandfather's drowsiness to go about his own affairs. The social life of the village was not strenuous; there were few occasions to bring him and Annie together so long as snow and cold kept most people indoors. But with the coming of spring this was changed. There was a hall in an open meadow in North Fraternity which served as a skating rink and where in the evening dances were sometimes held. There were also occasional dances in the Grange hall.

In addition Sam discovered that Annie went to church every Sunday, and that there was a social side of the church life. He became a regular attendant, and one day Mrs. Maclure asked him home to Sunday dinner. Afterwards he took Annie and her sister to row upon the pond. The two girls, in stiff white dresses, sat side by side in the stern; Sam at the oars faced them. Their talk was for the most part slow and restrained, for restraint is a habit of life in Fraternity; but Sam had an impish wit about him and at times he brought them both to the point of uncontrollable mirth, which took the form of smothered giggles stifled as quickly as might be. He went home that afternoon feeling that he had done himself credit.

His opportunities to be alone with Annie were very few. She was usually either with her sister or her mother. Fraternity is old-fashioned; there was one girl in town who had bobbed her hair and wore a pair of bloomers made out of one of her father's old blue flannel shirts, but she was frowned upon. Annie was demure and awkward and a little shy; but she was at that ripening age when young girls are like sensitive plants reaching out for kindness and affection. Sam was always gentle with her; and her eyes when she looked at him were apt to be deep and warm.

One Sunday when he went home with them to dinner Mrs. Maclure and Annie's sister happened to be busy elsewhere, and Annie and Sam were left alone on the porch outside the kitchen door. As soon as they realized they were alone, both became thoroughly ill at ease. Annie smoothed her dress over her knees and sat with her feet very close together and her eyes turned away from him. Sam felt upon himself the duty of speech, yet could think of nothing worth saying. He spoke of the weather, reported to her the condition of Fergus' garden, asked if she had had a good time at the dance the night before. Before she could answer, Mrs. Maclure came out to sit down in the cool, and Sam was immensely relieved.

One day Andy Wattles suggested that they take the two sisters to the next dance together; and Sam agreed. Fergus had an old two-seated buckboard in the carriage shed, and Sam at odd moments found time to grease the wheels, clean the seat and cover the whole with varnish. When they called for the girls Annie climbed into the rear seat with her sister, and Sam and Andy perforce sat together in front. This relieved the occasion of any constraint they might otherwise have felt; they talked and laughed cheerfully enough during the long drive to North Fraternity. At the dance Sam was unnaturally noisy; his voice was louder than usual and his eyes shone. But when they drove homeward in the light of a waning moon, silence fell upon them all again.

They said good night in the barnyard, with Mrs. Maclure calling from the dark kitchen, "Is that you, girls?"

Sam and Annie were a little apart from the others, and Annie giggled and whispered, "Her hair's in curl papers. That's why she don't light a lamp and ask you in."

They both laughed at that as though it were a tremendous joke. Then Annie held out her hand and Sam shook it gingerly, and he and Andy drove away, rather relieved than otherwise.

The four had come that evening to something like an arrangement for a rendezvous. Annie had confessed that she and her sister, on Sunday afternoons, sometimes walked along the shore of the pond to a little sandy beach where there was a spring, and where they liked to take off their shoes and stockings and go in wading. Sam said he and Andy were expecting to go fishing in the pond the next Sunday and asked where the beach was, and she told him.

On the way home he confided this to Andy; and the following Sunday, with some misgivings, the two boys rowed up the pond to the appointed spot. There was no one on the beach when they arrived; they anchored in the cove and fished for a while and caught a few white perch before Annie and her sister appeared. Then they rowed ashore. The two girls stayed for almost an hour. There was no disposition to draw apart in couples; they all felt safer in company. When the girls decided they must go Andy offered them the perch, but both shook their heads.

(Continued on Page 95)

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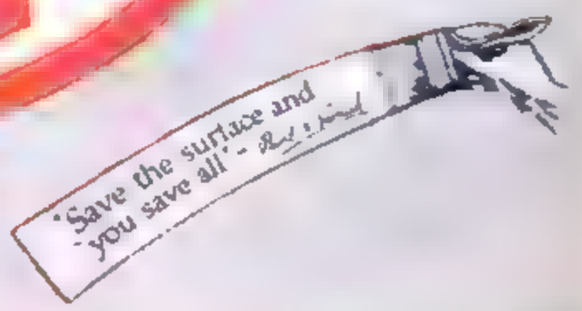

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(Continued from Page 90)

"Ma would know we'd seen somebody if we took them home," Annie's sister said.

The clandestine aspect this gave their encounter lent it more glamour than it deserved. Sam and Andy went home with their heads in the air.

It was about a week later, toward mid-July, that there was an ice-cream supper at the church in the village. The two boys invited Annie and her sister. Paper lanterns hanging in the trees lighted an expanse of sod beside the edifice, where long tables were spread. The night was dark, and outside the circle of radiance there was a sheltering gloom. Sam, at Annie's side, saw one couple and another withdraw into this gloom; and in the end he drew Annie away from the tables and they found themselves in a world full of whispering shadows. The road past the church led toward Annie's home; they wandered that way and the warm night enfolded them.

By and by Sam said, "Let's walk home."

Annie shook her head. "They'll be looking for us."

"I'll go back and tell Andy," Sam offered. She was reluctant. "Why not?" he urged, and added "Oh, please do."

"I can't," Annie insisted. "I have to wait for them."

"You sit down and wait here till I go back and tell them."

"They'd be mad."

Shivering at his own great daring, he took her by the arm, adding a physical urgency to his pleadings. "It's only a little ways," he argued. "And it's time to be going home, anyway. They'll catch up with us."

She tried to push his hand off her arm; her fingers touched his and they tussled together laughingly. Sam put his arm around her; and she looked up at him in the darkness with a question and a fear in her deep eyes. He was suddenly rigid, nor did she stir in the circle of his arms.

Then he said slowly, "I'll bet they'd like to drive home alone, anyway."

She uttered some low sound, meaningless to any other ears. A whippoorwill in the hardwood growth above them began his maddening call. In the night it was like a pulse beating. Sam kissed her.

He had kissed his mother before this, and Dora, and even Esther; but those kisses were cool and unperturbed. Annie's kiss was warm and shy. Her lips were parted: he felt, faintly, her teeth against his lips, and felt her lungs fill in a little gasp like the inhalation of one suddenly dashed with cold water. When she could speak she said again, "We'll have to wait for them, Sam. We better go back now."

He was unaccountably docile, no longer opposed her. They walked back toward the church. But Annie let her fingers rest in his arm; and Sam trod on air.

XXIII

ON A NIGHT in mid-August Esther was awakened by a clamoring at the kitchen door, just under her window. Someone was knocking there, and calling insistently, "Aunt Esther! Aunt Esther!" And again, "Uncle Caleb! Uncle Caleb!" She woke easily, for her sleep was always light; and she understood at once that the caller was Sam. For an instant she was fearfully afraid; it was not till afterward that she analyzed this emotion and was surprised to discover that she had been alarmed for Sam's sake. Esther had not guessed that she was fond of Sam.

She rose and, modesty overruling her haste, drew about her shoulders her thin dressing gown, then crossed to the window. The screen prevented her putting out her head; but she called softly, "Who is it? What's the matter, Sam?"

The boy cried, "Grandpa's sick. I guess he's dying. I got to get someone to come."

Esther was still for an instant; then, "I'll be right down," she said. Withdrawing from the window she lighted her lamp and went through into the back hall to Caleb's door and wakened him. Caleb was sometimes an astonishingly sound sleeper. When he answered her knock she told him, "Fergus Weir's sick. Sam's come for help. You better get up."

He said he would, and she went downstairs and admitted Sam to the kitchen. The boy was white with fear; and she saw that he was dressed in his best clothes.

"Caleb'll be right down," she told him reassuringly. "What's the matter with Fergus?"

"I don't know," Sam confessed. "I got home and he had fallen out of his chair on the floor and was just lying there."

"Got home?" She caught at the phrase. "Why, Sam, what time is it? Where had you been?"

"It's just past midnight," he told her. "I'd been to a dance, and when I got home grandpa was lying there. I got him over on his back and onto the couch in the kitchen; but I couldn't do anything with him. He just lies there. So I came for you."

She peered through the open kitchen door. "Have you got the team there? You better go get Doctor Crapo, and get Caleb here on your way back."

Sam shook his head. "I got to go take care of grandpa. Let Uncle Caleb fetch the doctor. Can't you come over with me, Aunt Esther?"

Esther had never been in Fergus Weir's house, had never thought to go there; but she could not meet Sam's appeal with any word of this.

"I'm not dressed, Sam," she protested.

"You're dressed enough. I tell you grandpa's dying," he cried; and she was ashamed of herself.

"I'll just get a coat on," she promised. Caleb came downstairs with sleepy eyes before she was ready; they told him the emergency, and he hurried to the barn to hitch up and fetch the doctor. Sam and Esther drove away, and Sam whipped the horse to a gallop along the road past the Mason place, and around over the ridge to Fergus Weir's farm. As they drew into the barnyard Esther saw a light in the kitchen window. Sam jumped out first, cramped the wheel so that she might alight, and then ran ahead of her into the kitchen.

They found Fergus conscious, and Sam was infinitely relieved. The old man could only say he thought he must have gone to sleep. He said he had been surprised to waken on the couch, and his side hurt a little. Esther took command, while Sam waited helplesaly in the background, the color returning to his cheeks. Esther made Fergus lie still, and spoke polite reassurance; and Fergus regretted that Sam had disturbed them.

"I was scared," Sam confessed, grinning.

"Fiddle!" said Fergus. "What's the sense of being scared over an old man like me, Sam?"

There was a wistful joviality in his tone; and Esther was surprised to see how old and how small he seemed. She had always thought of Fergus—in spite of the evidence of her own eyes to the contrary—as a large, domineering man.

Caleb came with Doctor Crapo; and the physician listened to their stories and talked with Fergus and poured a dozen little pills into the hollow of his hand and gave them to Sam.

"You see that he gets one of these, next time," he directed.

"I'm not sick, doctor," Fergus protested. "Don't you go to make an invalid out of me."

"I don't aim to," Doctor Crapo agreed. "You're as well as a man your age has any right to be. But you've got to take care of yourself."

He and Caleb had come in his automobile; and he took Caleb and Esther back to the Dillard place in that conveyance. Before leaving them he said soberly, "Fergus is in bad shape. His heart is going back on him. He ought to have somebody to take care of him besides that boy."

Esther nodded. "We'll have to arrange something," she assented, and when Doctor Crapo was gone she said to Caleb, "I expect you'd better write to Leon in the morning."

"I expect so," Caleb agreed. Neither of them realized that this was the first time Esther had spoken her brother's name for twenty years.

"You better tell him what Sam is doing, too," Esther added. And Caleb asked "What's he doing?"

"Out till all hours with that Maclure girl," Esther told him.

"What harm?" Caleb protested. "She's a nice little girl."

"They'll be getting married," Esther predicted, "the first thing a body knows."

Caleb looked at her, and was silent for a moment, and then said slowly, "Well, young folks are getting married all the time."

"If you don't write to him I will," Esther threatened.

"I ain't going to bother Leon," Caleb said stubbornly, "but I'll write him about Fergus of course."

He kept his word. He wrote to Leon next day; but first he walked over to see how Fergus did. Fergus was better; confessed to him that he had had such spells before and made no talk about them. His manner had in it a curious submissiveness, as though he had heard a summons and meant to obey. Caleb, looking backward afterward, remembered that Fergus had been like that since the death of his wife. Returning to the Dillard place he wrote his brother at length and said someone ought to come to take care of Fergus.

On the third day afterward Jennie arrived. Fergus and his daughter and his grandson had four happy days together, and then one morning when Jennie went to her father's room she found the old man—who always woke so early—still asleep. From that sleep he did not awaken.

The late summer lull in the work on the farms was just beginning. Leon's hay was all cut; he was able to come to the funeral and to stay several days. Caleb went to the services; and the two brothers had opportunity to discuss the situation together. Leon confessed himself uncertain what to do.

"The place here is in such good shape it would be a shame to sell," he told Caleb. "And I hate to sell anyway. I've always figured as long as Fergus owned the Howe place it would still be coming back to me some day. It's part of father's land. I wouldn't want to sell it now."

"I'd hate to see it go," Caleb agreed.

"You wouldn't want to rent it off of us, would you?" Leon suggested, and Caleb shook his head wearily.

"I've got all I can handle," he confessed. "Esther and I have about come to the point of selling off Marshall's Meadows as it is."

Leon accepted this in grave silence, since there was nothing he could say. "I don't feel like renting to anyone else," he explained. "They'd just keep taking out and never putting anything back in, and in ten years the land would be all gone back."

"That's so," Caleb assented. "Rent a farm's the best way there is to ruin it."

"I expect I'll let Sam see if he can't manage, till fall," Leon said at last. "I kind of figured he'd go to Maine then. He wants to go to college."

"It'd be good for him," Caleb agreed. "Yes, it would do him good. But he likes here. He's told me so."

Jennie was unshaken by her father's death. She accepted it as a part of the great wholesome cycle of life whose pulse beat in her.

"I never could see that death was any worse than being born," she told Leon one night after they were abed. "I suppose I ought to cry and take on; but somehow I know pa's all right. He's just started in to work a new farm; that's all."

A few days after the funeral they went home, leaving Sam and young Fergus, who was fifteen years old and big enough to do a lot of work, to care for the place through the summer.

"I'll come in the fall or send someone to help with the apples," Leon told his son. "You keep her going till then."

Esther had not attended the funeral services; Leon did not see his sister at all.

But when matters had settled back to routine again Caleb asked her, "Did you write to Leon about Sam and the girl?"

Esther shook her head. "I thought I'd wait till he had this all off his mind."

"I don't see what you bother hum for. They're doing no harm."

"Somebody's got to," Esther insisted. "I'm not going to see that boy get started wrong, and him so young."

"Leon's going to send him to college."

"The more reason to look out for him now," Esther remarked.

But she delayed writing to Leon. Last sparks of her old fierce pride restrained her. So Fergus went to his rest, and Sam and young Fergus administered his acres, and Leon and Jennie returned to their farm, and Caleb and Esther settled into their old and dusty ways again.

XXIV

YOUNG Mahlon Hull and Mary Dillard were married in June; but Mahlon was too busy to leave the farm at that time. The summer drew along; Mary was away from home for two days when she went to Fergus' funeral and returned in a warm tempest of happiness at being home again. In August, when the hay was in, Mahlon hired two carpenters and worked with them on the addition to his house, which would give Mary and himself separate quarters of their own. His mother and sister and Mary worked together putting up vegetables

Continued on Page 97

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(Continued from Page 95)

from the garden and preserving the berries in their seasons, strawberries and raspberries and blueberries as each ripened and matured. About the first of September Mahlon decided that he and Mary could be away for ten days before time to pick the Gravensteins, so they drove to East Harbor and took boat for Boston, and were like children together. Returning they stayed a day or two in East Harbor with Dora and Arthur Tuck.

Dora and Arthur, watching the happiness of the two young people, harked back ten years to the time of their own wedding and remembered the sweetest hours of the years that had gone before. Dora told Mary about the afternoon when she and Arthur took their first drive together; she told about her trip to Bangor when Arthur went up on the boat with her and returned with her and they pretended, each alone and without speaking their thoughts aloud, that they were on their wedding journey; and she told how she and Arthur used to meet in the fringe of the Bartlett Woods.

Till Mary threw her arms about her aunt's neck and cried, "You two old dears! Weren't you sweet? But why didn't you get married then long before you did?"

Dora was too loyal to blame Esther. "I expect it was because we didn't know our own minds, Mary," she confessed wistfully. "I expect we were both a little afraid."

"Father and mother weren't afraid," Mary said proudly. "When they knew they loved each other they got married right away."

Dora nodded. "I remember," she said softly. "I remember."

"Mother's told me about it," Mary explained. "She said father was so awfully bashful, and she had to do it all. I had to, with Mahlon. I guess most men are that way, aren't they?"

"I expect they are, dear," Dora agreed.

Mary had her own secret to tell Dora, and Dora wept over her at the telling, but happily, so that Mary should not be alarmed. When the young people drove away at last Dora was sorry to see them go; and there was something like envy in her heart; but she would not let Arthur see.

Next day when they went out to Fraternity to have Sunday dinner with Esther and Caleb, Dora told Esther about Mary's visit; told her also that Mary would have a baby in April; and Esther, rocking rigidly in her little chair, faintly sniffed with her ancient disapproval.

But Dora cried, "Now, Esther Dillard, you stop that. You're old enough to know better. The idea! And you almost a great-aunt already."

"I only meant Mary must still be such a child," Esther explained, almost humbly before her sister's vehemence.

"She's a lovely little woman," Dora cried; "and she'll make a beautiful mother." Suddenly and to her own surprise she found tears in her eyes, and wailed, "Oh, Esther, aren't you ever going to stop trying to spoil things for people?"

She was penitent a moment later; for she saw the deep grief that sprang into Esther's eyes, and Esther humbled herself, and said wistfully, "I expect I've been wrong, Dora. I expect you'll always hate me." So that Dora could only hold her sister's small figure in her arms. Holding her thus, she perceived how gray Esther's hair was become, and realized that they were both growing old; and they clung together as though to find defense in this alliance against the world.

Caleb and Arthur had gone down across the road that morning to look at Marshall's Meadows. They wandered to and fro, along the brook that wound there, and across the low knolls where the hay was so thin it scarcely caught the dew, and through the lower lands where the alders were springing up, hungry to possess the soil. After a while they sat down beside a bend in the brook where there was a little backwater; and they watched the slow movement of the drift in the eddy there in silence.

Caleb said at last, "I wanted you to see what shape the Meadows are in, Arthur."

"The hay don't pay for cutting, does it?" Arthur remarked.

"Lee Motley wouldn't buy it this year," Caleb told him. "He said he couldn't make anything on it. I can't blame him. I suppose I might have cut the best of it myself, but it took all my time getting in what I needed; and then it had gone by."

"You can't work the whole farm without help," Arthur conceded uncertainly.

They sat for a while longer, then rose as though reluctantly and walked back to the house. Esther and Dora had dinner ready; and while they ate they spoke of other things. After dinner Sam stopped to see them for a minute. He said young Fergus was going to walk over after a while. Esther asked where he was going, and he told her he was going up the pond with Andy Wattles.

Dora, watching her sister, saw Esther's lips stiffen, and when Sam drove away Esther said, "I believe they meet those Maclure girls up there."

Dora laughed chidingly. "Now, Esther! Sam's just a boy. Boys and girls are bound to run together."

"Sam's too nice for her," Esther insisted.

And Dora replied, "You'll find he'll be the one to decide that. Now, Esther, you leave Sam alone." She constrained her sister to a grudging silence.

Toward midafternoon they all gathered beside the house in the orchard to sit and talk, the men smoking, the women rocking with idle hands to mark their observance of the Sabbath. After a while and imperceptibly the talk drifted to the Meadows down across the road.

Caleb told Dora, "We were down there this morning. They'll be all grown up to alders in another ten years. Alders and popple and birch." His tone was curiously impersonal, as though he spoke of a matter with which he had no concern.

Dora did not answer at once; so many things always went unsaid between them. They approached their ends by indirection; their words were apt to be merely a reiteration of a conclusion toward which they were reaching out. It was often as though they argued with themselves.

"Leon noticed that," Dora said at last. "He said he could see such a change since he went away."

"The thing to do," Caleb explained, as though they did not know as well as he, "would be to put in potatoes for a year, and then beans for a year, and then reseed the land. Then you could cut good hay down there for six or eight or maybe ten years."

"But you probably couldn't get anyone to cut it," Arthur reminded them.

"That's right," Caleb agreed wearily.

"Caleb's got all he can do here at home," Esther explained. They had always differentiated between the home farm and later additions in their talk together.

"You've really got all you need right here," Dora agreed.

"I've been selling the hay off lately," Caleb said. "But Lee Motley wouldn't buy it this year. He said it wouldn't pay him."

Their faces were grave and impassive. Only a close observer could have discovered the grief which underran all their thought and all their words. Esther, her hands clasped across her waist in the precise fashion which was her habit, rocked gently to and fro. Dora's greater weight had sunk her rockers into the soft turf so that she sat motionless; her muscles strained a little now and then as she sought to set the chair rocking again. Caleb and Arthur sat straight, on straight chairs, the legs sunk into the sod.

"With what we can do here at home," Esther explained at length, "we don't need so very much cash money to get along."

"Even when I was here," Dora assented, "we didn't need much."

"I suppose we ought to keep chickens," Esther conceded, "but I can't bear them cackling around. And they dirty things so."

"It don't pay to keep cows either," Caleb added. "Butter don't hardly pay for making it, half the time."

"The apples are about all we can count on to sell," Esther resumed. "Without cows we don't have milk for pigs. You can't do much with pigs without you have milk. They get rheumatism, and they don't put on weight hardly at all. You'd be surprised."

It was Arthur—the matter was not so close to him as it was to them—who at length put their thoughts into words.

"It does look as though the thing to do was to sell the Meadows," he suggested.

They considered that in silence.

"I declare, I don't know what father would say," Esther confessed.

Dora began to argue with her. "He'd want you to do what was best," she said.

"It's hard to know," Esther explained.

"I feel like it was my fault," Caleb said slowly. "I ought to be able to keep things going better."

"I expect you could get a good price for them," Dora urged. "I expect there are lots of people that would like to buy them."

"Caleb's talked to some," Esther said ruefully. "Lee Motley said he'd pay us a fair price. There's no one else. I suppose we might find somebody."

"It wouldn't take much," Dora urged. "You could put it in the bank, and the interest would be enough to keep you going, with the apples. Even if it was only a hundred dollars a year."

"It would be about a hundred and twenty, I guess," Caleb told them. Then his eye fell as though he were ashamed to let them know that his calculations had gone so far.

"I declare," Dora exclaimed in brighter tones, "that would be nice for you. I should think you'd do it, Esther."

"We've had to think about it," Esther conceded.

Arthur moved uneasily. "Probably I could find somebody to lend, if you wanted to mortgage," he said.

But they all shook their heads at that; and Esther replied gently, "You're so good, Arthur. We know you'd do anything. But we've got to manage by ourselves. Only I thought Dora had a right to help us decide."

"It's for you to do what you think best," Dora said soberly. "You know that, Esther."

"Well, you're a Dillard as much as we are, Dora." Esther's voice was very low.

They let the matter rest in this inconclusive fashion. An outsider, listening, might have supposed that nothing had been decided, but these three understood one another; and Esther and Caleb knew that Dora had consented to the sale, and Dora knew they would sell.

When she and Arthur started home that evening the Meadows lay to their left and below them, and Dora's eyes rested on them as though she would never see these lands again. "I remember how father used to like to just sit and look at them," she said softly.

"You can still look at them," Arthur told her. But Dora shook her head.

"It won't be the same," she said. Her eyes were full of tears.

XXV

EARLY in October the sale of the Meadows was consummated. Lee Motley was the buyer. Lee had offered, more than once before, to put a price on the lands, but they had always put him off. Esther now thought that if they went to him directly he would be inclined to take advantage of their eagerness to sell; she wished to induce him to reopen the matter of his own accord. So Arthur met Eben Hobbs in East Harbor one day and told him that Caleb and Esther had had an offer for the Meadows and were thinking of taking it; and as Arthur expected, the news spread in Fraternity. Eben told Will Bissell and Jim Saladine; Andy Wattles heard them talking and repeated the rumor to Gay Hunt. Will Belter got it from Gay and took it to the man he thought would be most interested, for Will was by nature a gossip. He told Lee Motley, and thus served Esther's end, for Lee at once drove over to the Dillard place.

The price at which they came to an agreement was neither so high as Esther and Caleb had expected nor so low as they had feared; but Esther, who handled the negotiations, had too much Dillard pride to bargain.

"If we're going to sell we'll sell," she told Caleb. "But I won't go haggling with any man."

So Lee drew up a rough agreement, which they all signed. Motley knew, as all the village knew, how the Dillards clung to their lands; he was acutely uncomfortable throughout the interview, and once he had an uncertain fear that Esther was going to weep. He escaped with a distinct sensation of relief; and when he was gone Esther and Caleb sat in silence for a long hour before they rose and went to bed. Each felt in that hour as though age had come upon them; they knew at last that they were old. And Esther, in her troubled sleep, dreamed of her father and was afraid because of the expression which sat upon his countenance. He had bought the Meadows when she was a girl, she had lost them in her old age, and she blamed herself bitterly.

A few days after the bargain they drove to East Harbor to meet Motley in Arthur Tuck's office there and complete the transaction. Dora had to sign a formal relinquishment of any claim she may have had

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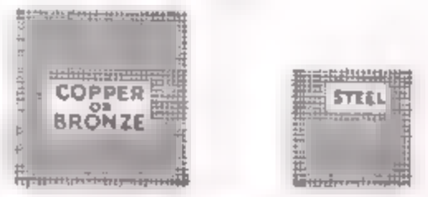

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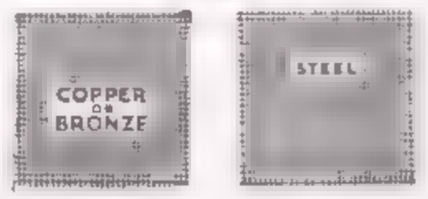

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upon the lands; Esther and Caleb executed the deed under Arthur's direction; and Motley made payment, a part in cash, a part by check, and the balance in the form of a note which Arthur undertook to discount at the bank. His obligations thus satisfied, Motley was glad to escape; he told Will Bissell that night that the group had looked like mourners at a funeral.

"Kind of pitiful it was," he said.

Will nodded. "But Caleb'll get along better now," he commented. "He had too much on his hands."

Caleb and Esther had decided that Arthur should invest the purchase price and pay them the returns on this investment.

"I declare," Esther said, when Motley was gone, "I feel like a load was off my shoulders already. Things are bound to be easier now. We'll have more money coming in than the hay would bring."

"And the money will come in regular," Dora reminded her. "That's more than the hay money did in a bad year."

Esther was curiously light-hearted; she laughed a little, and she bent and kissed Caleb's cheek where he sat in stunned and stolid fashion in a chair.

"Poor old Caleb has worked so mighty hard," she exclaimed.

Dora had invited them to stay for supper and go in the evening to the moving pictures before driving back to Fraternity; and Esther had decided to stay. Esther and Caleb and Dora left Arthur at his office, where he still had work to do, and walked home together. When they arrived there Esther was exhilarated and unusually talkative; but Caleb, relaxing in a chair, sat like an old man, with head bowed down. When he spoke at last it was in answer to a question from Dora.

"Why, I was just thinking," he explained, "that there never was a time since our great-grandfather came to this county when the Dillards owned as little land."

That silenced the sisters for a moment, till Esther protested defensively, "But we've got all we want."

Caleb nodded. "Yes. Yes. There's not many Dillards left of us now. It don't need much to take care of us."

Dora cried, "But, Caleb, Esther, you're forgetting Leon. You're not counting Leon. Land of mercy, but there'll always be Dillards, I'm thinking, with those four boys of his coming along. Not counting the two girls besides."

"Oh, there are Dillards, certain," Caleb agreed. "But they've moved away, just the way Leon moved away. There's only the two of us left in Fraternity now—Esther and me. And there've been Dillards there for better than a hundred years, in the same house all the time."

They knew that what he said was true; it could not be denied. Nor in the end could they find any comfort, nor escape the fact that the Dillard blood was almost gone from Fraternity; that the Dillard place was no more than a starved and ruined farm, fit only to be abandoned. Caleb summarized it in a phrase.

"Take it in twenty years from now," he predicted, "and there won't be anybody around here that ever heard the name."

After that the sisters did not feel like talking any more. When Arthur came home, spite of his best efforts supper was a silent meal. His attempts at cheerful conversation fell flat and stale. A shadow hung above the road.

They went to the moving pictures in a perfunctory way, because they had planned to do so, but Esther made Caleb harness up so that they could start for home immediately afterward. They were a little late in arriving at the theater, the lights had been extinguished and a news reel was being shown upon the screen. Caleb and Esther, unused to such an adventure, stumbled through the darkness behind Arthur and Dora and fumbled their way into their seats, then for a little while gave attention to the screen.

After the news reel, which Esther found absorbing, came a comedy which puzzled her, and then the feature picture of the evening. The central figure in this picture was a young girl with a twitchy face; the camera displayed her countenance, enormously magnified, so that the audience could fairly see the churning of her tear ducts, could watch the muscular contraction by which she forced the tears to come. This girl had a father who in the most innocent manner found himself accused of murder and who insanely assumed that he would be convicted and hanged, and so fled—the transition was abrupt—to a South Sea island, where he spent most of his time teaching his daughter to swim in a scanty bathing suit. There was another man with a lowering visage—a skilled detective, according to the subtitle—who nevertheless accepted the guilt of the girl's father without question and tracked him halfway around the world.

Esther was sufficiently intelligent so that this panorama of inhuman events palled upon her quickly; her eyes wandered from the screen and she began to scrutinize her neighbors, dimly seen in the light reflected from the pictures. Faces behind her she could see, but to turn around made her feel conspicuous; she recognized an occasional countenance on either side, saw half a dozen Fraternity folk in the audience and wondered whether they came often. The heads of the people in front of her were in flat silhouette; but eventually Esther's attention was attracted by four of these heads. Two young men and two girls sat together; and Esther, after a moment's scrutiny, was satisfied that in each case the girl was leaning against her companion's shoulder. Esther had a quick instinct in such matters; she guessed they were holding hands, and her spine stiffened in disapproval. Then one of the girls whispered to the boy beside her, and he bent to reply, and their cheeks touched in the darkness.

Esther recognized the boy as Sam!

The subsequent twenty minutes while the film continued to unroll was for Esther full of inward turmoil. If Sam was here with a girl, the girl was undoubtedly Annie Maclure; and Esther felt that all her suspicions were by this fact confirmed. Give her credit for honesty. She found no satisfaction in this discovery, only profound and disturbed grief. She was quite sure that Sam had chosen a path that could lead only to destruction; and she was tormented with doubt as to what her own course should now be.

When at length the lights flared on, Dora leaned over and said, "We'll sit through and see the first of it."

But Esther had seen Sam and his companions rise and move down the aisle; she shook her head at Dora, and rose to speak to her nephew.

"Sam!" she said in her low voice.

He did not at first hear her or see her. She repeated his name, more loudly. This time he did hear, and his eyes met hers.

He smiled with frank delight, and lifted his hand and called to her, "Hello, Aunt Esther!"

She moved through the seats toward the aisle and he waited for her.

"I didn't know you ever came to town, Sam," she said quietly.

"This is the first time," Sam replied. He introduced his companions. "This is Annie Maclure. You've heard me talk about her. And I guess you know Andy. And this is Annie's sister."

Esther, controlling herself, managed to smile in acknowledgment. "Are you going right home?" she asked.

Sam nodded. "As soon as we get an ice-cream soda." He greeted the others behind her. "Hello, Uncle Caleb. Hello, Aunt Dora." Then to Esther again: "Have you got your team? We could crowd you in."

"Did you drive in?" Esther asked.

"Yes, in the old buckboard."

Esther hesitated. "We've our team," she said at last. "I just thought you might want to be carried home. We've an extra seat." They were drifting apart. "Come and see us soon, Sam," she invited.

Sam nodded as he disappeared in the crowd that moved down the aisle toward the door.

Esther said to Dora, with stiff lips: "Well!"

But thereafter she kept silence—a silence which Dora felt was ominous as she and Arthur said good-by to Esther and Caleb and saw them start up the hill past the post office before turning along Main Street toward their own home.

Then Dora said to Arthur, "I'm afraid Esther's going to make it hard for Sam."

Arthur assented.

"That's Esther's way," he agreed, without rancor.

At the top of the hill, just out of town, Esther made Caleb turn into a side road and wheel the horse around and wait. "I'm not going to have those children out alone at this time of night," she explained. "We'll wait till they pass, and then keep along behind them."

Caleb said mildly, "They won't thank you."

But Esther was not to be moved.

"Leon will," she retorted. "And Mrs. Maclure, if she has any sense at all. I'm going to write to Leon tonight. It's time he knew what was going on."

Caleb made no further protest. He was weighed down by the events of the day, the final and irrevocable loss of the broad meadows his father had loved; felt himself personally guilty of a breach of trust. He had no mind to concern himself with Sam's affairs. But Esther, alert and inexorable, directed him; and when by and by the buckboard passed she clucked to the horse and they followed a few rods behind; followed past the Dillard place to the village, followed till they saw the buckboard turn into the road that led up the pond toward the Maclure farm. Only then did Esther consent that he turn back.

When he came in from stabling the horse he found his sister already busy with pen and paper at the kitchen table.

XXVI

DURING the latter part of the summer Leon had come often to the farm which had belonged to Fergus Weir, where Sam and Fergus Dillard now dwelt in all the healthy disorder native to boys who hold food more important than clean dishes. Once or twice Jennie drove down with him to clean up the kitchen and put fresh linen on the beds, and give the boys a flying start at decency again. She scolded them lovingly; and they accepted her reproaches with the good-natured tolerance youth has for the foibles of age. Though it is faintly ridiculous to call Jennie old. She was in her fortieth year, and Leon thought her more beautiful than she had ever been. Sometimes in the late afternoon they walked out over the farm and revisited the scenes of their first encounters twenty years before.

Once they penetrated the thick new growth of young birch and poplar and came to the hidden spring where Leon had found Jennie on that day when their hearts first drew together to cling close forever after. They sat upon the bowlder by the spring side hand in hand, and they spoke of the road they had traveled together; and Jennie, though she had tears in her eyes, was very gay; and Leon was ever so proud.

When they came back to the farm Sam asked, "What makes your eyes shine so, mother?"

And Jennie caught her stocky son in her arms, and laughed and wept over him and cried:

"Thinking of things that happened before you were born or thought of, son."

"You and father do that more and more lately," Sam protested.

"It's the way of old folks, sonny."

Sam laughed at her for that. "Old!" he derided, and she kissed him and showed him how he ought to stow the dishes away.

Leon, on these visits to the meadows where he had spent his youth—for he often trespassed now on the Dillard place, wandering about the upper slopes toward the woods, or down into the pasture lands behind the barn—found himself in the grip of an increasing nostalgia. It manifested itself in a vocal appreciation of the advantages of the location of Fergus' farm. "He was nearer town than we are, Jennie; and he's got it all in good shape. A good man could make it pay pretty well."

Jennie, too, felt the love of the farm where she had been a girl reawakening in her.

"We must come down in the spring and picnic in the house here and do the farming together," she suggested. "I'll take off my shoes and stockings and work in the fresh earth and drive a harrow in the fields!"

After each such visit they went home more and more regretfully. Once or twice Leon saw Caleb; and once he spoke of this feeling and said he wished he were going to be so near the home place again. Caleb nodded.

"Aye, yes," he agreed. "This will always seem like home to all of us, I expect."

Leon did not see Esther; and if she saw him it was from some hidden window, where she did not make herself visible to his eyes. Once or twice he ventured near the farmhouse, hoping to encounter her. More and more, as he grew older, he regretted the estrangement between them. He had confessed this feeling to Jennie and she shared it.

"You know I never did hold a grudge against Esther," she reminded him. "I always thought she just acted the way she thought was right for her to act."

"I hated her for years," Leon confessed. "But I'm kind of getting over it now."

He was in this frame of mind when one evening Esther's letter came to him. It was so long since he had seen her hand that he did not recognize it, but the very fact that it was strange woke his curiosity.

He opened the envelope, and glanced at the salutation and then at the signature; and he said in a low startled voice to Jennie, who was near, "It's from Esther!"

"Esther?" she repeated, and came to his side with a quick instinct. "What's the matter?"

Leon read slowly aloud: "Dear Leon: I think it is my duty to write to you. It is about Sam, and I cannot see him going on the way he is without I should let you know. I think you'd want to know, and I think I ought to tell you. He's running around with Annie Maclure, and I think something ought to be done about it.

"Caleb says you're planning to send him to college this year. If you are you'd better do it. He needs somebody to look after him, living without anybody to tell him what to do.

"He's out at nights to dances with her, and I hear tell that he goes to church every Sunday to see her. Then they meet up the pond sometimes, when he goes fishing, I think.

"I saw them in town together at a moving-picture show tonight, and she was holding hands with him, and he put his cheek against hers. People were noticing them.

"I felt as if you ought to know. He's a boy yet; and anyway, she's not the kind a Dillard ought to marry.

"We sold Marshall's Meadows to Lee Motley today. I guess we'll get along better now.

"You'd better do something about Sam."

He finished, and Jennie cried, "Isn't that just like Esther? Oh, you Dillards, Leon!"

"She just signs it, 'Yours truly, Esther Dillard,'" Leon complained slowly.

"But she's written to you, Leon," Jennie pointed out. "That's something. That shows she'd come around if she had a chance." She put her arms around him. "I know how you've always wanted that, Leon."

Leon nodded. "But I'm kind of worried about Sam," he remarked.

Jennie laughed at him. "Worried about Sam! Don't you worry! Sam's all right! He told me all about this girl, and she's a right nice little thing."

"You never said a word to me," he protested accusingly.

"There wasn't anything to say. Sam likes her, that's all."

"He's got to go to college yet, Jennie."

"Why, he wants to go. You can have a girl and go to college, too, can't you? I want my boys to have lots of girls. It's good for them."

"It bothers me," he confessed.

"That's the Dillard in you," she laughed again. "It's lucky I got hold of you, Leon, or you'd be just like Caleb now."

They reverted to the other angle, the fact that Esther had written at all. Her letter precipitated a discussion which occupied them far into the night. Each of them had known for days what was in the other's mind; each had been approaching the same conclusion.

They found themselves together now; found their minds ready to contemplate a complete revolution in their lives with some composure. Before they slept that night they had already begun to discuss ways and means; and three days later Leon replied to Esther.

"Dear Esther," he wrote: "I had your letter and I was glad to get it. Sam is going to college. He's a good boy, and I'm glad you are taking care of him.

"Jennie and I have decided to come back to her father's farm. I can sell this place here, probably at a pretty good price if I take my time. We'll move as soon as we get the apples picked here. I'd kind of like to sell before I move.

"Jennie told me to thank you for taking care of Sam so good.

"We're both glad we're going to be neighbors. I hope you are glad."

And he signed himself: "Your brother, Leon."

Esther, for reasons not easily defined, kept that letter about her for a long time. It had never occurred to her that Leon and Jennie might come back to Fraternity; she contemplated the possibility with a mixture of foreboding and of pride.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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There can be no such thing as beauty or good looks without beautiful teeth, and there is no short cut to beautiful teeth. No matter what other care you take of your teeth, to be white and beautiful they must be brushed often and with the right kind of brush.

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It is easy to keep teeth good-looking

TOOTH TROUBLES caused by the tartar germ are twofold. Caries, or tooth decay, and gum infection are preventable diseases. The best way to keep teeth beautiful is to prevent tartar from forming on your teeth, by brushing three or four times a day with a tooth brush that is designed to remove the cause of trouble.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush does prevent the forming of tartar, especially in crevices and at the backs of your teeth. Tartar germs first begin their deadly work in crevices from which they are not easily dislodged. The saw-toothed points of the Pro-phy-lac-tic bristle tufts penetrate these crevices, dislodge the germs and sweep them away.

The curved brush shape helps

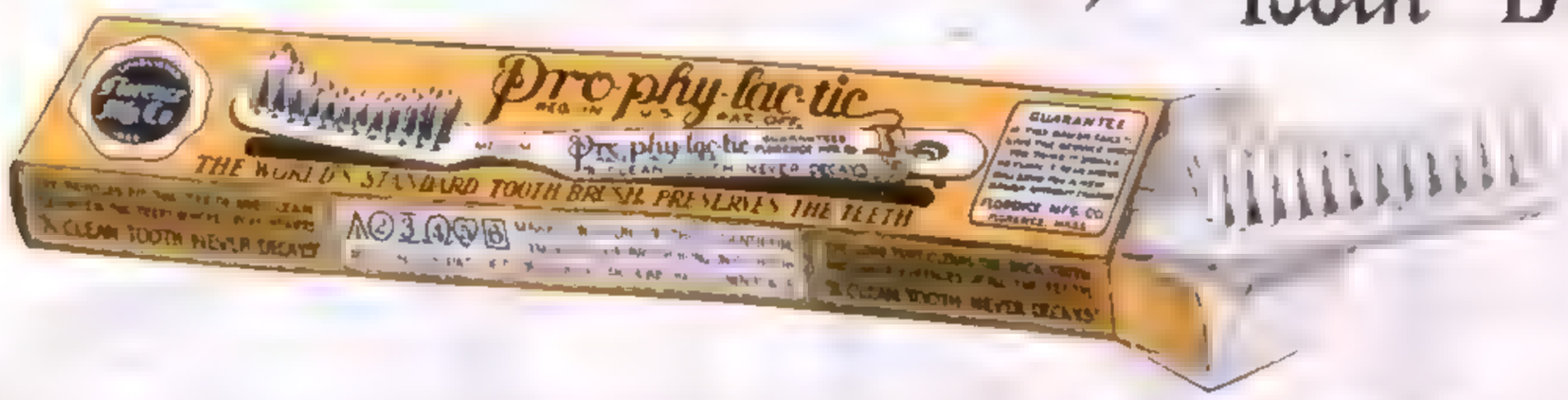
To make it easier for you to remove tartar germs, the handle of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is curved, and the brush shape is curved, so that the widely set bristles reach every nook and cranny. The large end tuft digs into the unseen space behind your back teeth and scrubs the germs away from that too often neglected danger point.

Use your Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush as shown in the photographs on this page, and you can keep your teeth really clean. You are sure your tooth brush is a Pro-phy-lac-tic when it comes in the famous sanitary yellow box, with the facsimile name Pro-phy-lac-tic on the handle. It is easy to keep your teeth clean with a Pro-phy-lac-tic—and remember, A Clean Tooth Never Decays.

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world in the sanitary yellow box. Three sizes—prices in the United States: adults' regular size, 50c; adults' small size, especially suitable for boys and girls, 35c; and babies' size, 25c—are made in three different textures of bristles—hard, medium, and soft. Send for "Tooth Truths," our interesting booklet on the care of the teeth. Florence Manufacturing Company, Dept. A-4, Florence, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

Brush the upper teeth and gums downward, away from the gums. For the lower teeth and gums, brush upward

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush



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FOUR-SQUARE HOUSEHOLD TOOLS

LADY AND GENTLEMAN

(Continued from Page 25)

"Yes," admitted Mrs. MacNeall. "That will be good—very good."

Amy, listening, became aware that this was a scheme for a double wedding and that Mrs. MacNeall was determined that it should be extremely magnificent. She wanted a pageant effect—she said so; something, Amy suspected, that would emphasize the MacNeall wealth and importance; something that would make every wedding there had been in Montreal for years look pale in comparison. She was amused and thrilled by the idea, as all women are thrilled by weddings. And she wondered about the absent Jane and Jessie, whether they would look as well as she did in their wedding garments.

It was an hour before Mrs. MacNeall was wholly satisfied, and by that time Amy was ready to drop. Mr. Gerdes saw how she was paling, felt the weariness in her drooping shoulders.

"Go outside and rest for a while," he said in a low voice. "Eveline will show you where. We've got the bridesmaids' dresses to do yet. I'll get the color schemes ready before I call you."

Eveline attended Amy with sympathy.

"It's awful when it goes on so long, but you're doing fine. Lie down on the couch in the dressing room, and I'll bathe your head and bring you some aromatic spirits of ammonia. Put your feet up and lie flat and breathe deep." She ministered very skillfully to Amy. "I can see Mr. Gerdes is pleased," she said, as if this was the end of all things to be desired.

Amy felt her lip curling in scorn. What did she care about pleasing a man who designed women's frocks? He wasn't much of a man. She shut her eyes and enjoyed the ice water on her forehead.

"What do you do here?" she asked the friendly Eveline.

"I'm a sort of general utility, as much as anything. I help everywhere on the selling floor, and take messages to the workroom, and telephone customers about appointments and all that sort of thing. And I oversee the packing and shipping—that's very important, you know. I've been here six years."

"Good heavens, you don't look more than fourteen!" said Amy, opening her eyes to stare at this competent small person.

"That's because I'm so little. Oh, how furious it makes me to be so little! I'm really twenty-two. If it wasn't for that I'd be a real saleswoman by this time, or a model, though a model ought to be prettier than I am." There was a knock at the door and she ran to get the message. "Mr. Gerdes says please come in now."

She whispered as they went back, "I'll have some smelling salts if you get faint, but try not to—customers don't like it."

Mr. Gerdes did not notice her return, except to motion her into place. He was talking to Mrs. MacNeall.

"Of course you can have blue, but you won't get the same brilliancy under electric light, Mrs. MacNeall. I suggest that you have a pale, luminous rose, with a good bit of yellow in it, for Miss Jane's bridesmaids; and a pale, luminous yellow, with a good bit of rose in it—like a pale apricot—for Miss Jessie's—and have them grouped together. Silver-gauze sashes for all."

"Then what about the maids of honor?" demanded Mrs. MacNeall, wavering.

"Deeper shades of the same colors, and wide hats of silver gauze. For the maids, small *cloche* hats of silver lace, poke bonnets with lace veils dyed to match their gowns, and flat rosettes of matching flowers at the back, very prim and quaint. Rosettes of flowers on the wide hats of the maids of honor and long floating streamers of silver ribbon. Hand me that rose taffeta, Dora."

Dora was the foreign-looking woman, apparently, for she at once proffered the rose taffeta.

Again Mr. Gerdes became impassionedly busy. He cut and draped and pinned unerringly. Amy noticed his hands, strong and brown and masculine, but well manicured, and incredibly swift and sure. Again she felt scornful. Think of a man with hands like that fooling with taffeta and silver gauze!

She began to wonder what Hedley Ross would say about such a man, and then she reminded herself, with a little prick of pain in her heart, that it couldn't matter to her what Hedley Ross said about anything, ever any more.

It was almost another hour before Mrs. MacNeall confessed herself satisfied with the rose dresses. Amy was just beginning to feel her endurance break. Her feet and ankles and shoulders ached intolerably when the great lady majestically arose.

"I have an appointment and won't be able to look at anything more now. I'll be back tomorrow morning at ten to see the yellow dresses."

Mr. Gerdes and Mrs. Karsten followed her deferentially from the Gray Room, but Eveline stayed and pushed Amy into the big chair just vacated and held the salts to her nose.

"Sit still. Dora and I will unpin you," she commanded.

"Better not till Mist' Gerdes comes back," warned Dora, staying Eveline's impetuous hand. "I go get water."

So Amy sat, drooping, almost unconscious, her heavy head dropped on the back of the chair in a billow of rose and silver stuff, with a pin sticking her unmercifully, but too utterly done up to care.

Presently Mr. Gerdes came back, and Mrs. Karsten with him.

"Well, the country's saved," he was saying, "thanks to this young lady who came in like a rescuing angel. I must say I felt mighty sick when I saw Mrs. MacNeall loom up and heard what she had to say. But I think that we're out of the woods now."

"It means we can't close up at all," said Mrs. Karsten darkly. "I surely wanted my two weeks at the seashore."

"You can get them when Miss Ballard comes back. The workroom won't close, though. I'll have to break that news to Madame Louise. Let's see about what the whole order will be, Mrs. Karsten."

"It's the craziest idea, getting married in midsummer," went on Mrs. Karsten, still annoyed. "Nobody but the MacNeills would think of it."

Mr. Gerdes apparently did not hear her.

"There'll be the two brides, and the two maids of honor, and the twelve bridesmaids, at least three gowns for Mrs. MacNeall herself, and maybe four. And then the trousseaus—it'll be forty at least. We could do them in a week if the workroom wasn't half laid off. As it is, it will take us two—maybe three."

"And by that time people will begin to trickle in to get things for the girls going to boarding school."

Mr. Gerdes laughed.

"Mrs. Karsten, you're a pessimist. But you know perfectly well we couldn't have done anything else, especially with Miss Mary and Miss Florence away. Now could we?"

"It doesn't make it any more pleasant—everything to be made from measurements too. Very unsatisfactory."

Mr. Gerdes turned his attention to Amy.

"Could you stand now," he asked, "and let me unpin that stuff? I'm sorry I tired you so. And can you come back tomorrow morning—probably for all day, and the next few days, too, possibly? Mrs. MacNeall will want to see everything, unfortunately. It's her worst failing."

Again there was that note in his voice that reminded Amy of her own past manner to a good servant. She rose obediently but did not answer. Mr. Gerdes jumped to the conclusion that she was waiting to drive a bargain.

"It will be ten dollars a day for as many days as you help us," he said. "That's more than we regularly pay, but we realize that this is exceptional. And you're just the type we need. Mrs. MacNeall liked her, don't you think, Mrs. Karsten?"

"If she hadn't we'd have heard it. She ought to like her—it's far more pleasant looking at her in that finery than it will be to look at those two sandy, red-faced MacNeall girls. She's lucky to get two of them married off, though it leaves three more to be disposed of."

Mr. Gerdes turned back to Amy.

"You're coming tomorrow?" he asked.

Ten dollars a day—why, she'd already earned one day of it! And two more—maybe three. That would mean twenty—thirty dollars. Thirty dollars would pay for her mother's first week away. Oh, it was amazing, heart-lifting luck!

"Yes, I'll be glad to come," she said, but not too effusively.

She felt a childish desire to tell them that she was just as much a lady as that funny old Mrs. MacNeall, and they must recognize it. But her sense of humor prevented.

"That's fine," said Mr. Gerdes; but he didn't even look round. He was standing gazing at the bolts of colored silks. As she turned to leave the room he called after her, "Be here at 9:30, please; and if you have a pair of satin slippers wear those instead of leather pumps."

If she had a pair of satin slippers! If she had a pair of satin slippers! This to Amy Bristol, who still kept as a reminder of her gay dancing days at least a dozen pairs of the prettiest French slippers available in the whole city of New York! She would not answer him.

Eveline, following, reminded her: "You heard what Mr. Gerdes said—about satin slippers? Black ones and thin black silk stockings will do; but one of our models, Miss Clara, always wears gray ones, and they look better, I think. But don't buy them if you haven't got them."

"I've got gray ones," said Amy shortly, but she saw she couldn't be short with Eveline—she was too genuine, too likable. "How good you've been to me today," she said impulsively as she dressed. "Oh, people are kind!"

"That's all right," Eveline smiled shyly and sweetly. "I'll tell you, everyone's nice here. It's not like some places. You'll like it."

At home that evening, resting her still aching feet and eating a supper of buns and milk, Amy remembered what Eveline had said. What a strange topsy-turvy world that she should be associating with that sort of girl! Yet, she reminded herself with a touch of bitter honesty, Eveline was doubtless a hundred times more efficient, more capable than herself. And there wasn't a girl in all the set of friends Amy had who would have been so kind under the circumstances. Which was not, perhaps, true, but a belief engendered by their forgetfulness, their callousness. Helen Milshire might have invited her this summer—Leila Parsons too. Their parents had country places; it would have been easy for them. She must shut her eyes to all the old happy life and carry her burden. Anyway, she had earned ten dollars today, and would earn ten more tomorrow, and in that thought there was solid comfort.

But that man—that Gerdes—she hated him and his insufferable air of condescension! What was he, anyway? A man dressmaker—a fine occupation, surely—so masculine, so useful! Thank heaven, the creature hadn't been offensive or familiar, but he'd better not be. She'd put him in his place properly if he was. She despised him and his patter of rose and gold and silver, and with all the prejudice and intolerance of youth and ignorance, she felt that she would simply love to let him know it.

In the morning she was rested and eager for the day. She unpacked the prettiest pair of gray slippers that she owned, slender, high-heeled things, the straps caught with coquettish buckles of rhinestones, and hunted out a pair of thin gray silk stockings from the few she still possessed. It made her very sad. The last time she had worn them it had been to go to a lovely dinner dance at Sherry's with Hedley Ross, and he had commented on her slippers.

"So few women have feet that are small enough to wear gray," he had said, "though most of them don't know it, unfortunately for the eyes of the beholders."

Oh, well, she must not remember these things. She was now a poor working girl, one of the proletariat, hoi polloi, all that sort of thing. She entered the Misses Warren's in a mood of defiance born of her memories and her position. The greeting of Eveline disarmed her. The little thing seemed genuinely glad to see her.

"Oh, here you are!" she cried. "Now I'll show you where to put your hat. Did you bring the slippers? Oh, what beauties! I love them. Mr. Gerdes will be pleased, I know."

Amy tossed her head. Mr. Gerdes will be pleased, forsooth! Yet she could not help a tiny thrill of gratification when she saw the glance of satisfaction that Mr. Gerdes gave her as she came into the Gray Room ready for work, though all he said was, "Good morning, Miss Bristol."

Mrs. MacNeall was already there, and Dora and Mrs. Karsten. There was a strenuous session. Finally the bridesmaids'

(Continued on Page 105)

For more than a quarter of a century, U. S. N. Deck Paint has helped to preserve the dignity and splendor of the Wentworth-by-the-Sea famous seat of the Russian-Japanese Peace Conference.

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GRAHAM BROTHERS TRUCKS

SOLD BY DODGE BROTHERS DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Continued from Page 102

dresses were decided on, exactly as Mr. Gerdes had first suggested. Then came gowns for the trousseaus. The fortunate Jane and Jessie were to have half a dozen evening gowns apiece, as many for afternoon wear, morning things and tea gowns, coats, tailored suits—it seemed unending.

How they worked! Eveline and Dora flew about, Mrs. Karsten helped, Mr. Gerdes toiled without rest. When a dress was fully planned Madame Louise appeared, a subtle-looking Frenchwoman, head of the main workroom and a person of high authority. She would look at each of Mr. Gerdes' creations, as it appeared pinned in place on Amy, sometimes question a drapery or suggest a change, but usually accepting with approval. She spoke French to Mr. Gerdes, rapid, staccato, her hands in a constant whirl of gesture. Amy was amused at the intensity of their argument.

"Make it less distinguished," madame commanded of one of the absent Jane's dinner dresses. "The girl cannot wear it she will spoil it. She will show to better advantage in something more commonplace. Let the sash go all the way round —it will be better. And use a deep-blue flower, not that adorable gray-green. Better for her style, I assure you, Monsieur Gerdes."

But Gerdes only smiled and changed nothing, and madame shrugged and smiled also.

"You are impossible, monsieur," she told him; "but I do not blame you."

She was kindly, too—Madame Louise. She gave Amy a word of encouragement.

"You are new, yes? You are very good, Mees Amy. Experience? No? I should have think hotherwise."

She meant it for a compliment, but it cut into Amy's sensitiveness. Fatigue was creeping upon her again, with needle pains in her feet and ankles. She began to hate Mrs. MacNeall—how she could sit there so calmly and care so little about the human beings who served her. And she began to see that the others, too, were weary. Mrs. Karsten looked old and white, dark rings had appeared under Eveline's eyes, and even the calm Dora and the animated Madame Louise moved with an effort. Only Mr. Gerdes' strength sufficed.

Mrs. MacNeall swept away at last for luncheon at the Ritz. It was half past one, and as the end of her flowing veil disappeared everyone simultaneously flopped into chairs—even Mr. Gerdes.

"Thank heaven, she won't be back until three!" said Mrs. Karsten. "What a morning! Well, I'm going to lunch—I'm starved."

Eveline and Amy staggered out into the dressing room and flopped again.

"Wouldn't you like it if we sent out for something and ate here?" asked Eveline. "It's against the rules, but I don't think it matters. You must be dead. I felt so sorry for you."

Amy groaned from the couch, "It would be heavenly."

Eveline went out and presently returned with sandwiches, fruit, cake and tea on a tray.

"There's a tea room two doors away," she said, "and a friend of mine is cashier. They're awfully nice when we want anything. I got hot tea; it rests you more."

The two girls ate and drank, and the food helped them.

"What I can't understand is how anyone can be so cruel as Mrs. MacNeall," said Amy, munching a sandwich. "She must have seen we were all worn out; but she didn't stop driving us for a minute."

"Lots of customers are like that," said Eveline; "but some of them are lovely. I used to feel cross at them too; but at last I figured it out that they don't really see us, they're so intent on their own business. They want clothes, they want to see them designed—that's Mr. Gerdes' great reputation, you know, and we're just machines to them. I don't know—ever so many times when I've gone shopping I've made the salesgirl look and look for something I wanted, and I didn't care whether she was tired or not. I don't suppose we're any better."

"Why, Eveline, you're a philosopher!" said Amy.

Eveline made a grimace.

"You've got to be in the dressmaking business. . . . Have some more tea? . . . I'll have to go and see if Mr. Gerdes needs me. There ought to be someone in the front room, anyway; but you lie still and take a good rest." She came back and poked her kind little face in the door. "Don't you want me to send out and get some alcohol for you to rub your feet? It'll help them a lot."

It was such a sweet and friendly offer that tears sprang to Amy's eyes.

"Oh, Eveline, would you?" she said. "How good you are!"

Eveline gave her a shy little smile again.

"I told you everyone was nice here, and of course, that includes me," she said whimsically, and slipped away.

Amy, resting, her feet rubbed with alcohol, the hot tea having quieted her nerves tortured with fatigue, thought gratefully of Eveline.

"She may be a common little thing, but she's lovely. She's gone out of her way to help and take care of me. She's like a—a little sister."

The afternoon was not so bad. Mrs. MacNeall did not return until half-past three and stayed but an hour.

"And tomorrow's Saturday and we'll only be open half a day," exulted Eveline.

"And I'll have earned thirty dollars," thought Amy. "More than a week's salary at Miss Cannaday's, and not much more tiring, after all. I don't know how I'm going to tell mother. She'll think it's horrible."

She had wondered how they would pay her; and on Saturday, after Mrs. MacNeall had majestically departed after a prolonged bout with afternoon gowns, Eveline came to Amy as she was dressing.

"Mr. Gerdes wants to see you before you go," she said.

So as soon as Amy was dressed she went into the big beautiful Empire reception room, where Mr. Gerdes was sitting at one of the little tables.

"I want to give you this, Miss Amy," he said pleasantly, "and tell you what a godsend you were to us. What we would have done without you I don't know. Now—about next week? I was wondering"—he eyed Amy up and down with that appraising cool look she so disliked—"I was wondering if you'd like to come to us permanently. We will pay you thirty-five dollars a week to start, and forty when the busy season begins, and if you should prove very valuable you'd eventually earn more than that. What have you been doing?"

She told him, and hated the way he raised his brows at Miss Cannaday's name.

"We wouldn't require any further reference than that," he said. "We like to know all about everyone who comes into our organization, you know."

Amy felt her anger rising.

"Until I went with Miss Cannaday I had no necessity to work," she told him defiantly; "but now we are very poor, my mother and I, and I must take care of her."

"Work isn't bad," said Mr. Gerdes gently, "if it's interesting."

She felt that he was ridiculing her poverty, condescending to her again. So she made no answer.

"Do you think you'd like to come to us?" he asked at last, a little impatiently. "It isn't always so strenuous as this. In fact this is a very unusual order, given under unusual circumstances. I seldom design more than two or three dresses a day on the model. The rest of the time you would be in front there, helping to receive customers and showing our gowns—that is, if they wanted to see evening gowns, the saleswoman would show what we have, and any that the customer fancied you would put on for them. There is always a maid here, in the season, to help our young models in and out of the dresses. But good heavens, everyone's on vacation now! If Mrs. MacNeall had only written or wired us——" He brought himself back to the matter in hand. "If you don't want to decide at once why not work here for another week and let me know next Saturday?"

Amy had taken her line now—she would be cold and very haughty.

"I think that will be better," she said, and was rewarded—not in the way she had expected—by a flash of amusement in Mr. Gerdes' eyes.

Instantly he suppressed it.

"Let me know as soon as you've made up your mind," he said, "for if you think you'll stay it would be an excellent chance to get you a dress made as soon as Mrs. MacNeall's order is out of the way." Then he saw she did not understand. "All our young ladies wear dresses of the house's own design," he explained, "made and paid for by the house. They frequently take orders on them. The models usually wear little coat dresses, easy to slip in and out of. You saw Eveline's gray crêpe and Mrs. Karsten's black Roshanara? We try to give each one something individual."

"I should think," said Amy belligerently, "that your customers wouldn't buy things that saleswomen and models have on."

"We thought so, too, at first; but it doesn't work out that way. We've made dozens of Eveline's dress, in every color. Mrs. Karsten's dress has gone very well with elderly customers. And Miss Ballard, who'll be back next week, thank goodness, has a brown and tan foulard that has been almost too popular. We don't like to make too many of any one dress."

He had answered her politely and fully, but she fancied that she saw beneath his politeness a wish to get rid of her. It made her flush and draw herself up.

"Good night —thank you," she said, remembering to be cold and haughty again.

Why had she ever answered him in a way to provoke discussion? She detested him! He was wholly out of her class, though she might have to take his orders.

As she went out she found Eveline waiting.

"Is he going to take you on?" she asked eagerly.

"I'm going to work another week and let him know if I decide to stay," said Amy indifferently.

"Oh, my gracious!" cried Eveline. "You're taking an awful chance! Models are just crazy to come here. If it had been noised round that there was a vacancy we'd have had ever so many applicants. You'd better tell him you'll take it—if you're going to and not wait a week. Somebody might come in with a lot of experience. I tell you you've got to be alive in this business competition is just fierce."

"If I come it'll be because you're so nice, Eveline," said Amy.

"Well, I want you to come because you're so nice, so it's fifty-fifty," said Eveline. "But everybody is nice at Warren's, truly. You'll be just crazy about Miss Ballard. I don't like Mrs Karsten so much myself, though she's a fine saleswoman. But Miss Ballard—well, she and Mr. Gerdes run the place, I tell you. Miss Florence and Miss Mary are darling things, but they're so old and they've made so much money—they don't interfere much. Some days neither one of them comes in at all. And they're always going off on trips."

It piqued Amy's interest, the thought of the two old ladies who were darling things and always going off on trips—she would like to see them. After she left Eveline she went home and tried to think the matter out.

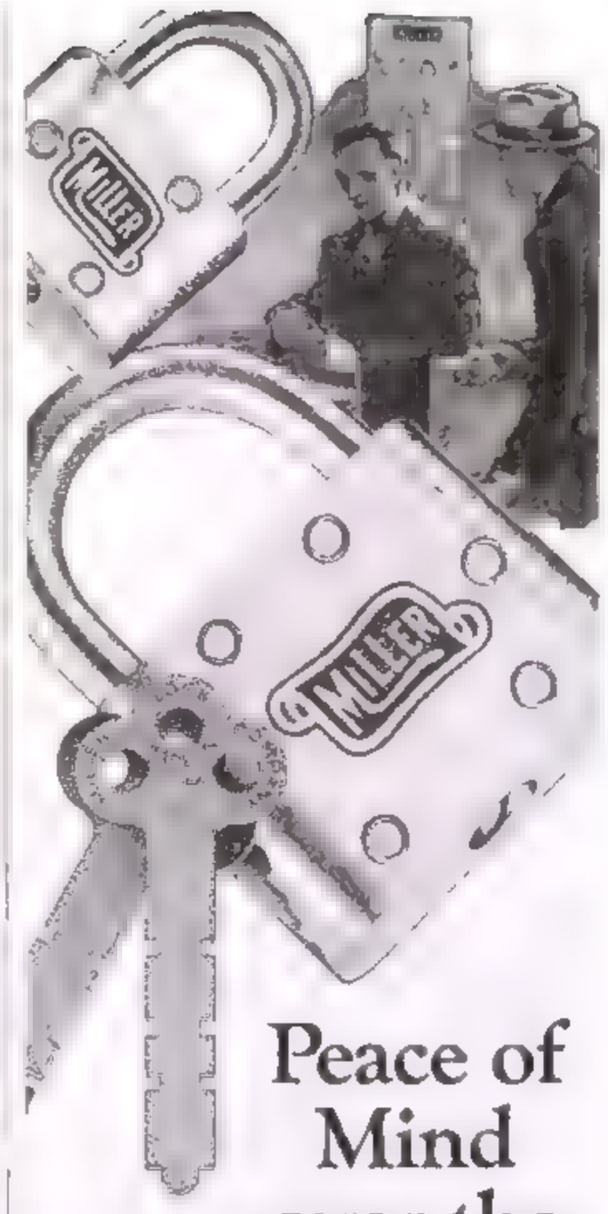
There were the three crisp ten-dollar bills crackling so alluringly in the little envelope. There was the prospect of having three more and a five besides every week until vacation was over and it was time for Miss Cannaday's to convene again. If she stayed on there would be four tens. She enjoyed the sight and the handling of lovely materials; they thrilled her right down to the core of her natural girlish vanity and love of beautiful things. She liked Eveline, and she had a feeling that she would like Miss Ballard. But ——

It was that man—that impossible, patronizing, hateful man! She couldn't stand him. What right had he to behave in such a superior, amused manner to her? A year ago if she'd gone in there he'd have been only too glad to design a gown for her, just as he was doing for that terrible old MacNeall woman. How could she ever stand seeing him every day, and not letting him know what she thought of any grown-up male creature, in the full possession of his strength and senses, who spent his time fussing with pink silk and tulle and pearl buckles, and all the feminine trifles of dress?

There was something more—her mother. What would she say when she knew that Amy was a model in a dress shop? Be it ever so exclusive it would be hard to endure. She would grieve; it would actually hurt her. Moreover, with a streak of unwonted honesty, Amy owned that it would hurt herself. She honestly felt that she was stepping down in the social scale, and—it wasn't pleasant.

Yet she and her mother must live. Her earnings this summer would pay for her mother's stay at the shore, and there would be only the little bit it would require for herself to take from their capital. If she stayed with the Misses Warren, and didn't go back to Miss Cannaday, she might be able to make that up next winter.

"I'm a fool if I don't stay," she told herself. "I may just as well give up all notion of being what mother calls a lady, and



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doing ladylike work. Being a lady means slowly to starve to death as far as I can see. Oh, Amy, my dear, I'm sorry for you; but—you've got to do it!"

There seemed to her young discouraged vision no end to the dull road before her. She'd have to give up everything forever.

"Still, ever so many society women have gone 'into trade," she reminded herself. "It was quite the fashion last winter. But—they did it because it was a fad, not because they had to. I suppose I'm silly and snobbish to mind, but I do. I want my good times. I want the girls, I want to dance and enjoy myself. I want to go to the theater, I want to ride in taxis, not be packed into that hideous Subway." She dropped her bright head on the table and covered her face with her hands. Even to herself she would not say, "I want Hedley Ross again," but she knew she did. Then she rallied her pride. "He wasn't much, or he'd not have dropped me as soon as we lost our money. I'm well rid of him." But she knew she didn't mean it. She had so wanted him to be loyal and kind, she had felt so sure he would be—and he had failed her.

She went back to the Misses Warren's on Monday morning with her decision made, and at the first opportunity told Mr. Gerdes. He smiled, perfunctorily, Amy observed, and said he was glad that she was going to be with them, and that he'd design a dress for her at once. Eveline was openly delighted. And Amy entered into the day's work with the mien of one who has burned her bridges.

The hitherto absent Miss Ballard was there, a slender, youngish woman, whose voice and manner were exceptionally charming. She shook hands with Amy cordially.

"Eveline's been telling me about you," she said. "We all feel that we were so fortunate in your coming just when you did. Mr. Gerdes says you've been marvelously good, and praise from Mr. Gerdes means a great deal."

"Does it, indeed?" thought Amy. Humph, it meant nothing to her!

The days with Mrs. MacNeall went on—three more of them—long, hard, grinding days. Amy went home every night too tired to do anything but fall into bed and sleep like a log until morning. Everyone was worn out, but there was no complaint. Another person besides Mr. Gerdes now appeared, Eugene the tailor, a dapper Italian with gentle voice and big brown eyes; eyes very expert in the value of a line, very clever with color. He brought muslin made up into all sorts of coat shapes for Amy to put on and show, and Dora supplied samples. Dora, Amy now learned, was the head of the stock room and responsible for every inch of material purchased by the firm.

"And she's a wonder," Eveline told her. "If our shopper can't find something special Dora goes herself and never fails to get what's wanted. She can match any shade of any color without carrying a sample."

"She looks stupid," commented Amy.

Eveline laughed.

"She's one of the smartest and highest-priced people here. Dozens of firms have tried to steal her from us. Dora's known all through the trade, she's a personage."

So there could be personages even in the working classes Amy was silent, and regarded Dora with more respect.

After Mrs. MacNeall had given her last order and swept away to Canada there was a blessed lull. Customers were few and far between for the most part, as Mrs Karsten had prophesied, mothers ordering for boarding-school girls, or someone who wanted an evening dress for some special affair or a coat for an autumn trip. August was cooler than July, and this relieved the tension for everyone.

Gradually the staff filled out, and Amy came to know some of the inner workings of the place. Miss Ballard was the head saleswoman, Mrs. Karsten and Miss Annette the others, with Eveline helping everywhere. Miss Annette proved to be a good-looking, black-haired girl, strictly intent on her work, without Eveline's warm friendliness. Later, Miss Clara, the model who had been sick, returned. Miss Elsie, the one who had been on vacation, never reappeared and Amy did not know what became of her. Clara was dark, too, rosy and animated, and given to small consequential airs that sometimes brought a quiet rebuke from Miss Ballard. Yet she had a good humor that appealed to Amy, and she wore the gowns that she was asked to put on with grace and dignity. Furtively Amy watched and copied her manner of walking and standing.

Boxes of French things now began to arrive from Miss Florence and Miss Mary Warren in Paris, though they themselves had not yet appeared. Mr. Gerdes made endless trips to the customhouse, and complained bitterly to Miss Ballard of the way the things were handled there. But at last they would be got through, and then Amy and Clara would put them on one after another, and there would be a private dress parade for the benefit of the saleswomen, Dora, Madame Louise, and Miss Carver, head of the second workroom, between whom and madame there was an intense, hilarious rivalry.

Amy enjoyed peacocking about in gorgeous brocades, great luxurious furry wraps, street costumes in cloth and satin, afternoon gowns of crêpe and chiffon; but presently she saw that Clara, though she peacocked and preened no less, always made some comment about the garment that was listened to with interest by the others. "There'll have to be some way to simplify getting into this," or "The underskirt is so narrow it will split in no time," "The weight of the trimming pulls down the neck line"—something practical and to the point also. So Amy began to look at the things more critically to find out their good and their bad points. She was rewarded when Mr. Gerdes and Miss Ballard both began to ask her opinion.

Indefinably she was happier. Her class consciousness had begun to subside under the simplicity, the friendliness and the entirely businesslike necessities of the establishment. She had been very vague in writing to her mother what she was doing, sparing her the shock of it, and the reproaches and objections which she knew were coming. And slowly, also, Amy was making up her mind to leave Miss Cannaday for keeps and stay with the Warrens. She was learning that a good salary and decent working hours were more than gentility, so-called, attended by starvation wages and an overlong day.

She liked the people she worked with, though she had still some slight mental reservations concerning them. If she had been forced to define these she might have found out that she thought them all—the women and the girls—exceptionally nice for their class. She couldn't help a little inward touch of social superiority, even to Miss Ballard, though she wasn't crude enough to show it, and she conceded that it didn't really matter. Only Mr. Gerdes remained a real stumblingblock. Obstinately Amy held out that she didn't like him, she couldn't like him, and she hadn't the least respect for a man whose whole business in life was with women's fripperies. It was belittling and cheap—and she'd never, never think otherwise.

Yet there were moments—for instance, the day a customer came to see some furs. She was a Mrs. Tennant, a languid, graceful creature, very hard to please, because she could have anything she wanted. Amy and Clara paraded for her in long and short coats, capes and wraps. At last she selected a short coat of sable, lustrously brown and soft as silk, and a long cape of kolinsky.

"Just something for the street, Miss Ballard," said Mrs. Tennant.

These she elected to try on personally. In a mirror-paneled dressing room, with its rose hangings that gave such a becoming glow to the palest, sallowest skin, Mrs. Tennant dropped her wrap of crêpe and summer ermine into Eveline's hand, while Eugene waited to hold the little coat for her. Miss Ballard and Amy formed a sort of Greek chorus.

There was no possible fault to be found with the coat—it suited Mrs. Tennant perfectly. They all said so in tones of varying rapture and admiration, and she at last agreed.

"Yes, I think I'll have that."

She shook it off as if it were worth nothing, and waited for the cape to be placed about her shoulders. Now came a hitch. She turned and twisted and posed, but—she was uncertain.

"It is charming on you, madame," said Eugene respectfully.

"Oh, it's not bad; but—somehow ——" She hesitated.

"Let's ask Mr. Gerdes," suggested Miss Ballard.

Eveline ran for him and he joined the circle revolving around this figure of extravagance and vanity. Mrs. Tennant looked at him expectantly. No one, not even a spoiled too-rich beauty, disregarded the opinion of Mr. Gerdes of the Misses Warren.

"Yes, it suits you," said Mr. Gerdes, after a long, intent look; "but—I think it would be more youthful if those two buttons in the front were removed. Hold the cape so that they aren't shown, Mrs. Tennant, please. Yes, it's much more youthful that way."

All the others considered this, heads tipped, intent. Mrs. Tennant herself was moved almost to animation.

"Of course; it's the one thing needed."

And suddenly Amy was seized with unregenerate laughter. Six adults of at least fair mental capacity in this world of terrific need, terrific implications, seriously engaged in wondering whether buttons were or were not aging to a foolish golden butterfly like Mrs. Tennant! She tried to control herself, but the utter absurdity, the madness of it, was too much for her. She choked and bolted.

Out in the front room she could let herself go, not loudly—she stifled it with her handkerchief—but thoroughly. Tears of mirth stood in her eyes, and when Mr. Gerdes came out he found her wiping them away.

"What was it—what was so funny?" he asked in surprise.

"Oh, us—and the situation—the buttons! Are buttons aging, or are they youthful?" She began to laugh again.

Mr. Gerdes laughed, too, sympathetically.

"We are ridiculous—the whole thing's ridiculous and preposterous. But it's part of this business, Miss Amy, and we who've been at it for a long time forget about it. You'll find that Mrs. Tennant will take the cape. She only wanted to be told something to emphasize her importance, the value of her beauty. A great many of our customers are like that. Miss Ballard saw it, and that is why she sent for me."

Yes, Amy had almost forgotten that she disliked and despised Mr. Gerdes on that occasion. And then—the dress he designed for her—she had loved that. It was just a straight thing of the darkest midnight satin, with a tricky sash that twisted over and under and tied on the hip. There was a little collar of finest ecru-embroidered batiste. That was all; but in it Amy looked more fair, more slender, more delicately flowerlike and distinguished than she had ever looked in her life. She could not help being a little grateful to Mr. Gerdes. Besides, he had said something specially nice when she first put it on.

"That's one of my rare, very rare, triumphs," had been his comment.

"I want a triumph, too," pouted Clara. Mrs. Karsten and Miss Ballard had both beamed. "We'll be making that dress for two years to come," prophesied the latter; "or even three. Like that serge with metal stitching."

"But I thought fashions changed so," said Amy wonderingly.

"Not for really well-dressed women," said Mr. Gerdes. "We have customers who find a model that suits them and wear it in various materials, and with modifications, for years. They're like the old duchesses of the Faubourg St.-Germain—they're above the changes of fashion, and therefore superior in appearance. But it takes personality-plus to do it."

"How many years can I wear this dress—with modifications?" Amy asked mischievously.

"Ten, at least," he said, with a little bow. "I said it takes personality-plus."

"Well," said Eveline afterward, "I never heard Mr. Gerdes say anything so nice as that to anyone before. But you are beautiful in that dress."

"Don't talk nonsense," said Amy gayly.

All the same, she could not help being pleased, could not help thinking about it. She might have thought about it more had she not been so very much engaged in the problem of her mother's imminent return and the necessity of letting her know what she was doing, also of telling Miss Cannaday that she was not going to continue as governess and counselor. She decided to do that before her mother's return. Miss Cannaday received the news with chill surprise.

"You might at least have notified me sooner," she said. "You've put me to great trouble."

"I'm sorry," murmured Amy. "I didn't think of that. I'm awfully sorry, really, Miss Cannaday."

"And what are you going to do?" asked the august schoolmistress.

Amy winced, but told the truth.

"I'm a model at the Misses Warren's," she said, and felt herself getting hot at the look Miss Cannaday turned on her.

"A model—oh, my dear!" That was all she said, but it implied horrors.

"The hours are good and the work is not hard. They are all very nice people"—Eveline's phrase—"and my salary is forty dollars a week. My mother and I couldn't live on what you were paying me, Miss Cannaday."

She left, still under the shadow of disapproval. But her reason told her that she had been right, and there was a growing resentment in her mind at Miss Cannaday's sniffy attitude.

Mrs. Bristol's first remark, after telling Amy what a beautiful summer she'd had, and commiserating her daughter for having to stay in the hot city—"though you look very well, really"—was to ask, "Just what do you do at Warren's, Amy? I never could quite make out from your letters. I told none of my friends up there about it. I knew you'd be going back to Miss Cannaday's shortly."

Again Amy winced, but again she was truthful.

"I'm not going back to Miss Cannaday's, mother. I've told her so. I can make nearly twice as much money at the Warrens', and I'll get my salary raised the first of the year possibly. The work's very easy." She thought it best to soft-pedal. "I simply show the dresses—I don't sell them. And I assist our designer."

"Oh, designing!" Mrs. Bristol was mollified. "That's not impossible—not at all. I'm glad you're not selling things, dear. I'd hate to see my girl doing anything that is really out of her class."

Amy let it go at that. If she explained too much it would only distress her mother. She'd never understand.

The fall season at the Misses Warren's was one of humming industry. Miss Florence and Miss Mary came back from Paris, two slight gray-haired women, beautifully dressed, very glad to be at home again They brought presents for everyone, which they handed out very much as benevolent aunties might bring gifts to well-loved nieces and nephews. There were ties for Mr. Gerdes, a beaded bag for Miss Ballard, a snub-nosed umbrella with an ivory handle for Mrs. Karsten, a string of dark amber beads for Eveline, a silk nightgown for Dora, fascinating handkerchiefs for Annette and Clara, with their names in convent embroidery. Amy, watching, found in her own hands a tiny vanity case of gilt and enamel, and hardly knew how to stammer her surprise and pleasure.

"Why, I didn't expect anything!"

"Oh we know all about you," said Miss Florence.

Gradually Amy began to understand the finer points of the house's policy. She differentiated between Mrs. Karsten and Miss Ballard. The latter was the better saleswoman because she would never sell a gown that did not really suit the customer. Mrs. Karsten would sell anyone anything and thus swell her commissions.

"Don't be so conscientious," she would say to Miss Ballard. But Miss Ballard held on her own way, and in this was followed by Miss Annette.

In spite of the way materials were brought upstairs and tossed about, in spite of the way model gowns were bought from the big importers, there was a rigid checking system that accounted for all to the last cent. Dora and Mr. Gerdes had worked that out. There was an exquisite honesty in their dealings too. Nothing was skimped, nothing was substituted.

"That was the first thing we decided on when we began in business," Miss Mary told Amy one day. "The very finest materials, the very finest workmanship, and give the customer exactly what she orders. Of course," she added dryly, "our prices cover it all."

And they did fully. But it was value received and a legitimate profit—no more.

Customers thronged the rooms. Old customers who came in and said "I want my usual fall wardrobe," and left the matter to the house thereafter These were the customers who knew everyone by name, who joked with Eveline, and asked her if she was never going to grow up, who gossiped with Miss Florence and Miss Mary, who told Amy and Clara what pretty girls they were and how well they wore the

(Continued on Page 111)

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Rollins Hosiery assures long wear. Only choicest yarns are used. Hamms-Not dye, prepared by our own chemists, is used for all Rollins styles Because of this pure dye you get fast, lustrous colors, with all the living strength of silk, cotton or wool preserved.

ROLLINS HOSIERY MILLS
DES MOINES, IOWA
Factories: Des Moines and Boone, Iowa

ROLLINS HOSIERY

For Men, Women and Children

(Continued from Page 106)

gowns. And among them Amy found the best known names of the Blue Book -old families who had had money and breeding for generations, and had therefore also simplicity and humanity. These were the customers everyone loved.

There were other customers who were not so easy to suit, nor so pleasant—these were the new-rich oil millionaires' wives, war profiteers' daughters. They were loud and haughty and overbearing; ordered Miss Ballard about, called Amy, "Here, girl, let me look at that again. Stand still, can't you?"; disparaged the gowns, but usually ended by giving huge orders. They came late to their fittings, demanded the impossible of Madame Louise in quickness, grumbled that their gowns were not done in three days, telephoned furiously if a gown was late.

They were hard to endure; but, as Miss Ballard said, "We'll just put it on the bill and forget it."

There was still a third class, women who had not much money, but who were old customers, even though they got but one gown a season. Miss Florence or Miss Mary usually took personal charge of these, and Amy was made aware subtly that to these went very considerable reductions in prices.

"They've been coming so long—we couldn't let them down just because they're not rotten rich," said Miss Florence in explanation.

Occasionally some great favorite of the stage, or some notorious night-life beauty, entered the Empire drawing-room in quest of costumes. The whole establishment found them of interest, and Amy and Clara contended for the right to be the model if Mr. Gerdes designed for them. Such pearls as some of these ladies wore! And how very plain and faded and dull looking were some of the stage women who shone so brightly behind the footlights!

"Great is the power of grease paint," said Mr. Gerdes succinctly, as one of these departed. She looked like a dowdy little wren.

It was part of everyone's work to report any unusual gown seen in shop windows, at restaurants, on the stage. Occasionally theater tickets were dealt out all round for some unusually well-gowned production, because so many patrons would come in and say, "I want a dress exactly like the one Elsie Ferguson wears in her new play."

And sometimes Miss Ballard or Mrs. Karsten took Annette or Amy or Clara to lunch at some ultra-smart restaurant to see what people were wearing there. These were great occasions. As the season waned, toward midwinter, Miss Ballard told Amy that they would go to Sherry's; but just as they were ready to start a regular customer of Miss Ballard's appeared, with "I've just an hour before train time."

Amy's lip drooped and Miss Ballard saw her disappointment.

"I know," she said. "You go with Mr. Gerdes. Mr. Gerdes, take this poor child over to Sherry's and give her a beautiful lunch, and bring back a sheaf of ideas, won't you?"

For a moment he hesitated, and Amy did too. She didn't want to go with him. No matter how clever he was at designing gowns, no matter how much of a power he was in the Warren business, she felt an instant foolish qualm at knowing him socially.

There was nothing to do, however, but to go. Stiffly and constrainedly she walked with him the little way over to the restaurant, and stiffly and constrainedly she sat down with him at a very good table. To her intense surprise, the head waiter seemed to know him. So did the waiter. And he ordered with excellent taste and a knowledge of the menu. He did not seem to notice her constraint, and as they waited for their order he talked along easily.

"There's rather a good neck line over there, Miss Amy. And look, there's that Lanvin model we have in brown crêpe made up in blue twill. It's much too hard a stuff for it."

Amy glanced in the direction indicated and discovered that the blue twill adorned no less a person than Leila Parsons, and that Leila was looking at her very hard, and at Mr. Gerdes, and bowing and smiling and evidently wondering where Amy got her very good-looking frock and her very good-looking young man.

"That's a girl I went to school with," said Amy. "She never had good taste."

Leila's curiosity was too much for her. She rose and came to their table. And now the agonizing problem arose in Amy's mind as to whether or not to introduce Mr. Gerdes. That was what Leila had come for; but—when she found out who he was! Oh, well, good enough for her. She presented him and listened with amusement to Leila's gushing chatter.

"Why, Amy dear, how wonderful to see you—it's been such an age! Where have you been? What have you been doing?"

"I've been at work," said Amy bluntly. "I live in exactly the same place that I did last year."

"Oh, I must get up to see you," said Leila, not at all abashed. "What a darling frock."

"It was specially designed for me at the Misses Warren's," said Amy. She could not help it.

Leila's eyes widened.

"At the Misses Warren's—how perfectly proud! I can't afford to go there. I must go back to my friends. Now, Amy dear, don't keep away from us all the way you've been doing—we miss you. Hedley Ross was speaking of you just a night or two ago, asking if I'd seen you."

"Very sweet of Hedley, I'm sure," said Amy. "It's nice to have seen you, Leila. By-by." She dismissed the other girl with a hardihood that surprised herself. She looked around and found Mr. Gerdes' eyes dwelling on her with real sympathy.

"It's not easy seeing old friends and hearing of them, is it?" he asked gently.

Amy was excited and moved to confidence.

"Oh, I don't know. Last year it would have seemed hard. But now I don't care so much about Leila Parsons or any of the rest of them. If they'd been real friends they'd have stuck when I needed them."

"You'd had a hard time."

"It seemed awfully hard. But it's easier now."

"I've been wondering," said Mr. Gerdes, "when you'd begin to see it. I've been through it all myself, you know."

"You? Why, no one ever told me "

"Why should they? I tried to be an artist, and I struggled along, half starved, for five bitter, bleak years. And then I saw that I'd never paint a picture worth a tinker's dam, so I put my brushes away and went to work, doing the thing I could do, and taking the responsibilities I'd been shirking. I had younger brothers and sisters to take care of, you see."

"Oh," said Amy. "Oh, how dreadful!"

"Not dreadful at all. I was mighty lucky to have a real talent, even if it wasn't the kind I thought I had at first. Life's all full of compromises and changes, Miss Amy. Look at Miss Ballard—her family's one of the best in the city, and she was brought up to have everything in the world. But when her father died there was nothing; and so she came to the Misses Warren's -where, by the way, she'd always bought her clothes—and went to work."

"Oh," said Amy again, "I never knew it. Why doesn't she tell someone — "

"I don't believe she ever thinks of it. And there's Mrs. Karsten -she was fifty when she came to us and she'd never worked a day in her life. Her husband was in the diplomatic service—she's lived all over."

"She has!"

"Yes. Miss Annette hasn't any hard-luck story, neither has Miss Clara. They're just both nice sensible girls who had a business leaning and chose something they could get on in."

He smiled at her quizzically. Amy smiled, too, but ruefully, at herself

"I suppose you think I'm an idiot."

"Not exactly an idiot."

His tone was peculiar. For the first time since her coming to the Warrens', Amy looked at Mr. Gerdes with something like a natural feeling. She saw that he was trying to show her that he liked her, and that, curiously enough, he was shy of her. It made her feel shy and awkward too.

"How did you come to design dresses?" she asked hastily, to get by the awkward moment.

"I'd always been interested in color, of course, being a would-be painter. And I'd always been interested in the way women dress—most of them so badly, with no regard for their height or complexion or age or anything apparently, but just to have clothes. Victims of arbitrary fashion rulings and their own lack of taste. When I was in Paris I often used to design dresses for the women I knew, and they were successful. So when I got it through my thick head that I wasn't and never would be a Monet or a Degas I turned to that for a livelihood."

"But do you—like it?" asked Amy.

"Yes, I do. Of course I'd rather be a great painter—who wouldn't -but as it is, I serve Beauty, too, that much-neglected goddess, in my own way. Every time I send a woman out from Warrens' properly dressed, with every one of her good points accented, and every one of her bad points concealed or minimized, I've done something to make the world pleasanter to live in. I hope you're not a feminist," he wound up suddenly.

"Not specially. Why?"

"Because if you are you won't like what I'm going to say. It is this: Man can come into almost any of the so-called purely feminine occupations and professions and beat woman at her own game. The best cooks are men. The best dressmakers are men ——"

"Oh, but look! You'd be nowhere without Madame Louise and her girls—girls, not men, remember."

"And she'd be nowhere at all without me. I could get men seamstresses—we have men tailors. Men are the best milliners ——"

"Very well, I concede that you're the superior sex in everything. I'd hate to have a man trained nurse, though."

"You've got me there. So would I, though I hate trained nurses anyway—stiff, starchy, unbending, haughty creatures. I couldn't help wondering when you first came to the Warrens' whether you might not have been a trained nurse, Miss Amy. The way you froze us all—all except Eveline. No one could freeze Eveline—because you can't freeze pure gold."

Amy ought to have blushed, but she didn't.

"Since you've proved that you're such a superior person," she said naughtily, "I don't imagine you noticed the freezing at all."

Leila Parsons was leaving. She stopped again by their table and reminded Amy: "Don't forget, you're coming to see me very soon. I don't want to lose sight of you."

So it was altogether a very pleasant luncheon. Leila Parsons was naturally very anxious to know who the good-looking well-dressed man with Amy might be.

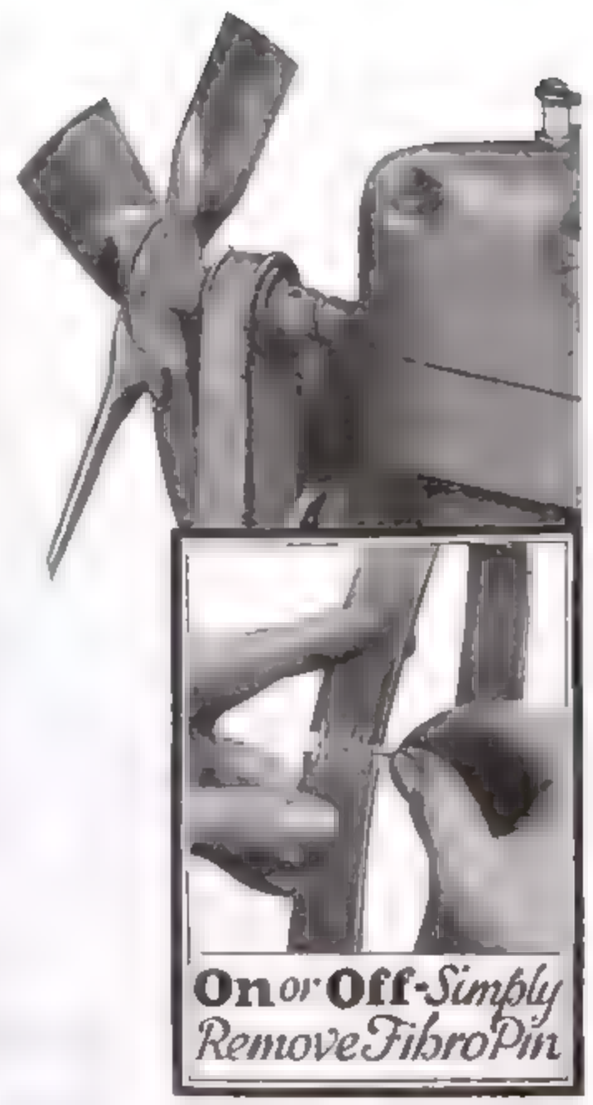
"Wants to snatch him for herself," thought Amy, knowing Leila's little ways. "Why, Mr. Gerdes wouldn't look at her—unless he had to make a frock for her!"

They strolled back to the Misses Warren's far more companionably than they had come. At the door Amy said, "I feel as if I'd just met you." And he had replied, briefly, "Is it my fault?" To which there seemed to be no really adequate answer.

When she got inside Amy felt that she would like to go around and beg everybody's pardon. But for what? For shifting her mental attitude toward them now that she had discovered that they were as well-born, as gently bred, as herself? That would be a strange, ironic insult, indeed, to these people who had been so good to her. They had not changed—they were just the same as before. But she had changed, and to better things, and she was ashamed—ashamed of herself! An unaccustomed emotion, but a healthy one.

A customer was waiting, and she had to hurry into an evening dress of emerald chiffon with gold tassels, and from that into the Doeillet *robe d'intérieur* of crêpe in kingfisher blue, and from that into the little Chanel jersey morning dress, the one with the Czech embroidery, making every effort to please and interest the lady, until presently Mrs. Karsten beckoned her aside and whispered in her ear, "Don't waste time on her, my dear. She's a looker; comes in every season and never buys a thing. I think she copies them."

(Continued on Page 113)



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Garages equipped with this tool need not stock a large and varied assortment of fan belts; a few rolls of belting in popular widths equips them to belt a great number of cars. Belt hooks come carded and conveniently boxed. Clipper Belt Hooks are 100% staggered. No two hook points enter the belt directly opposite each other.

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Clipper Belt Lacer Company
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$2.50 in U. S. A. $3.50 in Canada

The Junior Vise Lacer laces same sizes as Junior Clipper No. 1, but requires a vise.

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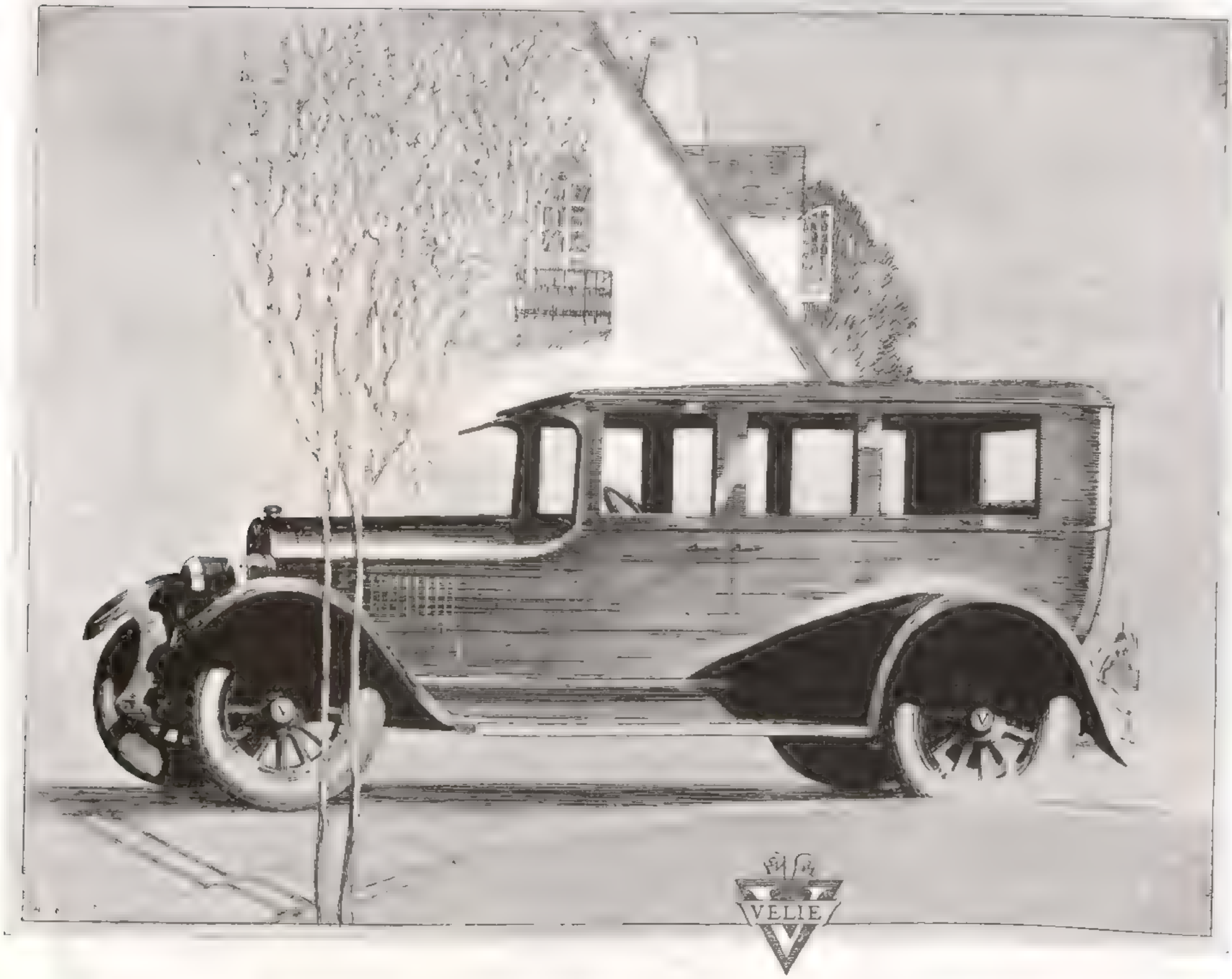
The Junior Clipper No. 1 laces belts up to 2 inches wide and 3-16 inches thick. Substantially built, simple in construction and operation. Perpetually guaranteed against breakage and defects.

Clipper Belt Lacer

Quality Belt Lacing



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VELIE is the outstanding under-priced car of the year. ¶ It is the largest Six for the price in the world. Never before such unadulterated value. ¶ The remarkably efficient, vibrationless 50 H. P. engine is a Valve-in-the-Head power plant. Everyone knows that means greater motor merit. ¶ The finest aeroplane motors are designed on the self-same principle. They must perform —continuously—consistently—always! So does Velie. ¶ Yes—Velie builds its own engine—in its own engine plant! ¶ Furthermore, Velie's all around, astonishing efficiency is due largely to the ingeniously devised automatic force-feed lubrication system to all moving parts. No other like it. This Velie is a dream to drive in—a beauty to be seen in—a regular bear for work. Also it is one of the most thrifty cars on the road. Everything about this car is over-size—except the price! ¶ Ask the dealer in your town to show you.

VELIE MOTORS CORPORATION, MOLINE, ILL.

V E L I E

(Continued from Page 111)

Those lookers—they were the bane of the business. Amy became very diplomatic.

"I'm afraid we haven't anything more that will interest you," she said sweetly; whereupon the looker, seeing that she was recognized, disappeared. That was the formula, at the Misses Warren's, of getting rid of lookers.

Then Eveline flew by and spread wonderful news.

"Ethel Barrymore's in the Gray Room—she's ordering gowns for her new play. Mr. Gerdes wants you or Miss Clara."

"Let me go," begged Amy, and hurried to the Gray Room, to look with rapture at this unexpected close-up of the famous Barrymore smile, to listen to the thrilling contralto timbre of the Barrymore voice, while Mr. Gerdes improvised moonlight, starlight and tragedy dresses for her. Such, he assured her gravely, were the motifs of her costumes, and was rewarded by her inimitable side glance and laughter.

The day went on after this in its usual way. Madame Louise had a brain storm after the departure of a more than usually awful *nouvelle riche* who wanted a backless evening gown, having seen one in a Paris theater! Miss Florence and Miss Mary announced that they were going to Florida for the winter. Mrs. Karsten booked a big order from one of her regulars. Miss Ballard scolded the embroiderer who did their work, one Mr. Adelphi, into a perfect pulp of penitence, because he had done a panel and belt on the wrong side of the material.

"Couldn't you let it go this once?" he begged. "The customer will never know it."

"You know the rule of the house," replied Miss Ballard inflexibly, and out went Mr. Adelphi, a dejected figure, with his embroidery under his arm to be done over.

Amy felt sorry for him and said so.

"I'm sorry, too," said Miss Ballard. "But it's entirely his own carelessness. And if we let one mistake go by we'll have to let them go by constantly."

This was one of the many little stories of her day with which Amy enlivened her mother's evening. She told it gayly, as well as the story of the wicked looker, and Miss Barrymore's charm. And then, before she thought, she told about going to Sherry's and seeing Leila Parsons. Her mother's pursed lips and raised brows checked her.

"You went out with this—this person who's a sort of bookkeeper there? Oh, my dear, how thoughtless! He is not, you know, a gentleman, nor of your class. Suppose Leila Parsons should find out who he is. What would she say?"

Amy found herself nonplused to explain, for her mother's ideas of the inner workings of the Warren personnel were nebulous indeed. Amy had not attempted to enlighten her very much; and since, in this second winter of their poverty, Mrs. Bristol had found a few old cronies with whom to have a daily game of bridge, she had asked few questions.

Her mother went on: "I almost wish, Amy dear, that you had never gone there. I sometimes doubt that it is the place for a lady. Of course they seem very nice, and no doubt they are for that class of people; but you're young and you don't know the world as I know it. In spite of the larger salary I wish you had stayed at Miss Cannaday's."

"Mother," said Amy gently, "suppose we go to the movies this evening. It's been such an exciting day I'd like to do something frisky to wind it up."

In that way the subject was successfully evaded. And in the semidarkness of the movie house Amy could think. She found herself thinking, without knowing why, of Mr. Gerdes, and of Leila Parsons wanting to meet him, and of what he had told her about himself. She kept right on thinking about him all through the film, and went to sleep thinking about him. Just before she went to sleep she got up and hunted for something in the dresser drawer.

"What are you doing?" asked her mother sleepily.

"Nothing—I just wanted to find something." What she found was a little snapshot of Hedley Ross, which she had hidden away at the bottom of her handkerchief case. She tore it into bits and threw it into the waste-paper basket.

"There are gentlemen and gentlemen," she murmured grimly.

There is a short sequel to this story. It began on the day after Miss Florence and Miss Mary came back from Florida. They called Mr. Gerdes into consultation for several hours, and for several hours the next day, and thereafter for a week. And then it began to be whispered about the place that Miss Florence and Miss Mary had retired, and Mr. Gerdes had bought the business. That it was to be turned into a company and that all the head people, like Miss Ballard and Mrs. Karsten and Dora, were to have stock in it—Eugene the tailor, too, and Madame Louise. The old graystone house hummed and buzzed with exciting rumors.

Amy asked Mr. Gerdes about it. They were lunching at Sherry's, as they did semi-occasionally now, and looking at the people about them. He told her it was all quite true.

"I wish," said Amy—"oh, I wish I could take some stock. Maybe next year—if you let me try being a saleswoman ——"

Mr. Gerdes was looking at her intently, very much as he had looked at her on their first visit to Sherry's, only more so.

"A saleswoman? Why, Amy, I've got another job for you—not next year, but this year!"

And do you know, she guessed at once what it was?—and she's going to take it.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Etc.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

Of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for April 1, 1924.

State of Pennsylvania } ss
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared P. S. Collins, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the General Business Manager of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Editor, George H. Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania

Managing Editor, None

Business Manager, P. S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania

2. That the owners holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock are:

Edward W. Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania
[illegible]
Cyrus H. K. [illegible]
Cyrus H. K. [illegible] of Louisa Knapp Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
John [illegible], Pennsylvania
Edward W. Hazen [illegible]
George [illegible] Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
[illegible], Merion, Pennsylvania
Frederick [illegible] Land and Trust Company, New York, New York
Public Ledger Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

None

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
P. S. Collins,
General Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of February, 1924.

[SEAL] W[illegible] T[illegible]
Notary [illegible]

My commission expires April 1, 192[illegible]

WHEN BURNSIDES WERE IN BLOOM

It is generally believed by people who speak flippantly of "sideburns," "sideboards," etc., that burnsides were so named because they cluttered up both sides of their proprietor's countenance.

That hypothesis cannot be supported by a single hair. Burnsides got the name from the gallant General Ambrose E. Burnside, a Civil War hero, who wore that kind of whiskers.

Most of the men who used to think burnsides made them look dashing and dauntless are trying now to keep albums bound in genuine plush from coming to light.

It may be admitted, however, that burnsides were not altogether futile. They reduced shaving areas, which was helpful and important.

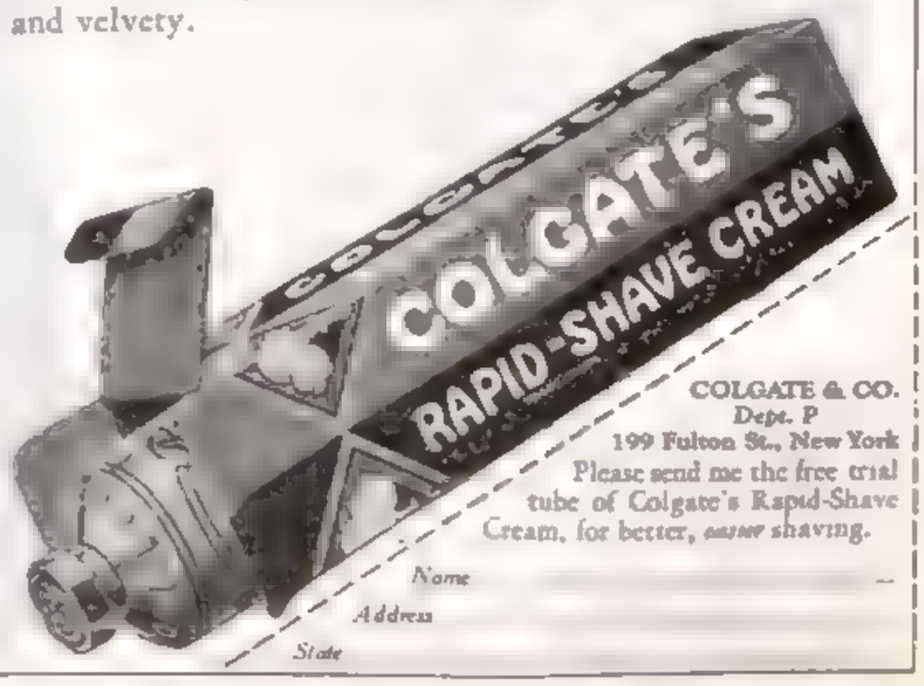
When burnsides were in bloom every stroke of the razor was painful, because there was nothing then for making such lather as we can have now for easy shaving.

COLGATE'S
Rapid-Shave Cream

softens the beard at the base—where the razor's work is done

Its marvelous effect is almost instantaneous. With *plenty* of water, hot or cold, it makes a luxurious lather consisting of minute bubbles which emulsify the oily coating upon each hair. Moisture is thus permitted to penetrate and *soften* the hair.

The result is an easy shave, after which the face is soothed and velvety.



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Please send me the free trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream, for better, *easier* shaving.

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But here are new models even better than the old

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But always we have been improving these tools. A refinement here, a new feature there —until now, when important changes call for renumbering the tools. The new numbers are:

No. 30-A. Standard Size (Improved No. 30)
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No. 130-A. Quick Return, Standard (Improved No. 130)
No. 131-A. Quick Return, Heavy (Improved No. 131)

The chuck was perfected long ago —with a "Yankee" patent to prevent blade from jamming. Saved endless time and trouble.

(B) Lock-collar, sleeve and cylinder are keyed together. The key locks these parts immovably.

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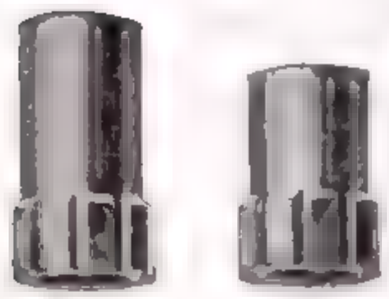
A new driving nut, a third longer than the old, gives longer wear. Ratchet pawls, lengthened and strengthened, cannot break, bend or get out of order.

The handle is made immovable by lock-nut on cylinder. The new construction shortens the tool. Being more compact, it is more efficient.



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"YANKEE" on the tool you buy means you are getting the best in the world. Same with drill points and bits for spiral screw-drivers.

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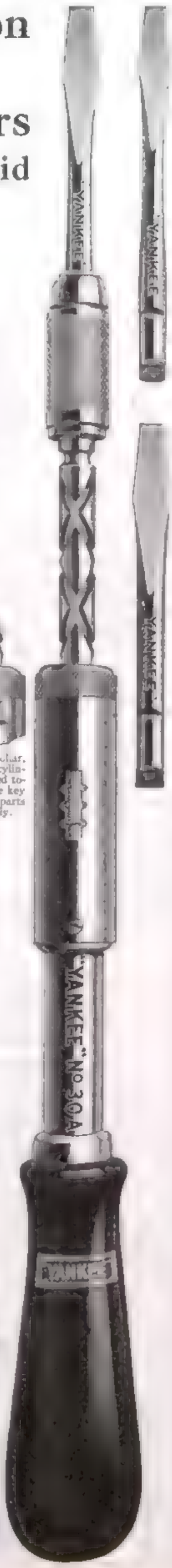
"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics



SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34)

ISABELLA: We always had our own horse an' carriage, an' servants an' everything. My pa always said I'd regret marryin' Ferdy, but I was a headstrong girl in them days

COLUMBUS: Most people think the earth

ISABELLA: My pa useter say

COLUMBUS *disgustedly):* Oh, all right! I guess the King was right, what he said about you.

ISABELLA: About me? Has Ferdy been talking about me?

COLUMBUS: Well, not exactly about you. He said that women were all right in their place but that they didn't have much sense. A woman's place is in the home, I think was the way he put it.

ISABELLA: Well, of all the nerve!

COLUMBUS: He said you couldn't trust 'em in a business deal.

ISABELLA *(indignantly):* Well, I'd like to know where he gets off to pull that kind of stuff around here. Them Aragons never had a cent to their name. Where would he be if he hadn't married me, the big boob? He never earned a cent in his life. An' me working my fingers to the bone so he can loaf around all day like a gentleman. The idea!

COLUMBUS: There's big money in this proposition of mine. There's an English syndicate wants to get in on it, but I thought I'd give you first chance because you're friends of mine. However ——

ISABELLA: Wait a minute, Chris. I'm goin' to show that husband of mine a thing or two. We'll see if women haven't any sense. I've got a lot of jewelry in my safe-deposit vault; a lot of old stuff that used to belong to mommer. Maybe you could hock it for me without sayin' nothin' about it to nobody.

COLUMBUS *(clasping her hand):* Put it there, kid. Bella, you're some queen.

ISABELLA: I'll show that egg somethin'. And what shape is the earth?

COLUMBUS: Round!

ISABELLA: Attaboy.

—Newman Levy.

The Legend of the Loganberry

From "The Seamy Side of Vegetable Life"

A ROSE once bloomed in a garden,
White and dainty and fair,
By the garden wall at evenfall
It dreamed and nodded there;
And a raspberry bush climbed over the wall
And hung in a rakish pose;
"Haven't we met somewhere, my pet?"
The raspberry said to the rose.

The pure white rose turns whiter,
And trembles upon its stalk;
One of its petals slowly settles
Down on the garden walk;
"I'm not the kind of a rose," she said,
"That blossoms in studios;
You're wicked, very, you red raspberry!"
To the raspberry said the rose.

"Be mine, be mine, O maiden rose!"
The wicked raspberry cried,
But the rose was brave and cried, "Behave!
Begone to your raspberry bride;
The rose may only woo the rose,
The cherry espouse the cherry,
The gypsy maid gets the gypsy blade,
The raspberry gets the berry!"

"Rose, you have torn in tatters
A raspberry heart today;
To make you share my own despair
I'll throw myself away;
And maybe you'll be sorry
And cease to be so merry
When it is said that I have wed
A horrid black blackberry!"

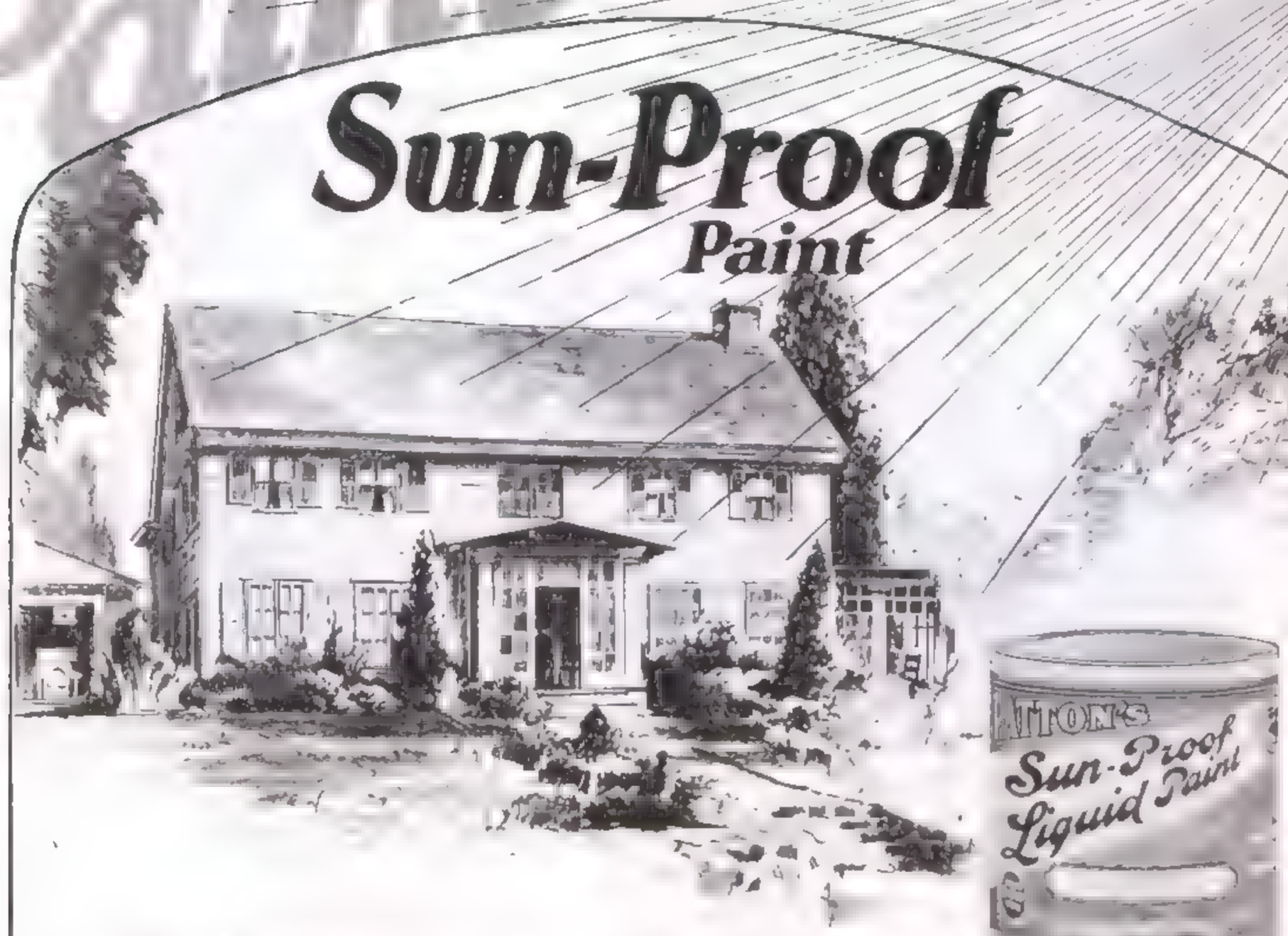
And just to pain a sweet little rose—
Lovers are very queer—
He made a match in the blackberry patch
And ruined his own career;
And from that shameful mating—
'Twas only temporary—
Was born that wild, alluring child,
The lovely loganberry!

—Morris Bishop.

Politics Does Indeed Make Strange Bedfellows

Paint

Sun-Proof Paint



The "elasticity" of Sun-Proof

SUN-PROOF Paint is elastic. It stretches and contracts with the hot and cold weather. The sun cannot blister Sun-Proof. It is pore-proof—the rain and moisture cannot seep through.

These are reasons for Sun-Proof's perfect protection. The wood beneath—which, if left unprotected, the sun and wet will soon warp and rot—is covered with a flexible armor, a coat that will wear and wear.

Painters know that Sun-Proof Paint is economical, that it covers an unusually large surface per gallon. Tell your painter that you want Sun-Proof.

Sun-Proof Paint is a "Pittsburgh Proof Product." You will find the same high standard quality in the other "Proof Products," among them Velumina, the wall paint you can wash, Pitcairn Waterspar Varnish, Banzai Enamel and many other famous products. Whatever you may need in the way of glass, paint, varnish and brushes the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company has a product that will fill your requirements exactly. For sale by quality dealers.

It is not easy to hang pictures correctly—so that they will each show to the best advantage and still harmonize with the arrangement of the room. The book "What to do and How to do it"—a guide to better homes, answers a host of every-day questions on home decoration and arrangement. Ten cents brings your copy. Send it to Dept. A, Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

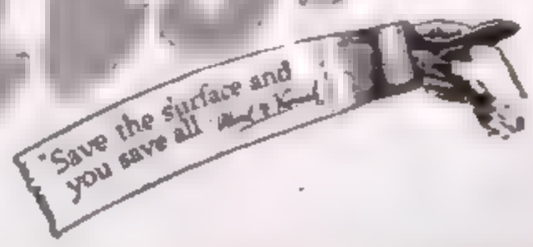
PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

GLASS Manufacturers PAINT

Paint and Varnish Factories

Milwaukee, Wis. Newark, N. J.

Varnish



Your windshield or your eyes ?

Caught in a rain with no windshield cleaner, you slow down and drive cautiously. Unless you can see clearly, 20 miles an hour is dangerous—almost foolhardy.

Yet hundreds of thousands of men actually invite needless risk of accidents, simply because they do not realize that faulty eyes make their driving as risky all the time as a rain-spattered windshield does once in a while.

You believe you are not in this group. With entire sincerity you say, "*I* can see. *My* eyes are not faulty. *I* have my driver's license. *I've* escaped accidents."

How can you know?

But can you see well? Is your eyesight normal? Your driver's license means nothing with regard to your sight. In escaping accidents you may have been pressing your luck.

You've never looked through the sharp, perfect eyes of another person to compare your vision with his. You can't measure your height without a tape measure—you can't know your weight without a scale. And by the same token you can't know if your eyesight is up to par without a scientific eye-examination.

One way to be sure—and only one

There is but one way to know—an eye examination. It may or may not show that you need glasses. But in any event it will bring you the confidence of knowing you are safeguarded against the dangers of imperfect vision.

This confidence is worth possessing. Think what it would mean to you if you knew that every other driver on the road had flawless vision. You owe the same duty to him that he owes to you—the duty that every motorist owes to the public safety. Have your eyes examined!

American Optical Company Southbridge Mass U S A

WELLSWORTH
PRODUCTS
for Better Eyesight

All that Science can give,
all that Artistry can add

ABOUT FOREIGNERS AND FOOD

(Continued from Page 21)

palate, not only a tragedy in content but topsy-turvy in arrangement. The American made his breakfast a substantial meal and his luncheon a light one, exactly the reverse of the scheme affected by us of the older nations. The consequence to me of this apparently unimportant detail was that I must learn to fill up early in the morning upon arising, and as I could not make myself do that, go hungry till one o'clock. For his breakfast the American knew no thrift. He let himself go utterly, careless alike of expense and his own comfort. He simply emptied his larder. He began, of all things, with fruit, which I had always been taught to regard as dessert. Then came what he called cereal, mush reduced to a state approaching the liquid; thereafter beefsteak, fish, jam, muffins and the inevitable potatoes, everything you can think of. It was concluded with a beverage powerful enough to prostrate the strongest and going by the name of coffee. It was not a meal but a banquet in disarray, a bacchanal, a jamboree. And all of it, remember, at an hour when my Old World friends were just beginning to enjoy their beds.

In desperation I threw up the sponge and went baching. I was not going to take starvation lying down. I strained my finances to the breaking point investing in cookstoves and utensils, only to discover the real source of the difficulty. The fault was not with the cooks, not entirely at least. It was the provisions that were lacking. The grocers were unaware that olives ever got ripe. The fragrant cheeses did not exist for them, any more than did the pickled watermelon and eggplant and apples, and the thousand and one varieties of smoke-dried meats. So that was that. You could not make a civilized menu without the ingredients.

Tribulations of Mr. Sbedico

Therefore back to the boarding house I ignominiously went, and tried to make the best of a bad fix. Matters improved with time. Gradually, painfully, but steadily I came to like pie, because it resembled my native strudels, and cream-tomato soup because it suggested the delicate borsch of beets that mother used to make; and even to accept cider as a substitute for wine, because it brought back memories of my infancy, when I was too young for the juice of the grape. Now that the distressing process is all over my native friends ask me to tell them the tale, of which they never weary. Just how did I do it? Was English hard to master? Do I actually think in my adopted language? Until I begin to doubt whether Americans will ever find out what a foreigner really is.

Maybe, though, you think I am a rare crank, and that my experience is too exceptional to prove anything. Well, then, let me tell you about Sbedico. Attilio Sbedico was, I hardly need specify, an Italian. He spoke English quite well enough to be appointed a teacher in an American university. What we are in the habit of calling his education he had received largely in the United States, including a degree of doctor of philosophy from the University of Pennsylvania. All that, however, did not in the least help him to fit successfully and agreeably to himself into the environment of an American college community in the Middle West. He was a good teacher, mind you, and was liked by his students and his faculty colleagues. He mixed well in local society, and was regularly invited to the dances and teas and things.

But his real education, the upbringing of his internal man, had been given him by his Sicilian mother. That spoiled the game for him. I was his table mate at the boarding house, and as I was by that time a graduate in culinary Americanism I was in a fair position to observe his misery with sympathy and understanding. The poor fellow sat through meals politely, nibbled passionlessly at Irish stew and dumplings and tomato salad served with sugar, and cottage pudding; conversed gayly, distributed gallant compliments to the ladies; and then arose with the rest of us, hungrier than when he had sat down; and—if he had no class right away—went back to his room and made a lonely meal on Bologna, pimientos, Gorgonzola and fruits, which his folks compassionately kept him supplied with. It was not very satisfactory. The crusty close-knit bread, of which he was in the habit of consuming a loaf at a meal, was lacking. He was growing visibly thinner and more desperate from day to day. He confided to me once that though he could ill afford it he was seriously considering giving up his job. He would rather teach in the Philadelphia high schools, where he could be near to his mother's divinely stocked pantry, than pretend to be happy as a university professor and die a death of slow torture.

Then just as the situation brought him to the breaking point, heaven, in the person of his landlady, came to the rescue. He was actually in the hospital at this time with a disordered digestion, and in his delirium he raved continually of spaghetti, ravioli and red wine. She suggested that if he would get well she would cook special menus for him. At that he recovered at a bound.

The landlady proved as good as her word. He imported the tomato sauce and the Parmesan from Philadelphia, taught her—or rather her daughter—how to prepare the longed-for pasta, and in no time at all was his happy self again. It was a cheering spectacle to see him at noon and evening with a huge bowl of the steaming stuff before him, adroitly manipulating the tools as he wound the long filaments about a fork held against the cup of a serving spoon in his other hand.

But it was the sequel that was astonishing and enlightening. Within little more than a month after the event above recorded Sbedico was definitely saved for America. He became engaged to his landlady's daughter, the restorer of his happiness and the savior of his career. The local paper and local gossip driveled about romance and all the rest of it. But I knew better. Sbedico could not afford to take any chances on losing the one woman who was guaranteed able to minister to his wants. In due time, I trust, she contrived to rehabilitate his social prestige and even taught him how to enjoy Irish stew with elbow macaroni. If she did not she was a failure in her mission as a redeemer of alien souls, however successful she might be as a wife and cook.

The most convincing of my demonstrations is yet to come. It concerns not individuals but an organized movement of whole populations. Some fifteen years ago a well-known Jewish banker of New York, assisted by other prominent public-spirited citizens, financed an enterprise which was designed to deflect the currents of immigration from the Atlantic seaboard to the Gulf of Mexico.

The Government and various national agencies cooperated enthusiastically in an endeavor which promised to distribute the force of our unceasing tidal waves over the entire country and thus to relieve the dangerous pressure from our Eastern cities.

To Galveston—and Back

Well, the prospective newcomers were circularized and promised employment, homes, free land, libraries, phonographs, automobiles and what not. A truly idyllic and inspiring picture, and on the whole a truthful one, was drawn of the prospects of life in the Southwest. Only one thing—and considering that a goodly majority of the newcomers were, as usual, unattached men, the most important thing—was omitted from the glowing prospectus—namely, restaurants that served meals of a kind that would be irresistible to the alien taste.

The consequence was that the Galveston Movement was all but a total failure. A handful of families went out, and a few foolhardy bachelors too. But with very rare exceptions they soon took up their bundles and drifted back, for the most part on foot, to the fleshpots of the East. For days after their arrival they could be seen crowding the eating houses of their respective foreign quarters, devouring terrific quantities of their national dainties by way of making up for the hungry time lost in exile. Some of them gorged themselves into the grave. Doubtless they found such an end both pleasant and patriotic.

In relating this incident I have inadvertently betrayed the mystical secret of the foreign colony in the American city—and, for the matter of that, everywhere else in the world. For what is true of the Little Italys and Little Polands and the Ghettos of New York, Chicago and Pittsburgh holds good for the American Colony in Paris and Jerusalem as well as the white settlements in Hong-Kong, Peking and Madagascar. I mean that the foreign colony is above all a dining club. The late Theodore Roosevelt laid his finger with an unerring instinct on the situation when he spoke of the aliens in America as a polyglot boarding house. That about hits the nail on the head.

Italian Quarter, Lower East Side, New York

If you do not believe that this is so you may prove it for yourself by investigation. Take a trip down to any one of our foreign settlements, and as you look about ask yourself the interesting question, "Just what is it that is foreign about this place?" I have personally made the experiment again and again, and my answer, as long as I remained on the street and I looked on from without, was, "Roughly, nothing." The picturesqueness of which you heard so much is conspicuously absent. You will search in vain for the sights and colors of the Near East and the South of Europe. Picturesqueness is largely an affair of architecture and costume, and neither of these things does the immigrant bring with him overseas. The background and the sky line he finds ready-made for him, and he has neither the time nor the wherewithal to rebuild them to suit his own fancy. He may be critical at first of the absence of wide arches and flying buttresses and spacious market squares flanked by the statues of heroes, but real estate and building materials are outside his reach; and ere long he comes to the conclusion that running water, dumb-waiters and gas stoves in part make up for the deficiency.

As for wearing apparel, he does frequently lug it over. But Americanization, as you know, begins at the water's edge. His friends and relatives shudder at the thought of walking home with the newcomer garbed in all his Old World imperfections and having the native urchins point their fingers at him. Wherefore they meet him at Ellis Island with an American suit of clothes, a derby hat and a pair of snub-toed shoes, and by the time he shuffles off the gangplank it is hard to say which is the relative and which the newly landed.

That disposes of the picturesqueness. And there is precious little of anything else. What the immigrant wants, as soon as he has had time to rub his eyes and realize where he is, is, first of all, to learn all he can about his new surroundings, and then to become with the least possible delay and effort like his neighbors. The consequence has been that the foreign-language newspaper has been driven to make itself a link between its readers' former and present worlds. It has had to abandon its original program, lock, stock and barrel, to devote an increasing proportion of its news space to American happenings, to print special articles about the government, the history, the geography and the institutions of the United States. It has seen the writing on the wall, and adopted the spread headlines, the rotogravures, the comic strips, the cartoons, the interviews, the woman's page, and at least a condensed dose of the sports. I know of at least one daily which, perceiving the drift of things, has taken time by the forelock and added a supplement in English.

Food Fundamentalists

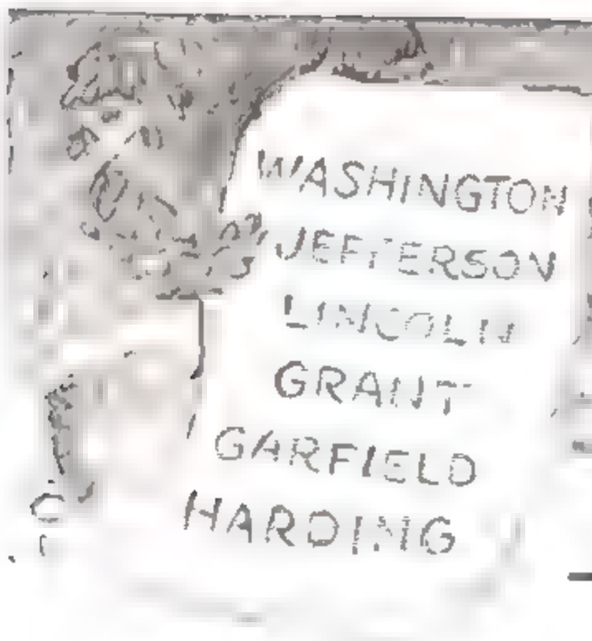
Now the moral of all these exciting revelations is that though the foreign settlement and its institutions wither and decay in our air, there is one imported establishment which, far from showing any tendency to be naturalized out of existence, goes on flourishing exuberantly. I mean, of course, the eating house and the family cuisine. Other traditions fade, grow stale and shabby, and are cast off. The customs of the homeland come to look old-fashioned. Montenegrin may begin to sound barbarous and harsh alongside of a world language like English. The puppet show, which seemed so delightful in Naples, is merely childish now where Shakspere can be seen in the original. But the tidbits that mother used to cook become more fragrant and delicate the farther the exile gets from his base. The longing and homesickness, the whole Old World memory concentrates and clings around the hearthstone and its aromatic pot.

Well, I have gone on long enough, and I trust that my moral is clear, even though I am not prepared just at this moment to offer any practical program for its effectuation.

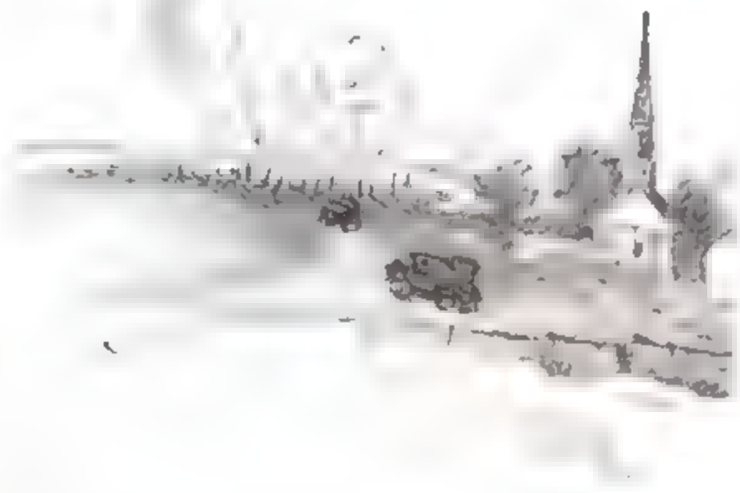
Maybe America will manage to accomplish the business of naturalization without any expert suggestion from me. I have heard proposals to make voting compulsory. Every other day, committees are organized to promote reëmigration, by force if need be, into the interior, and to break up the colonies. Suggestions have been made again and again that evening schools be made as obligatory upon foreigners as day schools are upon the young. And nearly every American is convinced that the foreign-language newspaper is a menace and should be abolished.

But I do want America to keep in mind that a man may write a first-rate letter in English, and enjoy Shakspere without a dictionary, and go regularly to the games, and even laugh at the right place when the jokes are going round, and still be in his heart of hearts a hopeless alien. But if he can live through four weeks on a Middle Western farm, far from the pastry shops and eating houses of his race, I warrant you that he is as safe an American as you can ever hope to get out of foreign ingredients.

If the Bureau of Naturalization were to ask my advice—which I think extremely unlikely—I should recommend such an ordeal to be made the final test as to whether a newcomer is ready for citizenship.



—that the farmer may prosper and the nation progress



These are the words of three farmers:

1 "My wife was a city girl. She is a talented musician and holds a position in a church quartet. Though our home is on the farm she goes to town whenever she chooses and has kept up all her church activities and other interests. How does she do this? Simply by means of the car.

"Her city friends told her she would have a lonesome life in the country, but they tell her now that she is far better off than they are. She has Nature all around her, and can still enjoy the city."

2 "It is a day's work for a team of horses to go to the village and back. With my car I make the round trip in less than three hours. If we could not have our car any more, *it would be like having no sunshine in our lives.*"

3 "Our automobile and our electric power plant have revolutionized our lives in the past few years. With our car we can get to town oftener and in less time; and the power plant has given us the convenience of electric light and many labor-saving devices."

Every President of the United States, with two exceptions, was born in a village or on a farm. Sons of farmers have exercised leadership in every phase of our national life. And this will always be the case, for men who work alone have time to think, and their thinking is *their own.*

Hence the contribution of the automotive industry to the farmer is perhaps the most important of all its contributions; for unless he prospers, the nation cannot progress. His are crops of the spirit as well as of the soil: not only food but leadership; not only produce but men.

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

BUICK
CADILLAC
CHEVROLET
OAKLAND
OLDSMOBILE
GMC TRUCKS

Delco and Remy Electrical Equipment • Fisher Bodies • Harrison Radiators • Jacox Steering Gears AC Spark Plugs—AC Speedometers • New Departure Ball Bearings Delco-Light and Power Plants and Frigidaire • Jaxon Rims • Brown-Lipe-Chapin Differential Gears Lancaster Steel Products • Hyatt Roller Bearings • Inland Steering Wheels • Dayton Wright Special Bodies • Klaxon Horns.

. . .

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For a proof of this advertisement, suitable for framing, write Advertising Dept., General Motors Corporation, Detroit.

GENERAL

MOTORS

"Name me!"

$2000.00 in cash prizes

THIS ought to be easy. Here's the Carter Call-boy, the lad that you have seen calling for Carter Inx Products for over a year. Now he's calling for a name. He wants it so badly that we are offering $2000.00 in cash prizes for the best one submitted—the one that best fits his personality and his business of calling for Carter's.

Here are the prizes: 1st—$500, 2nd—$400, 3rd—$300, 4th—$200, ten prizes of $25 each for the ten next best names and twenty-five consolation prizes of $10 each. Aren't these worth a little thought and a few minutes with pen and ink? Sit down right now and think of a name for the Carter Call-boy. All you have to do is follow the easy rules below. If you like you can get an entrance slip from your dealer. Send your names to the contest department—

THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. All names must be written in ink.
2. The contest will officially close the 15th day of May. It officially opened the 15th day of March.
3. In case of tie, all of the tying contestants shall receive the full amount of the prize.
4. Names may be written on the slips given away free by stationers, druggists, etc.
5. The first prize will be awarded to the contestant who submits the name that is the most appropriate in the opinion of the judges. The other prizes will be awarded to those next most appropriate in order.
6. All names must be written in English.
7. Everyone is eligible except employees of The Carter's Ink Company or their families.

If you do not get an entrance slip from your dealer, remember to:

1 Write your answer in ink.
2 Give, in 25 words or less, your reason for choosing the name or names entered
3 Give the name and address of the dealer where you usually buy your ink.
4 Give the name of the kind of ink used in writing your entrance paper
5 Write your own name and address in full and plainly

Contest Judges

PROF. DANL. STARCH, Harvard University School of Business Administration

J. S. WICHERT, Advertising Manager Mellin's Food Company

FLETCHER W. TAFT, Advertising Manager The Carter's Ink Company

Call for CARTER'S

CARTER INX PRODUCTS

Cico Paste, Carbon Paper, Writing Fluid

Fountain Pen Ink, Typewriter Ribbons, Spotty and Rusty Racers

THAT PAIN IN OUR NORTHWEST

(Continued from Page 52)

here. We are still close to the soil. Much better off in that respect than South Dakota. And we'll come back all the faster. Correct."

If farming were anywhere safe it ought to be so in South Dakota. Most of it is intelligently diversified. The land is tame and very desirable. The farms are like the woodcuts at the top of the months in the old almanacs.

"What happened to South Dakota?" you ask a banker at Sioux Falls.

He answers mechanically: "Corn that was two dollars is sixty cents. Oats that were a dollar are forty cents. Hogs that were twenty cents are six. Wheat that was three dollars a bushel is ninety cents."

"Is that all?"

"Ain't that enough? Where are you from?"

"You don't mention land."

He moves a little uneasily. "No," he says. "You don't mention land around here if you can help it. Land that was three and four hundred dollars an acre is a hundred and fifty if you can sell it at all—and worth that if you can buy it."

"And you capitalized two-dollar corn, twenty-cent hogs and three-dollar wheat in the value of land."

"They went crazy," he says, speaking slowly. "Take a case like this: A man had 160 acres of fine land, owed nothing, $20,000 in the bank. What could happen to him?"

"What did?"

"He lost his mind. He bought the quarter section next to him for $500 an acre. That was $80,000, wasn't it? He paid his $20,000 cash down, and gave a mortgage for $60,000. You might sell that land today for half the face of the mortgage. It's being foreclosed. That man has lost everything he owned. He has disappeared. And he was a good farmer too."

"Too easy to borrow money. That seems to have been true everywhere."

"Yes," he answers, "and too much prosperity. A farmer with nothing to borrow on was just in here trying to get a loan. I said, 'Tell me, do you know what happened to you?' He said, 'Yes, I know. I sold some hogs all at one time for $3800 and it made a fool of me.'"

"It appears that in the year 1920, when borrowing in all forms was at its peak, South Dakota went to the top of the automobile list. She was distinguished for having more motor cars in proportion to her population than any other state in the Union."

His reply to that is to spit.

"How did you come through? Why is your bank one of the four left standing in this neighborhood?"

Grandpa's Advice

"I never forgot what my grandfather told me," he answers. "My grandfather said, 'Suppose everybody to be dishonest until you know better; trust your own money all the time and the other fellow's money only half the time; never lend to a man while he's losing.' I've been running this bank on those principles for many years, and you see it's still here."

Although everybody will violently reject the thought, nevertheless it seems true that South Dakota had a mild attack of the North Dakota disease. There was, only in less degree, the same belief in the magic of credit; also the idea that it was one of the state's functions to create and distribute credit.

The annual report of the South Dakota Rural Credit Board begins with this thesis: "It appeared that a state ought to use its credit to help the people of the state. . . . This system was organized for the purpose of giving to the farmers cheap money on long time."

On that theory the Rural Credit Board has sold $47,500,000 of tax-exempt state bonds to Eastern investors, meaning to lend the money to the farmers; but apparently also it undertook in time of stress to aid the state banking system, for by the last annual report it had deposits in 276 state banks; and for these deposits it has no surety whatever, none being required, since all bank deposits are guaranteed by law.

This deposit-guaranty scheme has not the look of one of those three-horned monsters that once prowled about, for God knows why, in what now is South Dakota. Its resources are insufficient to pay interest on the deposits that are lost, to think nothing of the principal. Of the four banks that have failed in Sioux Falls one is a national bank, three are state banks. On each of the three defunct state banks one reads the rash and disproved legend, in silver and gold letters: "Deposits Guaranteed." Later truth in the form of a small typewritten notice is pasted on the door:

> This bank suspended business Jan. 24, 1924, and is now in the hands of the Superintendent of Banks of South Dakota on account of constant withdrawals, causing a depletion of reserve.
>
> (Signed) JOHN HIRNING, Superintendent of Banks of the State of South Dakota.

It was never intended perhaps that politics should control banking in South Dakota, as was the case in North Dakota; and yet that politics did touch banking deeply in South Dakota is not easily denied. And their ideas of what banks were for became very grand and social. The big credit machine was the Sioux Falls Trust and Savings Bank. It had four and a half million dollars in deposits, of which one-half million was state money and two millions represented the reserves of nearly 200 small state banks, which seemed under some kind of psychic compulsion to keep their money in that place. The Sioux Falls Trust and Savings Bank advertised on the billboards its own idea of what it was for; and that was to bring the sky and the town much nearer together. A subsidiary concern, which it owned, issued guaranteed gold bonds secured by unspecified collateral as to which unlimited rights of substitution were reserved.

Afterward the people who had bought the bonds seemed rather to enjoy the excitement of guessing whether their security was the garage, a new apartment house, or the hotel, and whether, in any case, it began at the floor or at the eaves.

A Familiar American Malady

In the area of ruin Montana, North Dakota and South Dakota are the high spectacles. In Montana one-third of the banks have failed, representing a little more than one-quarter of her entire banking capital, and involving one-fifth of her total bank deposits. In North Dakota one-quarter of all the banks have failed, representing about one-fifth of her entire banking capital, and involving one-fifth of her total deposits.

In South Dakota about one-tenth of the banks have failed, representing nearly one-fifth of her whole banking capital, and one-tenth of her bank deposits. The failures in Minnesota have been fewer than one bank in twenty, representing only 2 per cent of the state's banking capital and 1½ per cent of its bank deposits.

Now let us demand the lowest common denominator for the distress of —

Montana, with its overturned wheat and cattle pyramids, that had a wild land boom;

North Dakota, with its one-crop obsession, that had no land boom;

South Dakota, with its highly diversified farming, that had a land boom.

What is it if not, in all three cases, a delirious way with credit?

There is a basic depression of agriculture, owing to overproduction; to the fact that we produce a surplus of wheat in competition with countries whose costs of production are much lower than ours; to the fact that our foreign market for beef is limited because Argentina can always undersell us; and, lastly, to the fact that the products of agriculture are less protected from the competition of low-cost countries and have been more deflated from war prices than the products of industry. These are grave problems. They complicate and do touch the situation in the Northwest; but they touch all basic agriculture at the same time in a certain way.

They do not explain why one type of malady is extremely acute in three states whose agricultural conditions are structurally dissimilar.

It is a very familiar American malady—this delusion that credit is substance.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Garrett. The next will appear in an early issue.

In Easter parades all over the country, thousands of men will smoke and enjoy Robt Burns cigars.

TODAY, young men of established place in social and business spheres are smoking cigars.

And their choice, by millions, is the highest quality 10c cigar made.

Robt Burns

A General Cigar Co National Brand

THREE popular sizes—the PANATELA at 10c straight, the PERFECTO at 2 for 25c, and the foil-wrapped INVINCIBLE at 15c. Uniform in high quality—the *filler* of every Robt Burns is *all Havana.*

Illustration shows the actual size of a Robt Burns 10c PANATELA.

After all nothing satisfies like a good cigar

Glover's
BRIGHTON - CARLSBAD
Sleepingwear

Other special Brighton-Carlsbad pajamas for-a-purpose—all with [illegible] Broadcloth Poplin Percale Madras

Write for "The Nightie Book," describing them

Both *are dressed in Pajamas!*

They have learned the secret of being as well groomed in sleepingwear as in street wear. Clad in Glover's Brighton-Carlsbads, they enjoy honest-to-goodness comfort *and* a well-tailored, trim appearance!

The young man whose wardrobe for this week-end visit has been chosen with exceeding care, wears the WEEK-END SPECIAL—long-coated, full-belted, *luxurious looking*—as smartly styled as his daytime clothes.

The old gentleman to whom such little niceties of dress are of less import, is equally at ease in the THRIFT SPECIAL—*especially designed for long, hard service.* In this fine white oxford that will wear, wear, wear, he finds satisfying economy.

Like all Glover's Brighton-Carlsbad Sleepingwear, generous roominess, exclusive comfort-kinks, and tailoring that rivals the best custom hand work, distinguish these pajamas. Ask for them at your favorite store! If they can't supply you, send us $5.25 for a trial suit of the "Week-end Special" or $3.50 for the "Thrift Special." Sizes A, B, C, D. *Satisfaction guaranteed.*

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Glover's BRIGHTON CARLSBAD SLEEPINGWEAR

THE TUMTUM TREE

(Continued from Page 9)

wash of a blank and shining sea. The sloop was not built for speed; no matter; there was no hurry. She was not new; there was a faint, pungent overtone to the warm smell of tar and bilge water, not so much offensive as peculiar, rubbing the nerves of smell in unexpected places. No matter; he would soon get used to it.

He did. In six hours he could not smell anything else.

The sun went down behind gorgeous flaming clouds and the wind stiffened, breaking the shallow sea into long purple hollows and flying ridges of orange foam, the very sea for the wild soul of an adventurer; but Pete Buckner saw no beauty. Little green islands skidded up over the horizon and reeled past, unmistakably flat in the violent water; Pete Buckner did not care. A swirling night closed in, but he was not afraid. Dimly, wistfully he thought how nice and still and odorless the bottom of the sea must be. Spray flew in sheets across the deck, but could not drown the crowding, suffocating ghosts of the sloop's peculiar past—the ghosts of thousands upon thousands of murdered sponges.

Now he knew why the young man had smiled!

He was in no condition to appreciate the seamanship that found the narrow mouth of a lagoon in this howling darkness. He only knew that something had cut off the wind, letting the ghosts crowd thicker on him.

Gasping, he staggered up. Hands bundled him over the side; the world froze into dizzy immobility.

"Coom on, sar. We go see can Mistah Cottah kip you."

"Never mind," said Buckner feebly. "I stay right here whether he keeps me or not. Go on! Go on! Take that smell away from here."

The faint sparks of the sloop's lights pitched backward and were lost. A flash of lightning showed him a little pier in black landlocked water, and a path that climbed into a palmetto thicket. Thunder rolled up the sky and exploded with vast whiplike reports. A drop of rain splashed on the back of his neck.

He staggered up the path. He could not lose it; the palmetto, whipping stiffly in the wind, pushed him back to it. A lighted window! He shouted hoarsely, but the wind snatched his voice.

Rain rushed across the world. He tried to run. He fell and staggered up; stumbled on the steps of a porch, took three reeling strides and fell headlong against a door.

A woman's voice cried, "Who's there?"

Then a man's voice:

"Daff! Don't open it! Lock it quick! He's drunk!"

"Rain. Open—door," said Buckner indistinctly.

"He's hurt!" said the woman's voice.

"Daff! Are you crazy? Look out!"

The latch had clicked. The door, with the thrust of wind and Buckner leaning against it, flew open. He saw shaded lamps whose flames flattened and streamed and smoked as if part of the swirling darkness rushed into the room. He saw a girl who stared at him with wide and lovely eyes, and a handsome—almost too handsome—youth in golf knickers and stockings of fashionable pattern, who had snatched up a guitar and seemed about to throw it.

"Well, I'll be —— For the love of —— Say," cried this young man in a shaking voice, "where the hell did you drop from?"

Where Pete Buckner had looked for a hermit's shanty, the cruder the better, he found himself an intruder in a home like anybody's home. If there had to be women Pete Buckner preferred them plain. He did not care for young men in golf knickers at any price; he had seen enough of those already. Despair and dizziness engulfed him. He tried to speak, but only croaked and folded up like a tired foot rule and collapsed quietly on the floor.

V

THE noise of a lawn mower woke him. He lay fully dressed, except that his collar was unbuttoned and his shoes were off, on a dainty bed in a room whose colors were a harmony of gray and rose. The taste of sponges lingered in the roof of his mouth and he felt empty to his heels.

He wabbled up, bracing himself in case the floor should rock. It was fairly steady. A low bright sun on a fresh and sparkling world; a stretch of lawn and a clipped hedge, very civilized, against a tangle of low palmetto and one vast tree with dark shining leaves; yonder the bright waters of the Gulf, empty and without any end but clear morning sky. Under the window a little old man, spectacled, hatless and very bald, pushing a lawn mower.

"Er—good morning," said Buckner uncertainly.

The little man stopped. His glance was birdlike and fretful; he seemed to look for somebody to come and remove this fellow who appeared in windows.

"Are you Mr. Cotter?" asked Buckner nervously.

"Eh? Oh, yes, I'm Carter."

"My name's Buckner. This nigger from Key West—Ames?—said you might take me in for a little while. Sorry I caved in like that. Hope I didn't put you to ——"

"Nick Ames, yes," said the little man, nodding vaguely. "Yes; known him many years."

"Didn't mean to intrude this way. Fact is —— Did you ever smell a sponge sloop? I always wondered," said Buckner, "whether sponges were animal or vegetable; but now I know! No murdered vegetable could ——"

"Nonsense!" said Cletus Carter. "It has been established for sixty years that the Porifera are clearly animal. Haeckel and others have showed them to be a definite and important step in evolution."

"I mean," said Buckner meekly, "I simply couldn't stand the smell another minute. Thought I'd take a chance. I didn't realize —— Try not to be any trouble. Don't want much. Chance to rest, that's all. Trying to get over pneumonia and not doing a very good job of it. Of course I'll be glad to ——"

"Daphne-e-e-e!" bawled the little man, and turned and bent furiously to his mowing.

Nobody came. Pete Buckner, who had never been any trouble to anybody in his life, tried to smooth the bed before he went out—moving on tiptoe for fear he might wake somebody.

The air was fresh and clean, tinged with the pleasant smell of wood smoke. The low sun spread cool patterns on grass and thicket and white coral sand. There was no sound but a light rustle in the palmetto, the fitful whir of the mower, the steady, leisurely, endless breathing of the sea. No hurry. No worry. It came to Pete Buckner that he was remarkably hungry.

Over a dip in the waist-high thicket he saw a bit of white beach and a man sitting on the sand, dreaming perhaps. Stillness; and blue of sky and water; and time sweetly flowing.

The man got up and moved out of the line of vision.

The lawn mower, whirring briskly, came round the corner of the house. Cletus Carter stopped and took off his glasses and polished them and put them on and seemed to look for somebody.

"Daphne-e-e-e!"

But nothing happened. They looked nervously at each other, these two shy and awkward men.

"Beautiful place," said Buckner, floundering.

"Beautiful, yes. But this grass grows," said the little man fretfully; "you wouldn't believe —— Mow it and mow it. Have to mow it all the time."

"Could I take a turn at it?"

"Eh? Oh! Why, certainly," bowed the little man with ceremony. "Certainly. Glad to have you."

Oddly, though, he trotted close at Buckner's elbow.

"Now—if you don't mind, Mr. Bunner—habit. You understand, Mr. —— Habit. Mow this every morning. I ——"

He seized the mower and scuttled off. Pete Buckner almost grinned; this little old fellow was all right.

Then a curious thing happened. It began with a swift crashing in the palmetto. A lithe golden-brown figure ripped through the stiff fronds, sailed over the hedge and alighted almost on Cletus Carter. Her smooth brown legs were marred with harsh red scratches and a bright red drop trickled on one wet shapely knee, and she was panting violently through her dainty nostrils; but Cletus Carter did not seem to notice.

"Oh, there you are!" said he, and gestured vaguely toward Buckner. "My dear, this is

(Continued on Page 125

Famous silver in charming places

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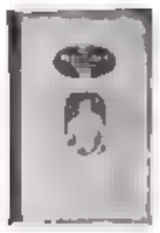

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LEHIGH—THE NATIONAL CEMENT

(Continued from Page 122)

Mr. Bunn. Says Nick Ames brought him. Convalescent from pneumonia. He ——"

More crashing. A big man, who did not have to worry about his skin because he was fully dressed, plowed through the thicket and stopped, blowing, at the hedge.

"Mr. Kane," said Cletus Carter formally, "Mr. M-m-m-m ——"

"Father," said the girl, tight-lipped, "will you ask Archer to come here? At once, please."

The big man grinned, a derisive grin.

"Never mind, professor. If sister wants to see li'l' Archie I'll send him up. Shall I give him your love, sister?"

"Thank you," said Cletus Carter, bowing.

The girl sighed and went into the house. The big man came along the hedge, still husky from the chase, and addressed Buckner.

"Say, buddy, have we got a subway station here now?"

"Subway?" said Buckner stiffly.

Nothing in his experience quite fitted the situation. He knew women did wear one-piece bathing suits, but he had never actually seen one before. The girl had been running very earnestly from this man, yet the girl's father did not seem at all excited.

"Or did you drop from an airplane, or what?" added Mr. Kane.

"I came in a sponge sloop," said Buckner, "if it's any of your business!"

"You're tootin' it's my business, buddy!"

One thing Buckner was sure of—he didn't like Mr. Kane. He was so sure of this that Mr. Kane's bulk blurred and swam before his eyes. Pete Buckner was in no condition to meet emergencies before breakfast. He stumbled to the porch and sat down. The next thing he was sure of was the girl's voice.

"Drink this." It was a steaming cup of coffee. "I'm afraid you oughtn't to be up."

"I —— Oh, yes'm, I'm all right. Feel fine. A—a little empty, that's all. Hate to be so much trouble."

A crisp blue dress made her look surprisingly smaller. She wasn't very tall. Her eyes were bright and brown, her mouth too serious, but softly made; her dark heavy hair emphasized the delicacy of her features. It made Pete Buckner feel more blundering and awkward just to look at her.

"How many people on this island?"

"Seven," she told him concisely, "including you."

"I —— Maybe some of the others have room for me."

"Afraid not. Did father seem inhospitable? You mustn't mind. He hardly knows you're here. We're glad to have you—truly."

Presently there was breakfast for the three of them; a breakfast like anybody's breakfast. Nobody talked much—for which Pete Buckner was grateful.

The handsome youth strolled in; the girl presented him as Mr. Hammond. His eyes were brown, as soft and long-lashed as the girl's own, and he had a slow, handsome smile that was almost a caress. Pete Buckner did not wish to be caressed. He muttered an excuse and blundered out.

And slowly peace came to him. He found the path down to the little pier. It went along a curling ridge of land. On one side, over the low palmetto, were the bright waters of the Gulf; on the other the ridge fell to a landlocked lagoon. It looks like an atoll, does Sunday Key, but it is not an atoll. The insect builders of the keys were not that kind of architects. The lagoon that cuts it into a horseshoe is a vast vein of sweet water breaking up from the bottom of the Gulf.

It was so clear that it looked black until he saw the under parts of three boats suspended on its surface. There was a stout motorboat covered with a tarpaulin; there was a little sailboat, completely decked except for a cockpit, as absurdly wide and flat as a pumpkin seed; there was a cabin cruiser moored close in a nook of the farther bank. Pete Buckner paid no attention. Didn't have to worry about machinery here. Didn't have to worry about anything. He found his trunk on the pier and wondered if rain had seeped in; but instead of opening it, he sat down on it and filled his pipe.

There was only the slow, rhythmic wash of breakers outside, the placid chuckle of water under the pier, the Gulf out yonder, empty of any sail. Stillness; and blue of sky and water; and time sweetly flowing.

A man came down the path; a short square man in careless khaki pants and soft shirt open at the neck; but instantly Buckner suspected him of having a light-gray suit somewhere, or a watch chain with an elk's tooth on it—maybe both. He was the type.

"McKinnon's my name," said he, breezy of manner, but with eyes alert on Buckner's face, "Welcome to our desert isle! What's all the news out in the giddy world? Any new wars or shipwrecks or interesting murders? Our morning paper," said Mr. McKinnon, "hasn't been very regular lately."

"Sorry. Haven't looked at a paper for weeks."

"Rusticating?"

"Trying to get over pneumonia."

"Oh," said Mr. McKinnon, relaxing somewhat. "Tough luck."

He sat down on the trunk, taking some care that the lumpy bulge in his hip pocket was on his free side, and asked questions.

"Came down the East Coast, did you?"

"Yes."

"Stop in Jacksonville?"

"Yes."

"Great town, Jacksonville. Much doing?"

"I don't know. Can't do much myself," Buckner explained laboriously. "Things worry me."

But Mr. McKinnon could not learn that it was anything special that worried him—anything of interest to Mr. McKinnon.

"How'd you happen to hit this place? Friend of Carter's?"

"No; just looking for a quiet place."

"Quiet!" echoed Mr. McKinnon, and his glance toward the blank horizon was a trifle moody.

Mr. McKinnon was not the sort to enjoy long meditation. He was homesick for the giddy world. He drifted away at length. The sun was getting up. Pete Buckner mopped his brow and began dragging his trunk toward the house. Any moderately strong man could have carried it, but he had to tug it a foot at a time, and even this effort made his heart hammer and the sweat start all over him. He tried rolling it end over end, and it came open and spilled his things in the sand. With the helpless rage of weakness he cursed it and all its ancestors.

"Tut, tut, Mr. Buckner! Such language!"

Buckner stared helplessly. Another one! Desert isle? The place was positively swarming with people! This was a sleek, smiling man who lit a cigarette and cocked a waggish eye, but did not offer to help with the trunk.

"You're wondering how I knew your name? Simple, my dear Watson! It's on your trunk. Mine's Brooks; Eddie for short."

"The lock's broken," gulped Buckner, examining it.

This was no news to Mr. Brooks.

"So it is. You hadn't noticed it? Careless of you, Mr. Buckner. Or do you prefer it that way?"

Repartee was never Buckner's strong point. He shut his teeth to keep from telling Mr. Brooks where to go, threw the things back into the trunk and went panting away and left it lying there. If anybody else spoke to him, he thought, his temples would burst.

Shade! He must find shade! On the porch sat the handsome Hammond and the girl Daphne; he veered off. At the lower corner of the hedge towered the only real tree in sight—a vast magnolia. It seemed to have branches entirely to the ground; but stumbling round it he found an opening on the seaward side, saw how the branches, arching down, walled in a cool green cave. There was a low bench built round the trunk. Gratefully he collapsed on it and closed his eyes.

Nobody came. Slowly the peace of wind and water came back to him.

In the dry leaves at his feet a rusty something caught his eye. It was a child's toy, an absurdly faithful miniature of a full-sized kitchen range, rusty and crippled, lurching on one side.

"Hello, stove!" murmured Pete Buckner drowsily.

He picked it up and considered it. A leg was missing; he propped the lame corner against the tree and assembled the lids. He found them all but one. Searching for this, he found a crushed bit of pewter that had once been a toy teapot. He spent a solemn half hour bending it into shape and set it on the open hole.

The effect was not quite satisfactory. With his mechanic's eye he gauged the size and shape of the legs, and found a properly crooked twig and carved a leg and wedged it into the socket.

"Now we feel better, don't we, stove?"

It was a most important and convincing little stove. You could almost have believed the little teapot was about to burst into steaming. Regarding it, Pete Buckner sighed and let his head droop and closed his eyes.

But he was not making anything now. He was asleep.

VI

HE COULDN'T have told why it amused him, this rusty bit of iron, so valiantly pretending to be a grown-up, practical stove. Often Pete Buckner, returning to this place, smiled at it, as one smiles at a child gravely absorbed in make-believe; or even spoke to it. He was not afraid the little stove would think he was crazy.

He had found one place to be alone. Nobody seemed to come here; nobody, after that first morning, seemed to pay much attention to him. Sometimes Daphne Carter's eyes made him uneasy, but she never tried to make him talk.

Hours he sat gazing at the sea—a wide sea arching up to a blue horizon, empty of any sail. Only a few random dots of green floated there—above the water, not touching it. He could see the sky under them, waves running under them, the little islands sailing eternally against the wind. Sunday Key sailed with them, floating too.

It must have been the fourth or fifth day when, dozing here, he heard Daphne Carter's voice and struggled awake to see her standing between him and the sea.

"Ma'am?"

He had a momentary impression that she was in distress. Some look in her eyes; some feeling of urgency in her voice; something about the way she held her hands. But there was nothing startling in what she said:

"Mr. Buckner, do you know anything about gasoline motors?"

"Ma'am? Oh, yes'm; a little."

She wore loose gauntlets that were stained with grease. She was nervously plucking them off; they made her hands look very small. Her eye fell on the little stove.

"Why—imagine! You've fixed its foot, haven't you?"

Her face changed, looking from it to him. Laughing at him. He didn't blame her.

"Yes'm," said the guilty Buckner.

"Here's lots of mending for you!"

She reached under the bench and pulled out a box. It was full of broken doll furniture and toy dishes. Pete Buckner was deeply mortified.

"Do you know where you are?" she demanded.

"Ma'am?"

"This is the Tumtum Tree itself. Remember?

"'So rested he by the tumtum tree
And stood a while in thought.'"

"Oh!" said Buckner uncertainly.

Words were coming back to him—words learned so long ago that he had forgotten he knew them; strung on the dim thread of association, each one she spoke brought the next one to the surface of his mind:

"'And as in uffish thought he stood,
The jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgy wood
And burbled as it came!'"

"Yes'm," said Buckner, nodding. "I remember."

"And here's the tulgy wood." She stepped out and waved a hand at the low palmetto thicket. "I know it doesn't look very tulgy nowadays, but that's because we're too tall. Get down like this and you'll see."

Mechanically he got down like that.

Then it came to him. The crowding, matted fans of the palmetto, seen from below, became, indeed, the roof of a forest—a dim, dark forest whose tangled gloom was barely pierced by filtering rays of sun. Eerie, indeed, it might be to a child—a child no higher than that.

And it hardly seemed strange that he, Pete Buckner, should be sitting here on his heels, shoulder to shoulder with a remarkably lovely young woman, smiling without confusion into her clear brown eyes. Pete Buckner was not afraid of children.

"You mean," he marveled, "you've been here that long—ever since you were that small?"

"Almost ever since I can remember."

"Gee!" said Buckner. "Must have been lonesome—for a kid."

(Continued on Page 128)

A Breath

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Bad breath is a common and grave social offense. It comes from many causes. Some people suffer at all times, most people at some times from it.

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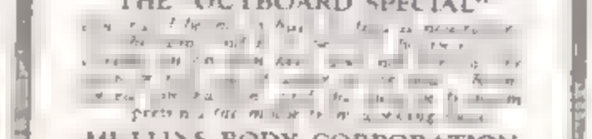

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Boat Dept. 800 Depot St., Salem, O.

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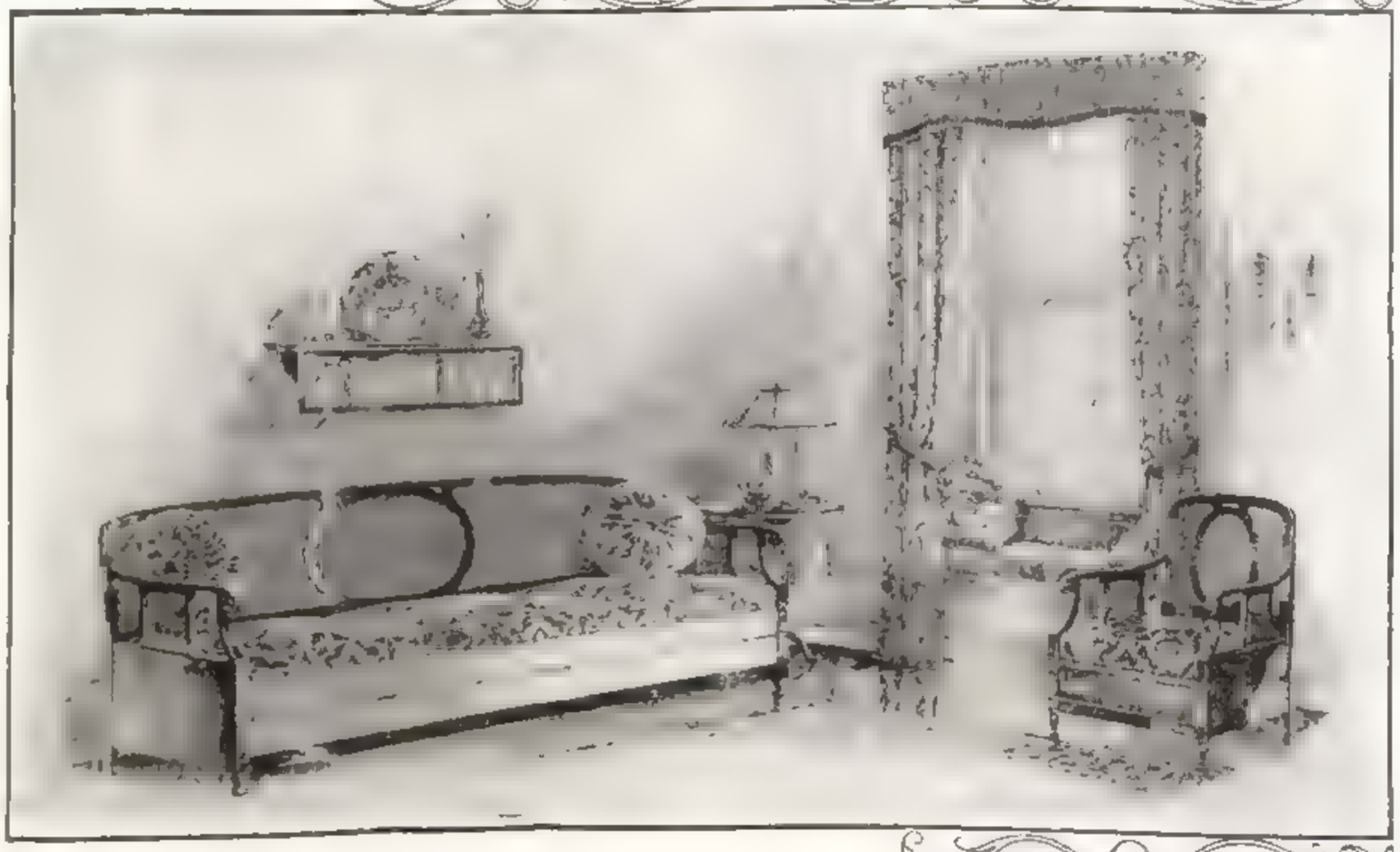

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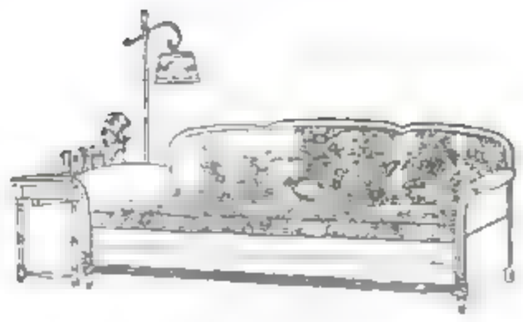

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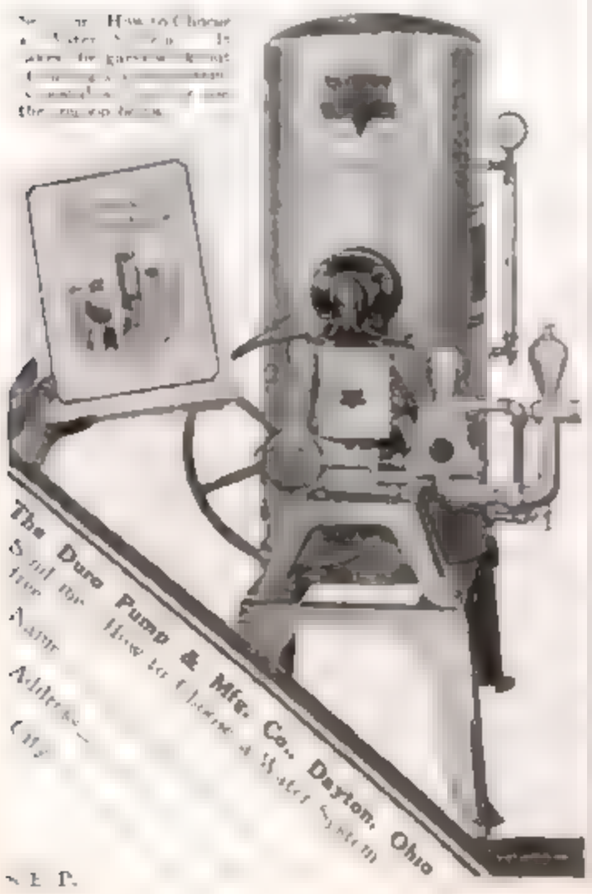

(Continued from Page 125)

"Not so much as you'd think. This was a busy place in those days. You could sit here and watch the spongers working out there; and on Sundays ——"

She told him about the days when there was worship on Sunday Key—any kind of worship; nothing barred.

"I didn't know your father was a preacher."

"He isn't. He's a biologist—or was. He came here for the Bureau of Fisheries, trying to save this sponge field. And the conchs—the negroes, you know—used to beg him to preach because he knew a lot of long words.

"He doesn't do anything now. He has a little income from his books, and he thinks he's writing more books. He's a little—childish," said the girl, and sighed. "You've noticed?"

"He's all right!" said Buckner stoutly.

"But childish. He got attached to this place, and he's not very happy anywhere else. Oh, we go home in the summers; I mean, where my mother's people live; where I was born. But people worry him. He always wants to get back."

"I know," said Buckner.

"It must have been lonely," said the girl, her eyes thoughtful, "for my mother. But I never knew it. She taught me—to make a game of things. The jabberwock, for instance. Many a time I heard him whiffling and burbling in there, especially when there was much wind. But he never came out," she said, smiling. "Any jabberwock knows better than to come whiffling and burbling around a tumtum tree. Because if he does, out steps a warrior ——"

"—— with his vorpal blade!" said Buckner, remembering.

"All ready to go snicker-snack."

"And leave it dead and with its head - he'd come galumphing back. Isn't that the word? 'Galumphing'?"

"Of course. How else would a hero come after killing a jabberwock? Not walking, or even just galloping. Galumphing! Galumphing with honest pride!"

A sudden sound surprised Pete Buckner. He had chuckled aloud. This girl not only knew the words, those light-hearted, irresponsible words that didn't mean anything exactly, but she knew exactly what they did mean! He nodded, smiling.

"Yes'm. It's a fact, those fool words do mean something. You can't ever quite put your finger on it, but ——"

"That's what makes them so lovely," said the girl Daphne. "You can't put your finger on them, but ——"

Yes, for a moment Pete Buckner forgot to be a shy and awkward man. His eyes were smiling, a deep, translucent blue, seeing a gallant little girl who had made a game of loneliness; and he forgot that he had carried loneliness with him all his life.

The moment was cut short by a jeer from the hedge above them: "Hey, Daff! What's this? Family prayers?"

It was Hammond. He leaped gracefully over the hedge and came toward them. Buckner scrambled up and brushed the sand from his knees.

"You were saying," he muttered, "a gas engine?"

The girl got up. But instead of explaining why she had asked him what he knew about gasoline motors, oddly she looked at him—just for the fraction of a second—and shook her head. Now, seeing the laughter gone suddenly out of her face, it came to him that he was used to seeing her eyes grave with trouble, the corners of her soft mouth drawn with some anxiety.

Oddly, she said to Hammond, "Mr. Buckner and I are going for a little sail. Like to come?"

VII

A SAIL? Buckner, not knowing what to say, said nothing. Just for a second Hammond looked oddly startled; then he grinned.

"Oh, in the cheese box? Not on your life! You going?"

"Sure," said Buckner.

"Hope you can swim," grinned Hammond.

"Well enough," said Buckner, who had never tried.

"Had to get down on her knees to persuade you, I notice."

"No," said Buckner, surprising himself; "we were listening to the jabberwock. Just kneel down here and listen. Tell us about it when we get back. Ready, Miss Daphne?"

"Well, by Jove!" said Hammond, staring at him. "It's alive! Little Rollo has found his tongue!"

He strolled with them down to the lagoon, grinning, telling Buckner he would pray for him. The girl cast off the little catboat, a craft as absurdly wide and flat as a pumpkin seed, completely decked except for a small square cockpit. Hammond jerked a humorous thumb at the name on the bow—Lark.

"Named," said he, "because it isn't. Want me to send your watch home to mother, Rollo?"

"Named," corrected the girl, "for 'The bonny lark, companion meet!' Get in, Mr. Buckner."

There were oars lashed on deck, but she didn't use them. They drifted on the current out of the lagoon; deftly she hoisted the gaff, swung up its towering point. In the light wind the sail filled to a gracious curve. The Lark quivered a little and slid up the slope of a sliding roller and stayed there, sliding with it. It gave Buckner an extraordinary sense of lightness.

"Doesn't seem very dangerous."

"Isn't," she told him, "in smooth water. Just hold tight though, and I'll show you why I knew Arch wouldn't come."

He saw the peak of the sail stagger and dip. The horizon spun, rocking, and the canvas flapped loose and the boom whizzed past his head. Green water lurched within a foot of his face and fell away until he saw nothing but sky.

Then he was leaning back against an almost upright deck, water bubbling along the boards at the very edge of the cockpit within inches of his feet. The Lark was using its edge as a keel.

There was a shock as the pursuing wave struck the bottom.

"Jibbing," said the girl, "isn't comfortable—in a skimming dish. But I had to do that with Arch to take his mind off. He can't swim very well."

Another shock.

"Neither can I!" said Buckner from the heart.

She eased the sheet and the tiller until the deck took on a more comfortable slant and the rollers only lifted and pushed instead of slapping.

"Take his mind off?" said Buckner.

"He keeps trying to make love to me, Mr. Buckner," she said, "I've wanted to talk to you, but you seemed so—so ——"

"I know," said Buckner. "Not much good these days."

"At least I'm not afraid of you."

"Afraid?"

"Afraid! Afraid to swim any more, afraid to go ten feet from the house alone! Afraid every minute of the day and night! And it scares me," cried the girl Daphne, "to be afraid!"

"It would," said Buckner. "You mean - those fellows?"

"Yes. Mr. Buckner, what are they doing here?"

"Ma'am? Why, I don't know. Haven't paid much attention. Fishing or something, aren't they?"

"Oh, they fish a little in the surf. But you have to go out for real fishing. They've got a perfectly good boat, and they haven't been out once."

"Engine trouble, maybe. Was that what you were asking about?"

"No; it's my boat that's out of commission—and I believe they did it! I do! I could tell from the way Arch acted—pretending to help me. Smiling to himself the way he does, and—trying to make love to me. He knew it wouldn't start!"

"H'm!" said Buckner. "Let me get this straight. I thought you were—friendly with Hammond."

"I'm afraid not to be!" cried Daphne. "I try to keep my wits. I've got to! You saw what happened the morning you came?"

"You mean your foot race with the big one—Kane? Yes'm."

"Foot race!" said the girl. "Ugh! I can see his ugly face yet. I was swimming. I went in early because I was—uneasy; you know? I didn't like their looks, or the way they looked at me.

"And he came loafing along the beach, prowling along, keeping just opposite me. Of course I couldn't stay out there all day, so I came in, and he—tried to catch me."

"So I judged," said Buckner. "I wondered about that. Your father didn't seem to make much of it."

"My father doesn't make much of anything—especially if Arch Hammond says it's all right. He—he wants me to marry Arch. I hate to worry you with all this, but I've simply got to talk to somebody, and there isn't anybody else."

"I know," said Buckner humbly.

"I've known Arch Hammond all my life. That is, he lives next door to my mother's people, back home, and his family are important people there; and I used to see him—I used to think he was nice," she said earnestly. "Lively, good-looking, a perfectly wonderful dancer ——"

"Yes'm," said Buckner, who knew he was none of these things.

"And last summer he said something about coming to Florida, and we asked him to come to see us. I didn't think he would; Sunday Key isn't a lively place. But he did, and he brought these men with him. Goodness knows where he picked them up! Of course we hadn't room for them, so they had to live in their boat. They're not comfortable. They're bored. All they do is sit around and glower—and gamble.

"Know what they did yesterday? Each put a thousand dollars in a pot—on how high the tide would come. A thousand dollars!"

"Jawbone," said Buckner. "Just talk."

"Money! I saw it! Arch won, and he was boasting about it. Said he'd won three days in a row. Half drunk, you know; they stay that way—all except Brooks, and he gives me the creeps with that frozen smile of his. I bet he tortured cats when he was a boy. And I never know when I'll find one of them at my elbow, and I'm just nearly crazy!"

"H'm!" said Buckner, trying to think; trying to drive a mind that was very tired of thinking. "What did Hammond have to say about Kane? Anything?"

"He's afraid of Kane himself. You saw how he acted that night? He thought you were Kane—drunk. But he made excuses for Kane to my father; just laughed it off; said Kane didn't mean any harm. And my father believes him because he's known Arch ever since he was a baby. Said Kane was—impulsive," reported the girl. "Good word, 'impulsive,' don't you think?"

"Far as it goes," admitted Buckner. "Does he say how long they expect to stay?"

"Stay!" echoed the girl Daphne. "You'd think they owned the place! They come and go as they please, and they're insolent, and I've told Arch in so many words that I wish they'd go, and he won't even believe I'm serious!"

"I wonder what he would think was serious," said Buckner. "Doesn't sound like a very good place for a woman. Why don't you go away yourself?"

"Go? I've been trying to go! But my boat's completely out of commission—somehow, I can't even find out what's the matter."

"What about this one?"

"Oh, the Lark," said the girl, patting the deck. "He's fun to play with, but any bit of a sea would knock him to little splinters."

"Couldn't you make land yonder?"

He pointed away from Sunday Key to the dim low line on the northern horizon. She shook her head.

"That's only marsh. The nearest village is twenty miles, and it can come on to blow in half an hour. I think it's going to blow tonight. Feel it?"

He didn't feel anything except that sense of lightness and of freedom. It wasn't easy to think of danger. Water sang under the thin hull, a musical note; the breeze was light; the sun, dipping toward the horizon, grew big and pale, a vast orange wafer hardly brighter than the moon. Sunday Key, receding, had lifted from its foundations, floating against a horizon that showed no line between sea and sky. Peace, and an island in the air!

"Listen!" said the girl Daphne. "If you don't mind we can try. We may drown ourselves; really aren't safe any farther from shore than we can swim. But if you aren't afraid, we can find out whether they mean to let us get away. Want to?"

"Sure," said Buckner, who could swim twenty miles as easily as twenty feet.

But the idea of danger hadn't really reached him—danger, that is, from men. He was afraid of gurgling, mysterious water, but he had never seen a boat sink. He knew that Sunday Key was a long way from anywhere, a bad place for a woman alone with men if they were the wrong kind. But he had never seen a woman in real danger.

Silence and peace flowed over him, riding the wind across the wide rose-tinted sea. He sat watching the tall curve of the sail, gently swaying, somehow wild and sweet like the swing of a bird's wing against the sky, and idle thought came to him.

(Continued on Page 130)

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(Continued from Page 128)

"You know," he murmured, "there's something about a sail on the water, the way it curves and all; free, somehow; coming from nowhere, going nowhere, sailing on the wind."

"Careful," she warned him. "That's sea fever. Dangerous."

Trouble seemed to have slipped from her face too. She sat relaxed, taking the wind as if it were sweet in her nostrils.

"Makes you a homeless man forever. You know?

"'*I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,*
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a gray mist on the sea's face, and a gray dawn breaking.

"'*I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide*
Is a wild call and a clear call ——'"

And Buckner listened, his thin face peaceful and his eyes a deep, translucent blue. But the magic that filled him was not the new-found magic of the sea. It was an old forgotten wonder, the music of a woman's voice and the beauty and melody of words—words that could show him pictures he had never seen, that could show him beauty through the eyes and hearts of men whose gift was vision.

And the horizon dimmed and Sunday Key began to melt; melted and melted, until it seemed that the dark peak of the Tumtum Tree must overbalance what was left; but there it hung, remote, airy, peaceful to see. Now the lower rim of the vast red sun was flattened and the low line toward which they sailed had vanished.

"It's going to blow," said the girl, "but I think we'll make it."

"I think," said Buckner, gazing back at Sunday Key—"I think we've found out something."

Yonder, far off, two white wings rose and fell, rose and fell, flapping like something flying low in the haze. They were the bow waves of a boat coming head on, slicing up sheets of water higher than itself. The way those wings spurted showed how fast it cut the sliding rollers.

"If they let us get as far as White Horse Key yonder," said the girl calmly, "they'll never catch us. Shoals from there in."

But the cruiser came too fast. There was a wild moment when it seemed that it meant to run them down. The bow wave drenched them; they heard a chorus of yells and saw the huge figure of Bill Kane swinging far outboard from an awning stanchion.

"Arch!" cried the girl, swinging the Lark up hard to avoid a collision. "What are you doing? Keep away! You'll swamp us!"

The Lark jerked under them, leaped, spun and almost capsized with the sudden drag of the sail before the girl, working frantically, could get it down. Kane had snatched the painter. By the way the thin hull quivered with the rush of water they could guess how strong the man must be. Easily, after the first shock, he hauled in and made the rope fast, grinning at them.

"'S matter, sister? Ain't you havin' a nice ride?"

Hammond, at the wheel, had not even turned his head. Brooks and McKinnon watched as dispassionately as if they towed an empty boat; the Lark, never made for such speed, hammered and bumped in the boiling wake, but they seemed no more than listlessly amused.

The girl said in Buckner's ear, "What's that they've got on it?"

Buckner was wondering. Diagonal strips of canvas fastened to the sides of the cabin. Canvas on the top, securely lashed, showing in glimpses every time the cruiser pitched. Painted—painted in crooked blocks and streaks, reminded him of something. Not something he had seen; during the war he had only manufactured magnetos in his inland town—having been officially advised that these were more valuable than one awkward private in the rear rank.

He had never seen dazzle painting, but he knew what it was. Camouflage—a war trick; make the boat hard to see from a distance; make it blend with the sea.

Hiding—from what? The war was over long ago. And why the top?

"Airplane station at Key West," Daphne Carter told him. "Planes fly over sometimes. That's why they never go out to fish."

Hiding; but why?

In Jacksonville, five hundred miles away, there were those who might have marveled at the cruiser's speed; might have marveled at the accuracy—for a man who had blundered onto mud banks in the broad St. John's—with which Hammond steered into the narrow mouth of the lagoon. But no faint connection clicked in Buckner's mind; he only clung dazedly to the edge of the cockpit and wondered what it was all about. What kind of men were these?

Sliding past the pier, Kane cast off the rope and leaped and hauled the Lark to a stop. The sun was gone down. With the dusk a wind had struck, whistling and scratching through the palmetto; the sky was vast and sinister.

"Now, sister! Come pay papa for a nice ride."

It happened in half a minute. Buckner, scrambling out and reaching a hand to Daphne Carter, felt himself snatched by the collar and flung sprawling; he nearly pitched into the water. Before he could get up, the girl had skipped along the deck and leaped into shallow water and got ashore. Kane made no movement toward her; he knew how fast she could run.

"This," said he, grinning, "is for bad little girls!"

And he hauled the edge of the Lark under the edge of the dock and with a heavy foot stamped through the thin shell of the deck—once, twice; stooped and ripped the grating out of the cockpit and stamped the bottom out.

"You beast!" cried Daphne Carter.

Buckner, scrambling up, thought dazedly that it was foolish of her to fly at Kane like that. She couldn't hurt him; she only put herself in his reach. He saw Kane catch her furious hands, draw her to him, forcing them behind her; saw Kane with two thick fingers prying up her chin—easily, lazily, as if there were plenty of time. It wasn't reasonable. Men simply didn't act that way.

Buckner thought he was thinking; trying to think with a mind that found nowhere to begin. Actually he was setting himself and swinging as hard as he could on Kane's jaw.

He knew he couldn't hurt Kane. He was dimly surprised to see Kane's head jar with the impact and to hear Kane let out a roar of rage. Then he felt himself irresistibly whirled, felt a dull pain explode in his right thigh; saw water lurching up to meet him. One foot caught the bottom and his head came up and his clutching hands caught the pier.

He was coughing, choking. Kane had kicked him—with the foot that had stamped the bottom out of the boat.

Like a fantastic dream he saw Kane's legs towering over him, heard the girl's voice somewhere, saw her hovering between flight and attack.

Dizzily he cried to her, "Get away! Run for the house!"

"Are you hurt?"

"No. I'm all right. Run!"

But he made no effort to climb out; he thought his leg was broken. Pain seized his right hand; Kane had deliberately planted his heel on it.

"Sure he's all right. See, sister? Ain't he all right, sister?"

In a dream of helpless rage and pain, Buckner saw the girl edge closer, closer; Kane waiting, grinning.

"Please, Daphne! Don't be a fool! Don't you see ——"

The girl's arm flashed and her open palm took Kane squarely on the mouth. Kane bellowed and leaped at her. She fled like a shadow in the dusk.

"Yea, Rollo! Enjoy your sail, did you, Rollo?"

That was Hammond, jeering. Buckner wondered dimly where he had heard a hail like that before. As if it were funny—what Kane had done. They were mooring the cruiser, yonder, in plain sight across the lagoon; they had seen, and they seemed to think it was funny.

What kind of men were these?

Dripping and limping, he reached the rise in time to see the girl fly into the house thirty yards ahead of the lumbering Kane. And Kane stopped, grinning; not seeming to care; as if there were plenty of time.

"Well, buddy, you still lookin' for trouble?"

Not a heroic figure, this Pete Buckner. Not stalwart at best, and just now rather more wilted than usual—hobbling on one leg, nursing one hand with the other, his wet clothes sticking to his thin frame. Only his eyes, if Kane had noticed them, were steady, passionless, like the deep, still water. He was thinking.

Time? Here, on this lonely island in a lonely sea, there was nothing but time.

"No," said he. "I—got enough to hold me for a while."

VIII

IT DIDN'T humiliate him much to find the girl waiting to help him into the house; he knew he was no hero, no fighting man.

"I'm all right," he protested, and grinned to prove it; a rather crooked grin, his jaw set to keep from limping. "Get some dry clothes, that's all. He hurt you any?"

"Hurt me? No! But I'm afraid he hurt you."

He denied it, holding his hand where she couldn't see the ugly purple mark of Kane's heel. Awkwardly he edged toward his room, conscious of his wet clothes dripping on the floor, ashamed to be a trouble to her when she had so much already.

She asked him, "What do you make of our friends now?"

He didn't know. How should he know? Pete Buckner, a diffident and reasonable man, had never had much trouble with anybody. How should he know what to make of men like these?

He had lived so lawfully that he had hardly realized there was such a thing as law—until now, here on this lonely island in a lonely sea, where there actually was none. What kind of men were these? What would they do next? And who was there to stop them? Only old Cletus Carter, fretful and vague, who thought Hammond was all right because he had known him ever since he was a baby; and himself, Pete Buckner. Six men and a woman, and nobody to interfere!

Grimly he changed his clothes and limped out and sat under the Tumtum Tree, trying to smoke and think. He always went outdoors to smoke; Cletus Carter didn't use tobacco, and Buckner was too diffident to ask special permission.

But the rising wind snatched the sparks out of his pipe, making it glow so hotly that it burned his tongue; the darkness thickened, grim and chaotic like his thoughts. Noise of the wind in the tree, bending the thick trunk and letting it spring back again. Noise of the rimless sea, impassible, senseless, violent. Power—tremendous power wasted. Ought to be some way to save it. Windmills driving dynamos, trapping that vast energy in storage batteries; thousands of windmills—millions; have to fill the air with windmills—how far?—up there to where there was no more air and never any wind. Wave motors, too, covering the sea.

Stop that! Only crazy men felt responsible for the infinite. All wasted energy, like the magnetos he built in his sleep. Stop it!

But he couldn't stop it. The factory in his brain was spinning again, the factory that ran without any direction from him—senseless, tired as if it had never stopped. Desperately he got up and went toward the cheerful windows of the house.

"Hello! Just coming to call you."

It was Daphne, her skirts whipping dimly in the wind. Without so much as thinking about it, he caught her arm, bracing with her against the streaming darkness—he, Pete Buckner, who was afraid of women!

"Having a little uffish thought?" she shouted in his ear.

"No," he shouted in hers; "just plain thought. Punk. Can't seem to get anywhere."

"Doing a little thinking myself. Rum runners, do you think? I've heard of rum runners using the keys for bases. Thousands of keys, you know; nobody could patrol them all."

"Maybe."

"It's the sort of thing that would appeal to Arch Hammond—excitement and big profits."

"Maybe that's it," said Buckner, who had never done anything exciting in his life.

Odd how comforting it was to feel her there at his shoulder, warm and real and sturdy. Made it easier to think straight.

Rum runners? Maybe; he could believe that. He didn't think of rum runners as criminals exactly; rather as picturesque adventurers, let the prohibition officers catch them if they could. He knew actual criminals existed—low-browed, furtive men who talked out of the corners of their mouths; but these fellows looked like men you might see anywhere.

Rum runners? Maybe. For himself, he wasn't afraid of rum runners; but for Daphne Carter—that was different. Especially if they tried to drink up their own cargo.

Well, the first thing to do in any problem was to get facts. Then you would know what to look for, what to do.

Coming into the shelter of the porch, without so much as knowing that he did it he patted her shoulder as he let go her arm. He had forgotten that she was a woman. He was thinking of a little girl who had played at keeping house under the Tumtum Tree; played valiantly alone, and heard the stirrings of that fierce imaginary beast in the dark thicket, and was not afraid—making a game of loneliness and fear. With queer intensity he saw it; it almost seemed that he had known her then.

Yes, for once, through the shell of diffidence that shut him in, Pete Buckner saw a human being whole. He saw her not only as she seemed—her lovely eyes, her hands, the light and tender figure of a girl—but as she was and how she came to be. People were mostly surfaces to him; but this girl had reality, a third dimension.

"Supper's ready," she told him, smiling, her dark hair blown and the shaded lamplight warm about her face.

Supper. Solid, comfortable word!

IX

IN THE cramped cabin of the cruiser a game was in progress. The stakes were high, but the game was listless; money soon loses its thrill where there is nothing to buy, and these men were very tired of one another.

"Say, listen, buddy," growled Kane, "find somewhere to park your feet besides on my shins!"

"How can I," snapped Hammond, "when you keep 'em sprawled all over the place? . . . Three hearts."

"Pass," said McKinnon.

"Four diamonds," grunted Kane, whereat Hammond laid down his cards and glared, shutting his handsome lips on bitter words.

"Double," yawned Brooks. "William, if you must climb out on limbs, the least I can do is saw them off for you."

"Four hearts!" snarled Hammond.

"Double," said McKinnon wearily.

"Five diamonds!" bawled Kane.

"Double," said Brooks.

"I hope you go down a million!" wailed Hammond, releasing the bitter words. "You lopsided, wall-eyed, bullheaded —— Where do you get the idea that you have to play every hand? Look at the score! You've been set nine hundred points ——"

"Be brave," said Brooks, soothing him in that soft voice that somehow carried a scraping edge—"be brave, Archibald! Men have lost a leg with less yelping than that. Cheer up! It's only Mr. Maynard's money."

"How can a man play bridge with a bullheaded ——"

"Redouble!" bellowed Kane.

Here under the bank the wind was broken into gusts, but some of the motion of the sea flowed into the lagoon. The boat swung, not much, and bumped. There was a clatter on the deck outside.

"Damn the wind!" said the moody McKinnon.

But it was not the wind. It was Buckner, who had tugged cautiously at a mooring line until the surge of water threw the rail in reach.

The clatter was Buckner falling over a chair, as the deck rolled back—Pete Buckner, looking for facts. But nothing happened. Nobody would have thought of connecting so violent a noise with a man so silent and unobtrusive as Pete Buckner.

"Down three tricks, doubled and redoubled, less four honors in one hand," said Brooks. "Oh, well, what do you care? 'S only Mr. Maynard's money."

"I hope you're satisfied," snarled Hammond, "you bullheaded ——"

"Listen!" said Kane's heavy voice, drowning his. "Listen, buddy! I had all the lip I need from you. I don't claim to be no card slicker—like you. I deal 'em off the top and play 'em as they come, and I ——"

"Cheese!" said McKinnon. "Sit down, Arch."

"Go on! Let him get bad," said Kane. "Regular drug-store cowboy; packs a gun and everything. Yappin' about his sweetie. Yappin' about my birds. Well, buddy, you've yapped all you're goin' to. One more yap and you're through—see?"

"Well and wisely spoken," said Brooks.

"Who sold you any chips?" cried Hammond furiously. "You ——"

"Me?" said Brooks, his voice softer than ever. "You talking to me? Son, when I do

(Continued on Page 135)

The Red Star is the DIFFERENT oil stove. IT HAS NO WICKS OR WICK SUBSTITUTES. It cooks with GAS HEAT produced by the patented RED STAR burners.

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Perhaps it is a nestling, white cottage on a quiet, shaded small-town street. Perhaps it is a smart apartment on a fashionable city boulevard. Or it may be a stately old home set in the midst of well-kept gardens and smoothly clipped lawns.

In this home—like yours—lives a woman, very much like you. She has good taste. She loves beauty. And she knows how to make of her home a delightful, heart-warming place.

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Her friends have seen it as a davenport and thought it beautiful. Her guests have slept in it and found it a luxurious bed. It has taken the place of a bedroom. It has given her greater comfort in limited space. It has saved the expense and care of another bedroom.

Because it has been all that she could ask of a distinctive piece of living room furniture, and all that she could demand of the most comfortable bed, she has given it the coveted stamp of her approval.

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Some day you, too, will have a Kroehler Davenport Bed in your home. When you go to the store to buy it, you will learn why the Kroehler Davenport Bed is rapidly supplanting ordinary davenports.

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You will discover that, because of the vast purchasing power of the largest manufacturer of davenport beds, the price of Kroehlers is surprisingly low. You will learn that the price range meets any requirements, and that you can either purchase for cash or on easy payments. Be sure that the Kroehler name plate is on the back of the davenport. If you do not know the name of the nearest dealer, fill out the coupon on opposite page for our booklet and the dealer's name.

A million dollars' worth of Kroehlers is bought every month by the women of the country. These are the figures for today. Next year, the amount will be much greater.

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Bed

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263

Without a good spark in each cylinder your motor will not run properly.

AC Spark Plugs insure a good spark.

Automobile manufacturers use AC's because they have found them to be best.

The carbon-proof feature of the AC 1075 makes it a better plug for Ford engines —ask your dealer.

More than 85 per cent of all cars and trucks produced in this country, Fords excluded, are factory equipped with AC Spark Plugs. Among these cars are:

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It's no pleasure to drive a car by guess.

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The model for Ford cars comes complete with all attachments; installation is easy —ask your dealer.

AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

Makers of AC Spark Plugs—AC Speedometers

U. S. Pat. No. 1,155,727, April 13, 1915. U. S. Pat. No. 1,210,139, Feb. 13, 1917
Other Patents Pending

(Continued from Page 130)

anything you don't like don't waste any breath telling me about it. I'm tired of your breath. Shoot or shut up! Do I make myself clear?

"I don't blame you for being peevish because your fine work is a little visible. I expect it goes over big in your home town; but me, I been gypped by experts. What? Nothing to say? Deal 'em, then; and mind you, strictly off the top."

It was only wrangling to Pete Buckner; he was no bridge player.

"Only Mr. Maynard's money!"

Once and again he heard that phrase; it seemed to be a sort of stock witticism with them. Who was Mr. Maynard?

Vaguely the name seemed familiar, though he didn't know any Maynard that he could remember. Vaguely this deck suggested something; the shape of it, perhaps, dimly lit by light filtering from small curtained windows set at the level of the deck. Dimly he could see down the companion—steps, he would have called them—that led to the cabin door. Beside the companion, leading aft, under the deck, was a lower door. Why did he have the feeling that there was a six-inch step-down inside that door?

If they were rum runners was that where they kept their cargo? He crept down the steps and felt for the latch. His hand fell on it and that curious sense of familiarity deepened. He pushed it open and felt with his foot for the step-down.

It was there!

No cargo of rum here; it was the engine hold. The smell of oil and gasoline. Why did he know, even before his groping hand fell on it in the darkness, that it was a Scanlon engine? Why did he know, even before his fingers found and explored the small familiar bulk of it, that a Buckner generator, Type K, was set exactly here?

Pete Buckner's memory for machinery was not vague.

A sudden lightening of the darkness made him hold his breath, stooping there under the deck. He had left the door open behind him; the cabin door opened and closed, and darkness closed with it. Feet mounted to the deck over his head.

"Well, spill it!" said Hammond sulkily.

"No use, I guess," said McKinnon's voice, weary and grim. "It's the way you're built. You're going to keep on with that lip of yours, and you're going to get yourself messed up. You don't seem to realize. Get this through your head, Arch: Those birds are just as tired of you as you are of them, and either one of 'em would just as soon bump you off as look at you. Kane ain't so bad; he makes a lot of noise before he goes on the warpath; but Eddie Brooks—I'm tellin' you. That bird's got no more blood than a fish. He'll keep right on bein' funny while he sends you to the slaughterhouse."

"How long," cried Hammond—"how long have we got to stick here in this ——"

And he described Sunday Key as it must have seemed to him—to all of them. A half mile of reef in a blank and lonely sea does not offer much scope to men of energy and varied talents.

For working purposes they had been an admirable team; but for long and intimate association in the cramped quarters of a thirty-five-foot boat, their temperaments left something to be desired.

"Why can't we sneak for Cuba now?"

"You," snapped McKinnon, "could sneak for anywhere your little heart desires, for all I care—if I didn't know you'd talk the minute the bulls got you." His voice sharpened to a whine of mockery; Mr. McKinnon was thoroughly exasperated with his young friend. "'Please, Mister Policeman, take that light out of my eyes! I didn't do any of the shooting; it was Bill Kane and Eddie Brooks. I didn't frame the job; it was Joe McKinnon. I never went near the old bank; I only let 'em ride in my boat. I'll tell you where they are!'

"You wanted in on this thing. You're in, and you'll stick because there ain't any way for you to run out. And you'll sew a button on that lip of yours or I'll do it for you. I'm tellin' you!"

McKinnon went down to the cabin door and opened it and went in and left it open. Buckner, holding the door of his dark hiding place to a bare crack lest some swing of the boat slam it or throw it wide open on him, saw the lighted cabin full of heavy drifting lines of smoke, through which McKinnon flung himself moodily to a seat. The stale smell of tobacco and liquor seeped through that crack of light and mingled with the smell of oil and gasoline.

McKinnon seemed to be gazing straight at him; he could see the angry lines about McKinnon's mouth, the moody knitting of McKinnon's brows. He heard a formless growl from Bill Kane, heard a faint clink of glass and the striking of a match. A moment later the smell of sulphur reached him. His senses seemed abnormally acute.

Bank! Shooting! Mr. Maynard's money! Now he knew where he had seen this boat before; now he knew why that name had seemed familiar. Jacksonville—an L-shaped pier on the water front—sun on striped curtains, with shadowy figures in silhouette against them—some idle foolery it had seemed! A hot and weary afternoon, confused with the shrill yelping of newsboys and a hubbub of excited talk. Memories, fragments linked like beads on the dim thread of association, one after another clicked neatly into place.

That was the day the Maynard National Bank was robbed! The cashier killed; a policeman killed; the bandits gone—somewhere.

x

HE DIDN'T recognize the queer exhilaration that lifted the beat of his blood, keyed up his senses, woke all his nerves to extraordinary keenness—trained outward, as if they were not to feel with but to tell him what to do; reacting to an age-old instinct he didn't even know he had. Pete Buckner, who didn't know much about games, was caught in the oldest, greatest game of all, in which a man moves right or dies. The roar of wind and sea was silence to him, but his ears caught every sound that might have meaning—the creak of an awning stanchion, the faint slatting of a cord, the restless scrape of a foot inside that open door.

He thought he was afraid—that is, he knew he ought to be. Trapped here, eavesdropping! How was he going to get out? The light fell full on the door of the engine hold and on the steps; McKinnon would certainly see any slightest movement. Kane and Brooks were out of his line of vision. Was Hammond still up there on deck?

He held his watch to that crack of light; its ticking was suddenly so loud that he muffled it instantly in his hand. Early yet. Might be hours before those fellows turned in; nothing to do but sleep. Meantime, where was Hammond?

If he wasn't there overhead —— There weren't many places to go on Sunday Key; only one, a night like this. And Daphne was afraid of Archer Hammond.

The cabin door seemed to be shutting a little. Yes; now it cut off the view of McKinnon's shoulder. Half an inch more. At every oscillation of the boat it crept a little. But at McKinnon's ear it reached a dead point, and only swung half an inch this way, half an inch back. He waited; hours, it seemed to him; but the door moved only in that tiny, maddening arc.

Then McKinnon turned his head, reaching perhaps for a bottle or a match. Instantly, with that strange animal readiness he didn't know he had, Buckner was out of the engine hold and had shut the door behind him. The faint click of the latch was thunderous in his ears. He wedged himself into the narrow darkness in the corner of the companion well and held his breath.

So far, so good. He had expected to show head and shoulders above deck when he stood up. He had forgotten the solid board coaming; he had to stand tiptoe to see over it; the broad fan of light along the deck showed nobody there.

But how was he going to get out? He couldn't climb these high, smooth boards without a noisy scramble; and even then he would still be on the wrong side of that fan of light.

Pull that door shut. Could he?

Inch by inch, flat against the wall, he reached for the knob and touched it; moved it an inch and waited. Another inch, and waited, trying to counterfeit the natural motion he had watched. The hardest thing was to keep his own balance, flattened there.

Now it was nearly shut. Enough. He crept toward the steps.

"A-r-r!" growled Kane's voice. "Thick in here."

And a heavy hand fell on the door knob, jerking it back. Buckner's muscles tightened for a leap at the steps, but his ear and brain, even quicker, told him he couldn't make it. Instead, he reached for the door and actually managed to rap it with his knuckles before it swung out of his reach.

"Good evening," said Buckner. "You fellows got any — "

His right hand, diving into his coat pocket, squeezed open his tobacco pouch and held it upside down. The gesture seemed to freeze Bill Kane in a curious attitude—knees flexed, left arm swung out from his side, right hand poised as if to snatch something from under his left armpit. Bill Kane had seen doors open on trouble before this, and he knew better than to complete that motion while a man watched him with a hand in a coat pocket. The cloth of a coat does not materially hinder the flight of a bullet.

But Buckner didn't know what caused Kane's consternation. Awkwardly he produced his empty tobacco pouch.

"—— any tobacco? I'm all out."

As if by magic, there was a gun in Kane's hand, a flat black thing whose round black muzzle stared at Buckner's stomach.

"Think you're funny, do you, buddy?"

"Funny?" protested Buckner. "Want to borrow some tobacco. What's the gun for?"

Most of his sensations were centered in the pit of his stomach; subconsciously, he was aware of McKinnon and Brooks relaxing from sudden and uncomfortable immobility.

"Yes, William," said Brooks, "what's the gun for? You don't need a gun for that. Squash it and throw it out."

"We don't smoke," said McKinnon, lighting a cigarette. "Get out and stay out!"

"Sorry," said Buckner, and stumbled humbly up the steps and tugged at a mooring line and got ashore.

Above the bank the wind whooped on him; the darkness beat like something solid in his face, filling his eyes. The cheerful windows of Cletus Carter's house reassured him. No shadows of violence flitted across them. The living room was empty. The door of Cletus Carter's study stood open, a reading lamp pouring light on an open book of the sort that passed with Cletus Carter for idle reading—Social Life in the Insect World.

That was where the old man lived; a world whose forms of life went back a million years. This room was less a study than a museum. Two of the walls were banked with jars of liquid transparency, each holding some strange shape from the ocean floor: delicate, filmy, rainbow-colored things; tenuous, weedlike things; grotesque and hideous things, distorted by the glass, staring from dead and solemn eyes.

Where was Cletus Carter? Buckner heard his voice somewhere, fretful, quavering, incredulous.

"But my dear! A knife!"

"A knife," affirmed the girl's. "He's stronger than I am."

"Oh, don't apologize," said Hammond's. "I like 'em wild. Take my advice and park that knife in your stocking. You'll need it. Get me?"

The voices came from the kitchen. Buckner, coming round the turn in the hall, saw Cletus Carter helplessly wiping and wiping his glasses with a neatly folded handkerchief.

"Archer, I—I shall report this to your father."

"You wouldn't be so cruel!" said Hammond.

Hammond was enjoying himself. A half mile of reef does not offer much entertainment, and there was nobody here who dared tell him to sew a button on his lip. He sat at ease on a zinc-covered kitchen table, his nattily stockinged legs comfortably crossed, smiling in that handsome, sleepy, almost caressing way he had.

"I must ask you to leave the house," quavered Cletus Carter.

"Don't be bashful," grinned Hammond. "Go on. Ask me."

Buckner saw what the girl was doing and was ashamed. She was ironing. He saw her shake out a damp white bed sheet and begin to smooth it with a steaming iron. A kerosene lamp showed her small face grim with trouble, flushed with heat and weariness. It had never occurred to him to wonder how washing got done here. Part of that was for him, Pete Buckner!

"Oh, come in, Rollo," cooed Hammond, seeing him there. "Come in; you shan't be hurt. Take your finger out of your mouth!"

Buckner opened his mouth—his finger was not in it—and shut it without saying what he had nearly said. He knew he couldn't throw Hammond out. And as seriously as if it were a newly discovered scientific fact, he realized that a flippant

(Continued on Page 137)

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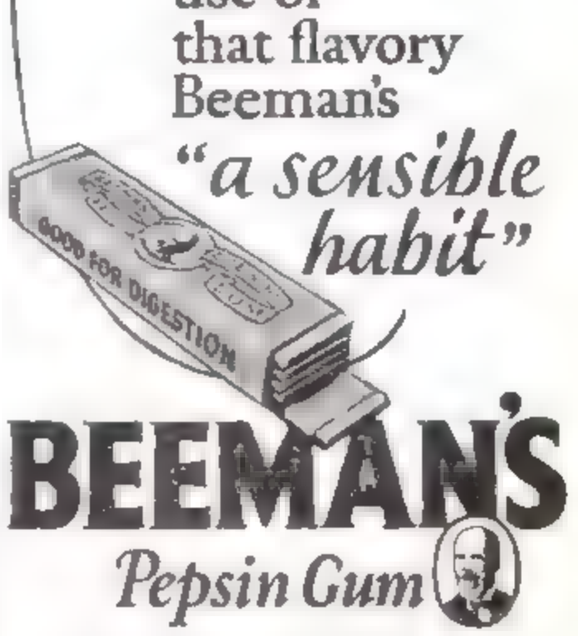

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Dr. Lyon's DENTAL CREAM

Also Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder

Continued from Page 135

man could make an angry one feel foolish. Pete Buckner, used to working with the certainties of electricity, was having human nature forced on his attention.

Earnestly he addressed himself to Daphne Carter.

"Could I—couldn't I take a turn at that, Miss Daphne?"

"Rollo the kitchen hound!" murmured Hammond. "Rollo the demon laundryman. Ho hum!"

Yawning, he slipped from the table as if to saunter out. But midyawn he put out a sudden hand and caught the girl by the knot of her dark hair and hauled her backward. She snatched for the knife and missed; he held her just out of reach of it, grinning.

"Told you you'd better park it in your stocking. So, bossy! Whoa, now! Be nice. Let Rollo do the —— Ow! You ——"

With her left hand she had caught up the hot flatiron and clapped it on the hand that gripped her hair. He snarled a word Buckner had never heard spoken to a woman. In one motion he snatched his hand away and slapped her savagely on the side of the head

Buckner saw her hair tumbling loose as she fell against the table. He saw the lamp pitch and buckle, the chimney falling one way and the glass base another.

But he never saw it strike. Through a dim red fog he saw Hammond's face strangely contorted, saw Hammond's head jolting, dodging behind his arms. Whose fists were those? They were his, Pete Buckner's. Strange! He didn't start them going; didn't feel them when they hit. A storm of violence was in the room. He saw a chair spin away as he brushed it. The ironing board flew out of his way, weightless, like those monstrous shadows that had leaped up the walls, dancing. Why was he suddenly happy?

"Fire! Help! Fire!"

Daphne, beating at fire on the floor, swinging a blazing cloth. Flaming drops flew off. No, no! Couldn't put out blazing oil by beating it. Salt! Make chloride gas and smother it!

"Salt! Daphne! Throw salt on it! All you've got!"

Shock in his skull; Hammond swinging up his arm to strike again. Where did that gun come from?

"Hammond! The house'll burn!"

"You should worry!" snarled Hammond, striking.

Heavy pistol falling like a club; he couldn't even move his head. Fire on the floor, a spreading pool of blue that licked with yellow flame.

He tried to shout again "Salt!" but the command died in his brain. A burst of phosphorescence blotted it out.

Fire! Fire in his eyes, burning, blinding him; fire in his mouth and nose; a spasm of violence closed his throat, drove the air from his lungs. Feet trampled him. He heard Hammond's voice bawling with rage, heard the girl cry "Father! Get him outdoors!"

Water in his face. Why did the fire burn mostly in his eyes? Through twitching eyelids he saw black darkness—nothing. Blind!

He heard the girl sobbing, "I couldn't help it. He was—beating your poor head with—I tried to knock the gun out of his hand, but I couldn't—holding you up and beating had to stop him quick before the fire caught ——"

Clenching his teeth on pain, he asked her, "The fire—is it out?"

"Yes. Do your eyes hurt much? Hold them open if you can."

Crying! This girl who had defended herself, defended him, fought fire and put it out, holding his head, gently washing his blind eyes and crying. He felt the tenderness of her hands, the soft warmth of her shoulder against his cheek; and it seemed too much honor for him, Pete Buckner, a feeble fellow and no fighting man.

"I'm all right. Thanks. Don't hurt much now."

He struggled and sat up. Blind! Well, what of it? No good to himself; no good to anybody. Tremendously, he sneezed.

What was that? A rectangle of light, growing brighter. Cletus Carter in the door, bringing a lamp in tremulous hands. No sweeter sight had ever blessed Pete Buckner's eyes. He sneezed again.

"You told me salt, and I had to do something quick, so of course I thought katchoo—of pepper," said Daphne; "red pepper. Threw it in his face, and some of it got in your face too. Do your eyes—katchoo! katchoo!"

"Get up easy," he warned her. "It's on the floor. Don't stir—katchoo! katchoo! it up. Sprinkle water—katchoo!"

XI

HE HARDLY cared that his skull was throbbing, his eyes still burning. Not much good to anybody, but at least he wasn't blind! He hardly noticed Cletus Carter standing there, helpless, negligible, holding the lamp without the presence of mind to set it down, until the old man spoke. Carter wouldn't believe what he, Pete Buckner, knew.

"Nonsense! Archer a—a thief? Nonsense, Mr.—er—M-m-m-m! Known his family many years Known him ever since he was born. A—a little wild, yes. But rob a bank? Nonsense!"

Quavering. This trouble with men was very confusing after twenty years of peace. His hands shook so that the lamp chimney toppled; the girl caught it.

"Never mind, father. Bedtime."

She helped the old man from the room. Buckner held his head under the tap, letting the cool water trickle soothingly down across his eyes, trying grimly to think. Do something. This couldn't go on.

No way to drive those fellows off. No way to get the girl away. Get help! Get help! But how?

Shout to the lonely sea? It didn't care whether you lived or died. No ships ever passed. Airplanes sometimes, Daphne had said. Suppose one came. High and dim like a dragon fly against the sky; shout yourself hoarse; the man couldn't hear you. Wave to him, and if he saw you he would wave genially back and fly on, never knowing. Some huge signal of distress? Those fellows would destroy it; maybe kill you for trying.

Bottles in the sea? Drift for weeks, maybe forever. And any hour might be one hour too long

The wind made noises all about the house; noises like stealthy hands that tried the windows, furious hands that shook the doors in their frames. How must those noises sound to Daphne Carter, a woman and afraid? For here was no imaginary beast. The most dangerous of real and actual animals—men; men who didn't care what they did; already outlawed; already going back to the way of the jungle.

A woman couldn't stand to be afraid every minute of the day and night. Get help! Get help! But how?

Possible to make wireless signals of a sort with an ordinary buzzer coil. Batteries in the gasoline engine that pumped water to the tank over the barn; batteries in both motorboats; induction coils too. Make signals that might carry a few miles—thirty, forty; maybe far enough. Dots and dashes.

But dots and dashes didn't mean anything unless you knew a telegraphic code. Nobody'd ever know where they came from or what they meant. Radiophone? Didn't need code for that. Talk!

But you had to have a microphone, a sensitive device to modulate the radio waves by sound. You had to have an oscillator, a triode vacuum tube with an intricate interlacing of circuits to break your current into periods of radio frequency, a million a second; something like that. The slow, damped wave trains of a buzzer coil wouldn't do for transmitting voice. Break it into unrecognizable noises.

No microphone. No oscillator. No use wasting energy on that.

Daphne, returning, asked him, "How do you feel?"

"Ma'am? Oh, fine, thanks," said Buckner absently, mopping his dripping head with a dishcloth. "You hurt any? Hands burned?"

"No; but I think I've lost all my hairpins"

He saw her hair a dark wild cloud about her shoulders, her dark eyes dull with reaction, her soft mouth drooping. Vaguely she fumbled with her hair.

Bandits and murderers outside. The upset ironing board, a chair flung legs up, broken glass and oil-soaked salt and laundry spilled all over the wet and messy floor. There was no microphone, no oscillator, no way to pierce the distance that muffled this place in terrible isolation; but there were plenty of hairpins!

He leaped on one and picked it up, so earnestly that she gave him a listless smile. Encouraged, he found another. He spied a huge curly one of tortoise shell and pounced

"Where did that cap go?" You can't lose the Hinge-Cap

Loose Cap, Hinge-Cap —which will you have?

COMPARE loose caps with Williams—here's a cap you *can't* lose because it's hinged on! And Williams Shaving Cream will delight you as much as does the Hinge-Cap!

—The lather is thicker, finer-grained. It keeps the moisture in against the beard. That's why Williams is the fastest beard-softener.

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Try the tube with the new Hinge-Cap. See if you don't prefer this pure natural-white cream. There's no coloring matter whatsoever in Williams. It is the product of famous shaving soap specialists. And YOU CAN'T LOSE THE CAP.

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Seams that hold in spite of strain; fabrics chosen for their boy proof, fast-color durability. Cut with plenty of room and extra material in the seams for outlets. Fine quality buttons, tightly sewn. Carefully-made emblems, lanyards and ties.

Styles to suit the boys; prices to suit their parents. Only at the better stores.

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The Beach Boy Model
Style O1030, a Jack Tar origination, is worn by the boy with the bunny. His chum's is Long Pants Suit 1056

triumphantly on it and subdued its struggles and presented it to her. She laughed.

"Ah-oo-oo! Ah-oo-oo!" said Buckner, ranging like a hunting dog on the trail of cowering hairpins.

They laughed. It eased the pressure on his temples; and together they began to clear the littered floor.

What was it he had read about the speaking flame? A sort of microphone; a bat-wing gas flame with terminals in it; sound made the flame flutter and modulated the current by pressure.

But he had no gas flame and he didn't know what other flame would do, or how to fix the terminals either. Delicate. Impossible.

The mind is a mysterious thing. Like an iceberg in fathomless water, only a little of it emerges into consciousness. Below, in unknown darkness, is the vast storehouse of all memory and a workshop that never sleeps. It does not need to sleep. Only the consciousness grows tired, directing, inspecting the work that is done down there. The workshop has no reason, no judgment of its own. It does not know that anything is impossible.

The genius is he who can draw at will on that deep, sleepless, eternally busy chamber of his mind. The crazy man is he who cannot shut the door.

Noise of the wind. It seemed less a pressure than a suction, the feel of a sinister void of violence out there, sucking at the nerve ends. How must those noises sound to Daphne Carter? Get help! Get help—somehow!

No bat-wing flame. But a telephone transmitter was a simple microphone; carbon grains against a vibrating plate, insulated from a terminal. The positive electrodes of dry cells were carbon. There were dry cells in the pump engine in the barn. There were phonograph records in the cabinet in the living room; good dielectric; easy to shape, too, softened in hot water.

Buckner lay stark awake, wondering how much carbon you needed between the plates. He didn't know. He had never made a microphone.

You needed an oscillator, a vacuum tube with filament and grid and platinum plate. Electric-light bulbs were vacuum tubes with filaments. Those fellows had electric lights in their boat. The window screens of Cletus Carter's house were copper; they had to be, to resist the rusting of salt air. Could you use a bit of copper screen for the grid, a bit of silver for the plate?

How could you seal the elements in? And how could you exhaust the tube afterward, with no vacuum pump?

But you needed high voltage. Had to get high voltage on your plate-filament circuit to make it oscillate. Even then, there was no way of being certain that it did oscillate. You couldn't see it, couldn't feel it—a million waves a second.

There was a Buckner generator, Type K, thirty-two volts, in the engine hold of the cabin cruiser. You could boost the voltage of Type K by rewinding the armature; cut the amperage down, but that didn't matter. Voltage was the thing.

Shellac on the armature coils. Alcohol in Cletus Carter's study; sea specimens preserved in it. Seal your bulb with shellac dissolved in alcohol. Wouldn't last long, but neither would the filament in the imperfect vacuum he could make. Needn't make the filament glow full strength. Half the storage batteries would be enough. But storage cells were heavy, lead plates in them; a Type K generator weighed thirty-six pounds; bolted down.

Foolish. Get shot trying.

Did those fellows sleep with the cabin door shut?

Noises all about the house. Like hands that tried the windows, feet that whispered all about the floor. Daphne Carter lay cold and rigid, listening. It was one thing to keep your courage in an emergency, but it was different afterward—in long darkness that might cover any stealth or any violence.

A door closing somewhere. She was certain of it. She heard it again. After a long time it came again. A muffled thump. That was not the wind! She crept to the door and saw a glow of reflected light in the hall. She smelled tobacco smoke. Silence and the wind.

She had no weapon. She caught a pair of scissors from her workbasket and stole down the hall. Light on the floor. What were all those things? What was the big reading lamp doing in the kitchen? A man with his hat pulled over his eyes, bending over the table. She saw his face and went limp with relief.

"What on earth are you doing?"

"Ma'am?" said Buckner absently. "Oh; scissors. Need those."

He didn't take his pipe out of his mouth; he didn't know it was there. He wasn't embarrassed to see her round arms and shoulders bare, the sheer nightgown scarcely hiding her body; he didn't notice it. He wore coat and trousers over pajamas, but no shoes. There was a black bruise on his cheek and a trickle of dried blood on his temple, but his manner was absorbed and calm. He was scraping with his pocket knife at the seal of an electric bulb.

A screw driver, a wrench, a pair of pliers, the enameled cylinder of an induction coil—she recognized these things from her own boat.

"By the way," said Buckner, "found out how they crippled your boat; one way, anyway. Look here." He showed her the coil, marred by a little ridge from end to end. "Slashed the secondary with a knife. So I had to take theirs. Need the wire."

And he showed her another, larger coil. Queer assortment of things on the floor. A small motor or dynamo the size of a man's head, the armature out and lying on the table. A window screen. A tiny sterling salt shaker from the dining room. Little black boxes of storage batteries. She lifted one, and knew what back-breaking labor must have brought them here.

"You—took these things out of their boat?"

"Yes'm," said Buckner, with that word dismissing a breathless hour in darkness where his trained fingers had to serve for eyes. "Fair enough. They crippled your boat; I've crippled theirs, only they don't know it yet."

"But what are you doing? What's it all for?"

"Radiophone. Get help."

Her eyes widened. She caught her breath.

"Radio! Can you? Can you—with this? Are you a radio man?"

"No; manufacture generators. Made that."

"But you know how?"

"I know the principles. I—I thought maybe I could."

His concentration was broken. Now, looking at her, he knew what a crazy thing he had done. He saw her standing there, her breath quickening and her eyes alight with sudden hope—a woman; to him a fragile, infinitely precious thing. And there would be hell to pay when those fellows tried to use their lights.

"I had a fool notion," he said heavily, "I could do it. A man could if he knew enough."

If he knew how to make a microphone, an oscillator; if he knew the hook-up, that intricate system of circuits that even radio experts knew only by experiment. And he was no radio expert. He knew the Edison effect, the Fleming valve, the Armstrong feed-back, the tiny miracle that De Forest named the audion, as the man in the street might know of newly discovered lands. These were the adventures of his world; adventures, not in the visible world, but in the unseen illimitable ether.

Can a man walk in Peary's tracks from reading about the Pole?

He tried to explain the difficulties to her, and it seemed marvelous to her that a man should know so much.

"I'm a fool," said Buckner. "I never thought. If they should try to go away now—they can't. I—I better put these things back while it's dark."

"Take the risk to put them back, after you took the risk to get them? Without trying? You'll do no such thing!"

"Even if they don't try to start their boat," said Buckner, "tomorrow night their lights'll barely burn. I've got half their battery. They'll try to charge it and then they'll know."

"It's a long time till tomorrow night. If it can be done ——"

"Oh, it can be done! If I only ——"

"We'll do it! I'll help. I'm a pretty good mechanic. You tell me what to do.

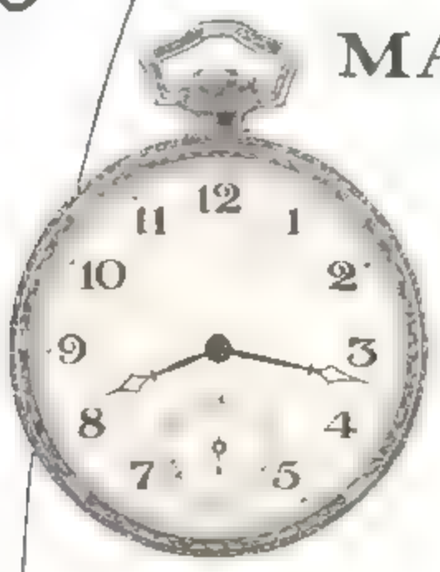
"'*The thing can be done,' said the Butcher,*
'I think;
The thing must be done, I am sure.
The thing shall be done! Bring me paper and ink,
The best there is time to procure!'"

Dark eyes alight. Making a game of it; she had the courage to play boldly for a

(Continued on Page 141)

Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL



Just as you recognize the name of a reliable maker as an assurance of accuracy in watch movements, so can you depend upon the name Wadsworth as a symbol of authentic beauty in the cases which dress and protect them.

For more than thirty years Wadsworth Cases have dressed and protected the watch movements of leading manufacturers and importers. Many of the most beautiful and popular designs of today are Wadsworth creations.

When you buy a watch, select a movement that your jeweler will recommend, and insist that it be dressed in a Wadsworth Case—a case of correct design and of the finest material and workmanship.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY, DAYTON, KY., SUBURB OF CINCINNATI, OHIO

Case makers for the leading watch movements

These figures tell their own story

Daily sales of Rhodes & McKean stores at Caruthers and Riverdale, California, compared with equivalent days during the preceding week and the same week last year:

	Farm and Fireside Week	Same period preceding week	Same period preceding year
CARUTHERS STORE			
Saturday	$ 599.12	$ 401.14	$ [illegible]
Monday	372.09	300.31	[illegible]
Tuesday	619.57	330.53	[illegible]
Wednesday	568.66	331.93	[illegible]
Thursday	501.69	172.20	[illegible]
Friday	276.57	190.64	[illegible]
Saturday	660.20	431.41	[illegible]
Total	$3,597.90	$2,158.16	$[illegible]
RIVERDALE STORE			
Saturday	$ 886.54	$ 736.10	$ 377.45
Monday	744.68	886.43	409.60
Tuesday	554.08	349.66	278.80
Wednesday	791.35	569.87	361.49
Thursday	497.91	262.46	367.12
Friday	541.55	651.12	405.90
Saturday	1,066.42	462.67	732.84
Total	$5,082.53	$3,918.21	$2,933.19

Releasing live turkeys at the Riverdale store of Rhodes & McKean during Farm & Fireside week. At the right is shown this firm's store at Caruthers

Merchants: We shall be glad to send you the Farm & Fireside plan, without charge, and tell you how it is increasing sales for merchants everywhere

"A roaring success"

Thus Rhodes & McKean, operating stores at Caruthers and Riverdale, California, describe the Farm & Fireside week which was held simultaneously in both stores.

FRESNO County, California, is a region of finely paved roads, and there are many who would have told you, some two or three years ago, that there was little opportunity for building up a profitable retail business outside of the larger cities.

But Rhodes & McKean have proved the unsoundness of this reasoning. At Caruthers (pop. 134), and at Riverdale (pop. 250), they have established two thriving general stores, the one doing a business of approximately $100,000 and the other $125,000 annually.

"Business just simply comes to us," this firm writes. "We keep the merchandise; what we haven't got, we get. We are strong on service. We try to keep people constantly interested in our store—by carrying the well advertised merchandise which they already know and by bringing this merchandise to their attention in every way possible.

"That is why your Farm & Fireside plan so appealed to us. Your co-operation was fine, and our Farm & Fireside week at both our stores was a roaring success, not only in the way of sales (see figures above), but in good feeling from which we shall reap benefit for years to come.

1000 people a day

"More than 5,000 people visited each store during the week. On one day we had over 1,000 people at each store. Everybody had a good time. Everybody became better acquainted with the splendid merchandise which is advertised in Farm & Fireside, *The National Farm Magazine*, and we sold a great deal more of these goods, and of our merchandise in general, than we would have sold under ordinary circumstances.

"There is one item we cannot help mentioning. From this one week a tire manufacturer obtained our exclusive contract for the coming year, with an initial order which no doubt looked good to the salesman.

"We have announced that this will be an annual event and, even though you should discontinue your help, it will always be known as Farm & Fireside week with us."

We invite every retail merchant, no matter in what section he may be located, to study carefully the detailed sales figures reproduced at the top of this page. Consider what it would mean to you to increase your sales in the same proportion, to engender in the minds of your customers the same good feeling which builds future sales—and we believe that you, too, will want to know more about this Farm & Fireside plan.

Let this plan help you

The Farm & Fireside plan will enable you to reach out to the most prosperous farm families in your community, the readers of Farm & Fireside, and bring them to your store to see and examine the products with which they have become familiar through long continued advertising in this great national farm magazine.

Let us tell you more about this Farm & Fireside plan. Just write, "How may we apply the Farm & Fireside plan to our store," and give us the names of the products in the list below which you carry, and we will gladly send you the complete plan. Address your letter, please, to the Retail Sales Director, Suite 8-A, at the address below.

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381 Fourth Avenue, New York City
Farm & Fireside, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's *The National Weekly*, The Member

FARM & FIRESIDE

The National Farm Magazine

TIE *to these products advertised in* FARM & FIRESIDE

Absorbine
Agricultural Gypsum
[illegible]
American Pad & Textile Company
American Radiator Company
American Saw Mill Machinery Co.
American Sole & Belting Leather Tanners, Inc.
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
Anthony Fence
Bag Balm
Bean Spray Pumps
Black Flag Insect Powder
Boss Stoves & Ovens
Brown's Beach Jacket
Buescher Band Instrument Co.
Burpee's Seeds
Burroughs Adding Machine Co.
Canadian Government (Dept. of Immi[illegible]
Cape[illegible]

C B & Q R R Company
Certo (Surejell)
[illegible] Products
Chevrolet [illegible]
Chilean Nitrate Committee
Clark Grave Vaults
Clothcraft Clothes
Colgate's Toilet Preparations
Columbia Dry Cells & Batteries
[illegible]
Crescent *Mayflower*
Crescent Tools

Dandelion Butter [illegible]
De Laval Separator [illegible]
Detroit Belt Lacer and [illegible] Machine
Devoe Paint & Varnish Products
Douglas W L. Shoes
Dr Hess Stock Tonic
Dr Hess Poultry PAN-A-CE-A

Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco

Enterprise Meat Choppers and Sausage [illegible]
Essex Cars
Eveready Flashlights
Eveready Radio Batteries

Ford Automobiles and Ford Trucks

General Electric Co.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Henderson Seeds
Hires Root Beer and Ginger Ale Extract
Hohner Harmonicas
Hudson Cars

Ingersoll Watches

International Harvester Farm Operating Equipment
International Motor Trucks
International Tractors
Jell-O
Kellogg's Corn Flakes
Landers, Frary & Clark—"*Universal*"
Lyon & Healy Musical Instruments
Magnavox Co., The
Mellin's Food
Midwest Radio Co *Miraco*"
Mulsified Cocoanut Oil
Natco Hollow Tile [illegible] and Farm Buildings
Nesco Perfect Oil Cook Stove
Nesco Royal GRANITE Enameled Ware
New Perfection Oil Ranges
Northern Pacific Ry
Oliver Oil Gas Burners
Overland Cars
Peace Dale Yarns

Pepsodent Tooth Paste
Planet Jr. Implements
President Suspenders
Remington Arms Co Inc (Firearms Ammunition & Cutlery
Reo Speed Wagons
Royal Fence
Sapolio
Semi Solid Buttermilk
Stark Bros. Fruit Trees
Stewart Warner Speedometer Corporation
Stewart Custom Built Auto Accessories
[illegible]
[illegible]
Vellastic Underwear
Victor [illegible]
[illegible]
Whiting Adams Co. (Brushes)
Wright's Bias Fold Tape

(Continued from Page 138)

win—with him, Pete Buckner, against four men and time. Something seemed to live about this girl, vital, intangible, as much a part of her as the faint human perfume that identified her among all women. Steadied him, eased his tired nerves like the calm sure touch of strength itself

"Get on a kimono," said Buckner. "Take cold, that way."

XII

THE girl melted candles and soaked paper in the wax; scraped carbon from the positive electrode of a dry battery; unraveled window screen and soldered wire with solder melted from cans and a soldering iron made of a copper cent doubled about a piece of wire; lent her deft hands, ran to bring things; set bottles on the stove and plunged them in cold water to break the bottoms out; made an alcohol lamp of a bottle and a twist of cotton. And all the while she did another thing. Her voice, her gay, high courage, eased the grim driving of necessity, keeping his mind relaxed and sure.

Buckner didn't know when it began to rain. He was shaping a cup from a softened bit of phonograph record, trying to guess how much carbon he needed between his plates. All morning it rained. He didn't know the sun was out until she told him; and he told her what to do.

Bill Kane, approaching the house from the back, saw the cow standing before the barn door, gazing in; but it didn't occur to him to wonder what the cow was looking at. He shied a clod at her by way of greeting. She snorted in pained surprise and trotted away, hesitated, heaved herself over the fence and disappeared in the thicket; but Kane didn't notice that the top strand of wire was gone. He didn't notice that the screen was out of the kitchen window. He slammed up the sash and leaned his elbows on the sill. He didn't notice what Buckner was doing. He wasn't looking for Buckner.

"Where's sweetie?"

"Sweetie?" said Buckner.

"Sister peaches."

"Don't know," said Buckner.

"You one of them Bohemian glass blowers, buddy?"

Buckner had the precious bulb in his hands. Too late to hide it. Mustn't act guilty. But he could hold it so that the essential part was covered.

"Watch," he said absently, and put it to his lips.

Kane watched. He didn't recognize it as an electric bulb; it was changed. It had a shiny little thing inside of it, and the neck of a bottle, drawn thin, was welded to its tip. He thought Buckner was blowing; he couldn't see the blood start with the vacuum in Buckner's mouth. The flame touched the joint and sealed the bulb. A poor vacuum. Was it enough?

The glass of the bottle neck was sagging now like opalescent sirup. Buckner blew, and another bulb swelled suddenly like a bubble. Solemnly he melted the bubble, and with a flirt of his wrist flung the bottle neck across the room.

A fine silver thread spun out. In the instant that Kane's eyes flicked after it, Buckner slipped his oscillating tube into his pocket. Solemnly he coiled the thread and showed it.

"Don't tell anybody how I do it. Only man in the world knows how to make glass thread."

"Dream on," said Kane. "I saw a feller make a glass ship once. Where's sweetie?"

He climbed in the window. He didn't pay any attention to the things on the table; but there was a smell he knew. He picked up the jar on the floor and sniffed.

"Pure stuff," said Buckner. "Have one on me."

Kane tilted the jar and let it gurgle.

"Hey!" said Buckner, startled. "That's pure alcohol! Kill you, that much."

"You don't know me, buddy," grinned Kane, refreshed, and showed a tongue furrowed with liquid violence. "Just my size. Oh, sweetie! Where are you at?"

He jerked open the closet door. He didn't see the little boxes on the floor, the coil of fence wire newly soldered into one long length; he wasn't looking for batteries or wire. He went on through the house, the jar under his arm, roaring, opening and slamming doors. Buckner heard Cletus Carter's agitated voice, Kane's humorous retorts. Kane wasn't looking for Cletus Carter either.

The front door slammed. Outdoors the storm was past, but the afternoon seemed weary after violence. The sun was red, unreal through worn-out clouds. Buckner sat gazing vaguely about him, trying to remember what he must do next.

His microphone lay ready on the table. It was too much to believe that this clumsy thing would work. He was a good mechanic; but how could a man do decent work without figures to work from, without proper materials or tools, not even time? It was getting late, and he still had to rig his variable inductions, cut pieces of zinc from the table top and solder connections and rig a variable condenser with pieces of waxed paper. A hell of a condenser!

His head bobbed with sleep. Somebody shaking him. Daphne's voice; Daphne giving him a cup of coffee. He drank it. He didn't see her lips tremble as she looked at him. When he looked at her she was smiling; he thought he was smiling too. He couldn't see his own face, the black bruise on his cheek, his eyes red with weariness, his lips twitching with the effort to remember what he must do. Gravely, returning the cup, he recited a thing he had learned from her:

"'She took the porcelain in her hand.
Oh, weary mother, drive the cows to roost!
She poured; I drank at her command,
Drank deep; and now—you understand!
Oh, weary mother, drive the cows to roost!'"

Didn't make sense. Didn't have to make sense. Rested you. Eased the pressure on your temples. Never mind trying to think. Let your hands do the work. He began to pry the zinc off the table.

"Private Carter reporting for duty, sir."

"Yes'm. Could you read to me some more?"

Quiet voice running on. Brave and sweet. Women were wonderful when you came to think of it. Fighting first, crying afterward. Never let down until there's nothing to do. Keep her busy. Keep your eyes open. Listen, and let your hands do the work. You can't fight; at least keep your eyes open and work. A girl like that!

In a quiet sundown, Brooks and McKinnon came up from the lagoon, Cletus Carter trotting distressfully alongside.

"But, gentlemen, what are you going to do? No doubt it was an honest mistake. I—I shall be sorry I spoke of it if you—I—known Archer ever since he was a baby. A handsome little fellow. I'm sure Mr. Butter wouldn't maliciously ——"

"Shut up!" said McKinnon, brief and to the point.

There was nobody in the house. They searched every room, even the kitchen. Not being familiar with this kitchen, they didn't know there had ever been zinc on the table. Nothing unusual was in sight, and they didn't think of looking in the wood box. They weren't looking for odds and ends of material.

"Most of the time he sits under the tree," quavered Cletus Carter. "But you —— Gentlemen, I beg of you ——"

It was under the Tumtum Tree that they found Buckner sitting, puffing his pipe and gazing dreamily at the dimming sea.

"Well, Sherlock!" said McKinnon, hand in coat pocket.

"Hello," said Buckner.

A glance at Cletus Carter was enough. The old fellow had been talking—probably reasoning with Hammond again; blurting out all he knew.

The question was, how much did Carter know? Had Daphne told the old man what they were trying to do?

Too weak, too tired to worry any more. Play the game out as far as he could—for Daphne, up there in the tree.

"Quiet little smoke, huh?" said Brooks.

"Little uffish thought," said Buckner, puffing gently.

"Stand up!" said McKinnon. "Keep your mitts up too!"

"What's the trouble?" protested Buckner, standing up.

McKinnon, going through his pockets, found nothing more formidable than a pair of pliers and a pocket knife and a well-filled tobacco pouch.

"Found you had some tobacco after all, huh?"

"Yes," said Buckner.

"Quite a detective," murmured Brooks.

"Oh," said Buckner, "you mean last night? Not my fault McKinnon takes Hammond out on deck to bawl him out. Couldn't help hearing."

"Just happened to be strolling through the engine hold," said the sarcastic Brooks.

"Tell you the truth," said Buckner, "I was scared. Ducked in there. You fellows sounded like quarreling. Didn't want to seem to butt in just then. None of my business."

"A true word," said Brooks smoothly. "Well, sweetheart, I'll say this for you: If you're a dick, you're a new variety to me."

"Dick?" said Buckner.

"Slang," said Brooks, "for plain-clothes bull. My mistake."

And without any change in his detached, smiling manner he caught Buckner's wrist and twisted it.

"Needn't do that," said Buckner painfully. "What is it you want? Never had any—any experience with bank robbers before. Been sick just like I tell you. Trying to keep out of the way. All I want is to sit right here and rest."

It sounded like the truth because it was the truth. He certainly looked harmless. Beyond a doubt he was a weak man, a sick man; he looked as if he had just got out of bed with only energy enough to pull on coat and pants over his pajamas. It didn't occur to them to look under the low-hanging boughs for a coil of wire curiously yoked at each end over the neck of a broken bottle through which a rope was knotted. They didn't step close to the trunk and look straight up; and they couldn't see him thinking.

"Cheese, Eddie!" said McKinnon in Brooks' ear. "He's already done all the damage he can do. We can't bump 'em all off."

"Why not?" said Brooks reasonably.

"What for?" said McKinnon. "What can they do?"

Brooks pushed and let go. Buckner staggered and set his teeth. Mustn't faint. Not here!

"Time to—to drive the cows to roost," said he, and stumbled toward the barn.

The sun, half down, slipped quite suddenly out of sight. In his bunk, Bill Kane woke with an exceedingly dry throat. He stumbled up and drank prodigiously of water and turned on the lights. They were dim and red. He shook Hammond, who sprawled on his back with a wet cloth over his face.

"Wake up! Charge battery! Lights nearly out."

But Hammond, his eyes raw with pepper and his dignity raw with ridicule, was in no mood to oblige anybody. He cared little for lights and less for Bill Kane, and said so.

Kane meditated violence, but didn't quite feel equal to it. He found his jar of alcohol and forced a stinging swallow and waited to be restored.

In Cletus Carter's barn the pump engine began to cough at a furious rate. But it wasn't pumping water. It was driving a Buckner generator, Type K, rewound for high voltage and running faster than it was ever built to run. Two bare fence wires led up through bottle necks into the loft, and here a lamp filament glowed not much brighter than the ones Bill Kane was complaining of.

Now from that glowing thread electrons should be flying to that bit of silver plate bent around it; flying through a bit of copper screen, setting up pulsations in the fence wire hung between the barn roof and the Tumtum Tree; sending out waves, a million a second, to wash somewhere across some chance aërial within its feeble range. Did the miracle happen? There was no way of knowing. There was no way for anyone to answer.

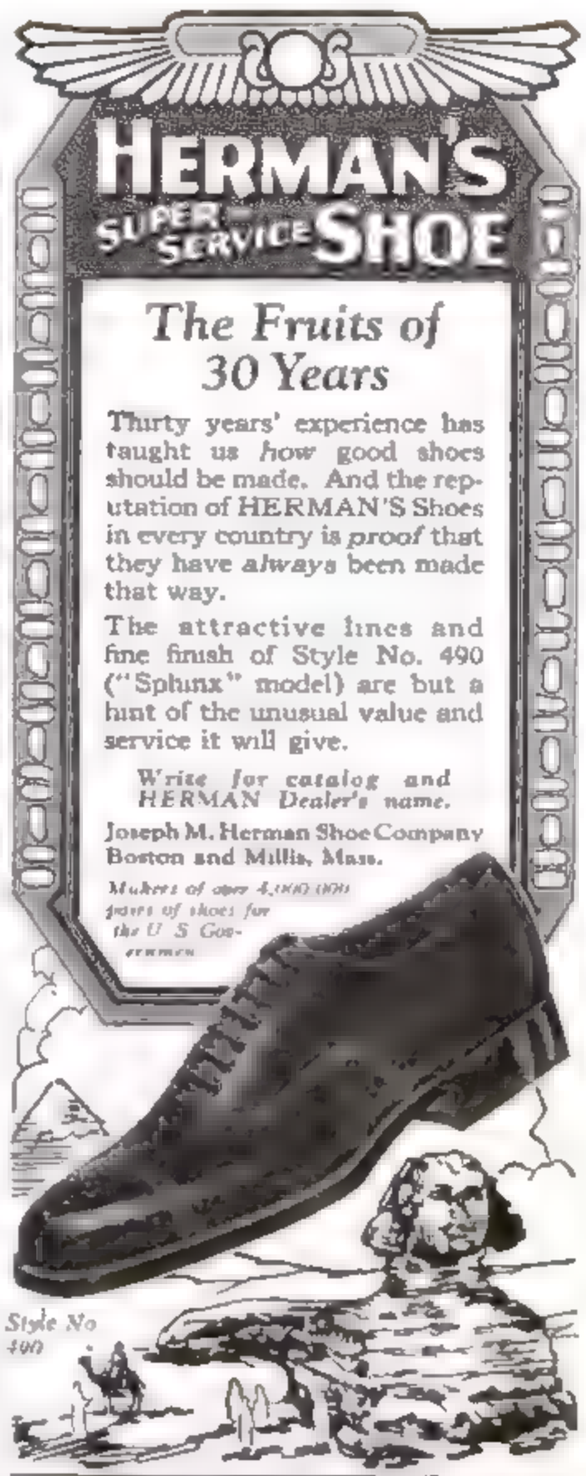
"You—you talk," said Buckner. "Woman's voice is better."

Better for what? The bales of hay stacked all about them; the floor; the roof; and a complex, useless bit of junk. The thing was dead—dead after all their labor. His brain felt thick like putty.

"This is Daphne Carter talking, on Sunday Key. Sunday Key, Florida. Send help! Send help! The robbers of the Maynard National Bank in Jacksonville are here. Bank robbers! Help! Send help to Sunday Key!"

Brave, sweet voice, trembling a little. She knew! She knew the thing was dead. Go through with it now. Useless, but nothing else to do. With fumbling fingers he moved his foolish sheets of zinc, moved the shrill buzzing coil inside another coil wound on paper; for he had no means of knowing whether his wave was a hundred or a hundred thousand meters—if there was any. Try the full range on the chance of tuning in with somebody, somewhere.

(Continued on Page 144)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TO come to the Clothcraft Store in your town, and spend 10 minutes more than usual in the choice of your new Spring Suit is to save $10 on its price! Spend those few additional minutes to learn the reasons for the striking style of Clothcraft Serge, its pliancy of fit, its *shape-keeping* tailoring, its durable fabric—learn why it is that many thousands of well-dressed men return year after year for "another CLOTHCRAFT Serge." VALUE is the reason . . . *extra* good looks and WEAR built into Clothcraft stitch by stitch by the most scientific tailoring in America. You men who have been paying $40 prices, come here and see how much Clothcraft gives at $29.50.

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When the salesman brings out a CLOTHCRAFT suit, don't turn to the mirror at once. First spend a minute noticing the appearance of the suit itself. Is the coat smooth across the shoulders? Is the lapel graceful? Is the trousers crease right? Then look at the suit in the mirror.

Then turn to the mirror and observe how CLOTHCRAFT fits. Look keen-eyed. Run your mind down the points of fit. Is the body comfortable? Is the coat naturally in the figure and does it keep its shape? Observe how the lapel lies permanently flat. Is the trousers crease right through down long as the leg?

And now look at these details that give style and distinction to a garment. Is the sleeve the right length? Are the buttons in the right place? Is the lapel graceful? Does the hang of the sleeve? CLOTHCRAFT has

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"5130" FIFTY-ONE THIRTY SERGE

MEN AND YOUNG MEN

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You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes, and the "hard skin" calluses on bottom of feet. Just get a bottle of "Freezone" at any drug store, anywhere

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H. C. Cook Co. Ansonia, Conn.

Gem NAIL CLIPPERS

$20,000 a YEAR?

Consolidated Company 100A Boylston Boston, Mass

Continued from Page 141

"Daphne Carter speaking, on Sunday Key. Help! Help! The robbers of the Maynard National ——"

Something harsh and spongy hit his face.

"Hay," he explained. "Sleepy. Lucky I didn't fall off the ——"

"'There's nothing like hay,'" said Daphne gently, "'when you're faint!' Just stretch out. Now go to sleep. I can do this."

Strong. Her arms about his shoulders, gently compelling him. His head in her lap. Sweet voice, trembling a little, going on, and on, crying for help—crying to a dead piece of junk. Brave little hands muffling that lump of wax and metal to shut out the noise of buzzing coil and coughing engine. He put up his hands and covered hers, as if together they might drive that message somehow, somewhere, to the ears of men.

No need to fight sleep. Rest. Soothing, somehow, his head in Daphne's lap, his hands holding the microphone while she changed the condenser and the coil; her hands returning to his. Alive! That was the feeling that he had—the strong, sweet life in her, upholding tired life in him; too strong, too sweet to fail. Somebody had to hear. Help had to come; would come. This thing that they had built together was alive. How did he know?

Once when the world was young, the first man touched the woman's hands and felt the first dim faith in immortality; felt life too great, too sweet to have an end. Nobody taught him that. He knew. That was the way Pete Buckner knew his work was good

That was the moment Bill Kane chose to stick his head into the loft. Kane didn't notice at first what made the dim glow that guided him. The place, their attitudes, meant only one thing to him. A foxy lad, this Buckner; sick, but not too sick! Kane watched them, grinning to himself.

"Daphne Carter talking. Help! Help! Send help to Sunday Key! Maynard National Bank robbers are here! Sunday Key ——"

Slowly it filtered to Kane's foggy brain what she was saying. He saw the glowing bulb, the coils of wire, the batteries, and like a thunderclap it hit him. Wireless! Wireless telephone!

"Great snakes!" said he, or words to that effect, and began to hoist himself.

Then Buckner saw him; saw his great hands spread out on the floor; and with a memory of the disadvantage of that position he scrambled up and stamped on one of them. Kane snatched it free and dropped—the loft was not high—bellowing

"Eddie! Joe! They got a wireless up here! They're hollerin' for help! Gang! Eddie! Joe! They got a —— Oof!"

Something heavy fell on him through that hole in the floor; a bale of hay and something else. Buckner's one idea was to stop that roaring voice that reverberated over Sunday Key from shore to shore; a bale of hay standing on end beside the trap seemed the quickest way. He hadn't meant to fall with it, only his arms and legs seemed to work without much system.

He wasn't hurt; the bale of hay and Bill Kane broke the fall and his hand clutched the ladder. Dimly he saw Kane scrambling up, and kicked at him and fell off the ladder. Now he could see Kane's bulk against the door, charging straight at him. His back was against the wall. He put down his head, overbalanced with the thrust of the wall and drove head first at Kane's middle. Kane, striking at the place Buckner's head ought to have been, never knew what hit him.

Neither did Buckner. He himself was dazed by the shock of collision. Right and left he smashed at Kane's sagging jaw and never knew that the man was already out on his feet. Stop Kane! Keep Kane from shouting while Daphne cried for help! That was all he knew.

But where was Kane? Down, and not getting up. Not shouting, only grunting. Queer to see a big strong man like that huddled face down in the dirt. Buckner swayed and sat down on something. It was his bale of hay

"'Nothing—like hay when you're faint.' Eh, Kane?"

Daphne's hands tugging at him. Daphne's voice.

"The—the lamp's gone out. It's all over. Run!"

Run? Nowhere to run to now. Voices hallooing.

"Bill! Oh, Bill! Where are you? Wireless? Where?"

"Faster! They see us!"

Flicking dots of fire in the dark. A popping noise, dull in his brain. Something going thwick-thwick past his ears. Yells.

"' —— with eyes of flame,'" said Buckner. "'Whiffling and burbling.'"

Shots in the dark, and Cletus Carter wailing, "Daphne! Daphne!"

Nobody paid any attention to him. Nobody answered. Thwick-thwick went the bullets through the palmetto.

"Robbers! Murderers! What have you done with her? Archer Hammond, as God is my witness, I—I shall tell your father! Daphne! Daphne!"

Crashing in the thicket. Silence, and men coming back. They found their Buckner generator, Type K, their batteries and what was left of their induction coil. Desperately they carried these things to their boat and set them back in place; but none of them knew enough to undo what Buckner had done. Two hours—three hours they cursed and labored. And in the night a sweeping beam of light peered into the lagoon and fell on their useless craft.

"Come out of it now! Hands first!"

Half an hour later came another. At dawn a broad-beamed open motorboat from the mainland came pop-pop-popping in, loaded with men gathered from twenty miles of swamp. Farming in the Everglades does not offer much excitement; truly the radio is a great invention! Armed to the teeth they came, with rifles, pistols, shotguns, anything that would shoot—maybe.

But there was nothing to shoot at now. It was the noise of their water-line exhaust that brought two weary fugitives from the thicket.

"Did I—tune in with all of you?" Pete Buckner asked them.

"Tune in? We couldn't tune you out! All over the air like a buzz saw! What voltage were you using? Why don't you sharpen that wave of yours? It's worse than static, ripping into everything five hundred meters either side of your wave length. What kind of license have you got, anyhow? Spend the rest of your life in jail, jazzing up the air that way!"

"That would be nice," said Buckner. "Quiet place."

XIII

A POPULOUS place that morning, Sunday Key. Men trooping to the barn, men standing on the lawn grinning at his aërial of fence wire with its bottle-neck-and-rope insulators, men passing bits of his apparatus from hand to hand, exclaiming, laughing, asking questions. Buckner answered vaguely. He didn't see anything to laugh about. He felt listless and slack and dull. Vaguely his mind kept groping for something—what must he do next?

Nothing. It was all over. Nothing more to do, nothing to worry about now. Everything was all right.

He saw Daphne comforting her father, soothing the old fellow as if he were a child. She had lost most of her hairpins again. Her tumbled hair about her small tired face made her look like a child herself Couldn't find those hairpins this time—dropped in the tangle where they had crawled like hunted rabbits.

He went heavily to his room and shut the door and sat on his bed. What now? Nothing. Nobody needed him. Everything was all right.

A man went by his window, staring in; not that he cared. His mind kept groping. What next? Nothing. Nothing to do but rest. Why couldn't he realize it and feel relieved?

A tap at the door. He asked listlessly, "Who is it?" Queer to have to ask that question here.

"It's Daphne. Can you open the door? Got my hands full."

Bringing his breakfast on a tray; taking more trouble for him when she had had so much already. He opened his mouth to protest, but only said "Thanks," and sat down blindly on the bed. He didn't even trust himself to talk. What shameful, what unmanly thing was this that was happening inside of him? Wrenching at his diaphragm, making his mouth twitch, stinging in his nose and throat? Was he, Pete Buckner, of the Buckner Manufacturing Company, going to fall to pieces and cry like a baby because everything was all right?

"Breakfast," said Daphne briskly, setting a little table.

"'*Is what we chiefly need.*
Now if you're ready, oysters dear,
We can begin to feed!'"

Smiling at him. Making a game of things even now. Strong little hands, weary and brave and sweet. Dark eyes soft throat, a fragrance vital and ineffable like life itself

"Daphne," he said huskily. "Daphne, I'll never forget. You and all that you've done for me ——"

"Don't," said Daphne. "You! Keeping on and keeping on, hours and hours after your poor old strength was gone! Fighting and holding on and holding on—for me. I can't help it! I'm just crying because everything's all right. There, there! Poor tired boy. That's right. Rest."

For Buckner's arms held what they needed most; held her close to him where he sat, his face against her breast. He didn't blame women for crying. It let down something screwed up too tight; it let relief flow over you, soothing your tired nerves.

He wasn't even ashamed—this time. She knew his strength was gone.

"So'm I," said he. "There, there! Tired girl. Go on and cry."

Northward a pop-pop-popping died away. Eastward a gray boat went with a cabin cruiser in tow. Daphne gazed after it and stroked his hair and murmured something

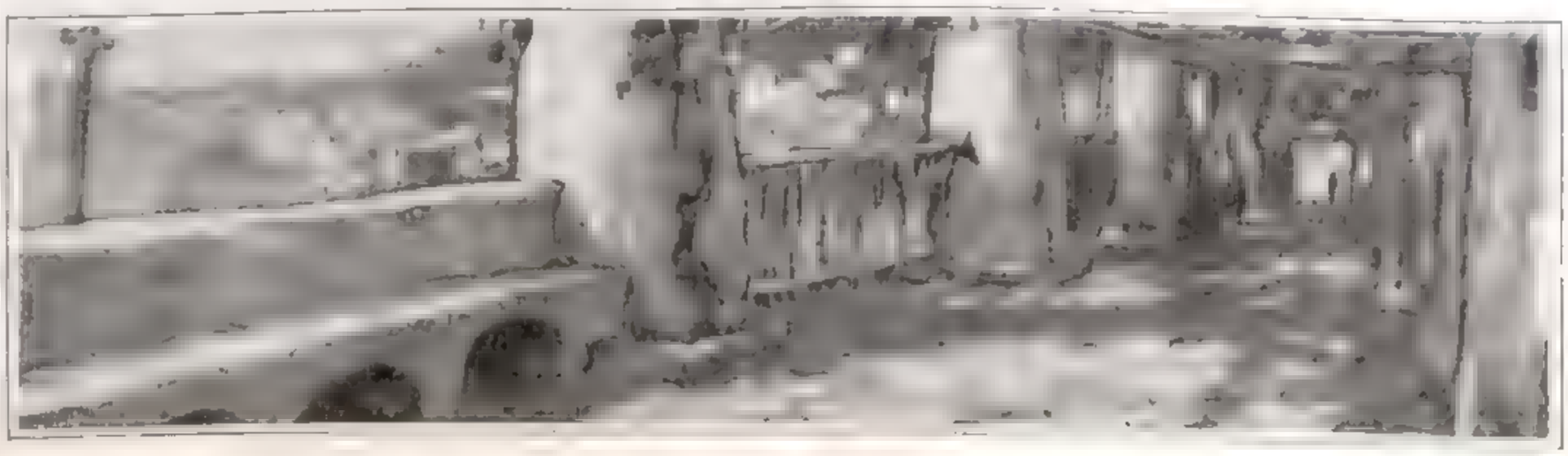
"'Calloo! Callay!'"

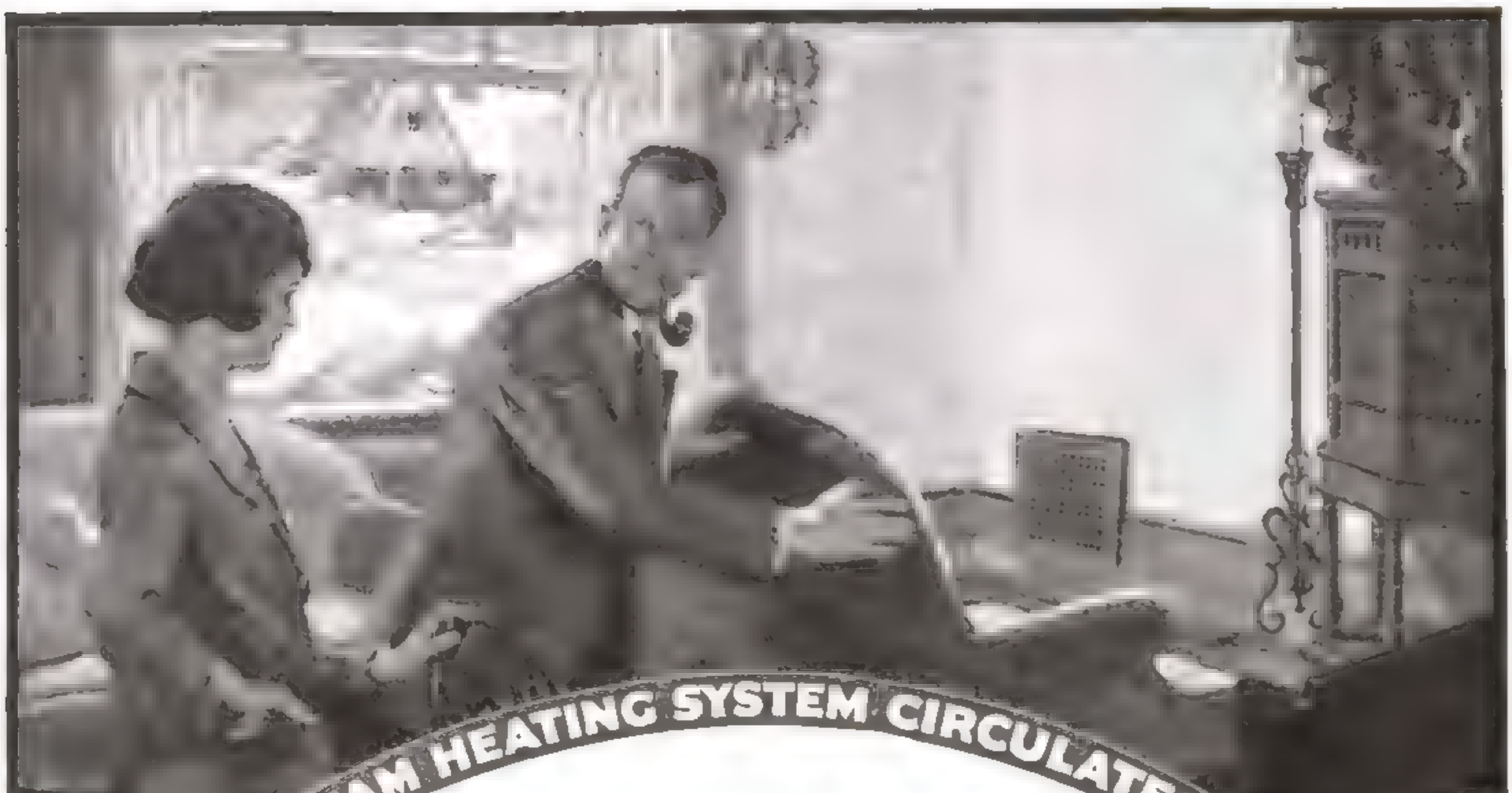
"'Beamish boy,'" said Buckner drowsily. "That's me."

Cryptic words these; appropriate only to him who has slain the jabberwock, and he had done this thing. Done it without even a vorpal blade, done it with nothing but his uffish thought.

"Rest, that's right," said Daphne. "Tired, sleepy boy."

A low cool sun, brightly pretending that no storm had ever passed across this sea. Southward a swift white boat slid past three floating dots of green and vanished. Only the dots sailed on, on into peace and blue of sky and water and time sweetly flowing. Whisper of wind in the tree, the endless breathing of the endless gulf, the brisk whir of a lawn mower like a cheerful cricket song. But it was not afternoon. It was eternal morning. Buckner had found the only place a man may truly rest





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In the Sunbeam warm-air heated home *all* floor space is *usable* floor space. You can place the reading chair where it's most convenient, you can have your tables where they look best and you can have all your furnishings where you want them.

In your living room, in your hallways, in every room upstairs and down, you save floor space and wall space with *Sunbeam Warm-Air Heating*. There's no heating equipment to interfere with your decorative plans. Fresh, warm, moist air is brought into every room through attractive but unobtrusive registers.

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Let him measure you now for the new Easter outfit.

KAHN TAILORING COMPANY
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The Kind of Clothes KAHN MADE TO MEASURE CLOTHES Gentlemen Wear

THE NORDIC NORTH

(Continued from Page 20)

Even today, with good roads and railways, there is little land communication between them. Nature has in fact placed them like two men back to back and looking in opposite directions, Norway gazing westward out into the Atlantic Ocean, Sweden gazing eastward over the Baltic Sea. With their cold climates and scarcity of fertile land, neither country has been able to develop a flourishing agriculture. However, Sweden has considerable mineral wealth, especially iron, while both countries have an abundance of water power. With the development of hydroelectricity, this water power has been a great source of prosperity and has formed the basis for an important and rapidly growing industrial life. Furthermore, since only a small part of these natural resources has as yet been developed, both countries have great possibilities for future growth in wealth and population. Norway has an area of 125,000 square miles—a trifle less than the combined areas of Wisconsin and Minnesota—with a population of about 2,700,000. Sweden's area is 173,000 square miles—a little larger than the state of California—with just under 6,000,000 population.

Such are the three Scandinavian nations. Taken together, they are a group of some importance, covering a considerable area and with a combined population of 12,000,000. Furthermore, there is the adjacent country of Finland, which is so intimately related to Sweden in both blood and culture that, in the broader sense, it may be counted as belonging to the Scandinavian family. If that be done, the population of the Scandinavian group is raised to more than 15,000,000. Lastly, considering the Scandinavian stock in its world aspect, we must remember the immense emigration of Scandinavians to various parts of the world, especially to the United States and Canada. It is probable that something like 3,000,000 of the inhabitants of the United States are of Scandinavian birth or descent.

Here, then, is a group of peoples numbering from 12,000,000 to 15,000,000 souls, solidly planted in the northwest corner of Europe. These peoples are connected by close ties of language and culture. They are also bound together by the even closer tie of blood, for they are near kin. The Scandinavians are almost all pure-blooded members of the Nordic race—that tall, blond stock which forms the predominant element in the British Isles, the United States and the self-governing Dominions of the British Empire, together with many parts of Europe like Northern Germany, Northern France, the Netherlands and Northwestern Russia. The Scandinavians are thus blood brothers of the Anglo-Saxons, and both stocks show to the full those striking qualities of creative energy, political ability, self-reliance, self-control and common sense that have everywhere distinguished the Nordic race.

Scandinavian Prosperity

Scandinavia is in fact an old Nordic brood land, a reservoir and breeding ground of Nordic stock, sending forth for ages wave after wave of Nordic migration. Many of the Nordic tribes that overran the Roman Empire and settled the British Isles came from Scandinavia. Pure Scandinavians were the vikings, who not only ranged Europe from Spain to Russia but also fared forth in their tiny ships across the trackless northern ocean, settling Iceland and Greenland, and actually discovering North America, thus anticipating Columbus by 500 years. Strange accident of history! If Leif Ericson and his Norse rovers had voyaged a little farther southward and had planted a colony that could well have prospered, North America might centuries ago have become a greater Scandinavia and the whole history of the world would have been changed.

It was not to be. Scandinavia missed her great opportunity overseas. She also lost her European opportunity. Instead of uniting, the Scandinavian peoples wasted their abounding energies in fratricidal wars that were their common undoing. When we look back on the medieval might of Denmark and on the power of Sweden from Gustavus Adolphus to Charles XII, it is not too much to say that a united Scandinavia might have forged a Baltic empire that would have endured to this day. Instead of this, the rising empires of Russia and Germany broke Scandinavia's resistance piecemeal, cut away its borderlands and confined it to its ancient bounds. A century ago the world had practically forgotten the Scandinavian peoples, regarding them as little nations whose day was over and whose very existence would henceforth depend upon the mutual jealousies of powerful neighbors, tempered perhaps by sentimental consideration for a heroic past.

This attitude was not strange, because a century ago the Scandinavian nations seemed to have no future worth speaking of. Their present prosperity is in striking contrast to their past misfortunes. A century ago the Scandinavian countries were profoundly poor, most of their present sources of wealth being either unknown or undeveloped. This poverty was reflected by the sparseness of population, Scandinavia at that time being able to support less than a third of its present inhabitants. And the prospects did not look bright. Sweden, with her cold, frostbound soil, could never hope greatly to extend her cultivable area. Denmark, though possessed of rich farmland, was very small. Norway was but a strip of barren mountains.

Nevertheless, despite all these handicaps, the Scandinavian peoples turned to and showed the stuff that was in them. Putting behind them the bitter memories of their defeats and their lost provinces, they resolved to make the most of what was left. Applying their inborn energy and intelligence to an intensive development of their natural resources, they soon laid the foundations of their present prosperity.

The Achievements of Denmark

In all three countries it is the same story of grit, thrift, hard work and intelligent insight, making much of little and turning every new development to full account. Take Denmark, for example. Lacking, as she does, minerals, coal and water power, Denmark's one real asset was some good farmland. But there was so little of it that, cultivated in the ordinary way, it would never support a large population. The Danes therefore determined to specialize on high-grade lines for export. Accordingly they went in for scientific dairying, pedigreed livestock and certain high-class agricultural specialties. Gradually they built up a marvelous system of production, distribution and marketing on coöperative lines. It is not too much to say that the Danes have industrialized agriculture. As time passed and Western Europe became covered with cities and factories the Danes found an ever-increasing market for their products. The development of cold storage and cheap long-distance ocean transportation threatened to hit them for a while by bringing in competition from distant parts of the world, like North America, Siberia and China. But the Danes triumphed over this also by concentrating on quality. More and more, Danish butter, Danish eggs and Danish agricultural specialties got the reputation for being the best on the European markets and thus fetched fancy prices. Danish agriculture is thus the solid foundation of Denmark's economic life, and it is all a triumph of intelligent, skillful planning. Besides her agriculture, Denmark has a large merchant marine and a prosperous fishing fleet, while her industries, though relatively less important, are profitable and high-grade.

Another point that should be noted is Denmark's social soundness and the wide diffusion of prosperity. The Danish countryside is inhabited, not by peasants in the ordinary European sense, but by intelligent, well-educated, prosperous yeomen, owning and loving their land—in other words, farmers in the true American sense of the word. Even in the towns there are not the contrasts between great wealth and grinding poverty observable in many other lands. Furthermore, taxation statistics show that the national wealth is becoming more generally distributed; and this, be it noted, is due to natural economic processes—the Danes are too intelligent to tinker with crank legislation.

Thus Denmark advances steadily despite all the troubles of her European neighbors. It is estimated that the national wealth of Denmark has doubled in the last twenty years. As might be imagined under such circumstances, the health and vigor of the

(Continued on Page 149)

EVERY TIME YOU SEE A BAD ROAD THINK OF HASSLERS

The luxury of riding on HASSLER SHOCK ABSORBERS is equalled only by what they save you in repair bills

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Ride on Hasslers

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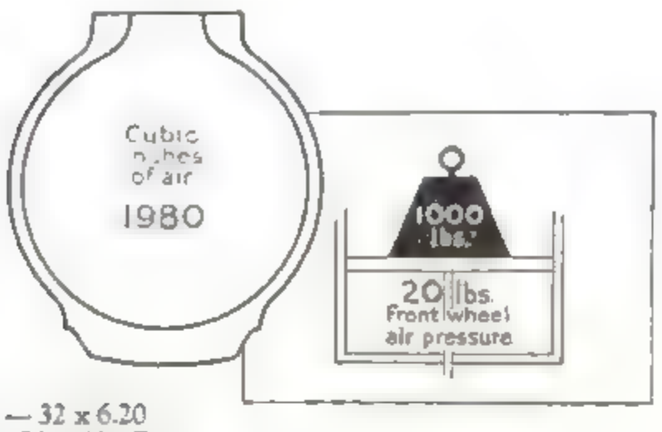
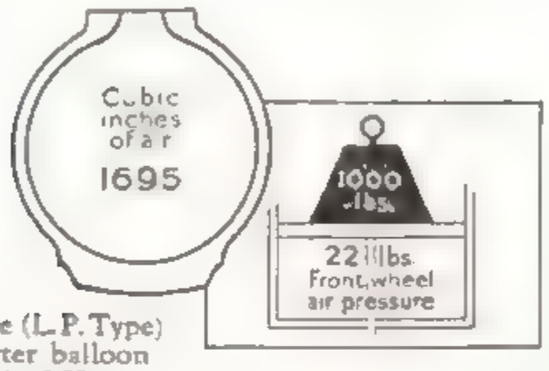
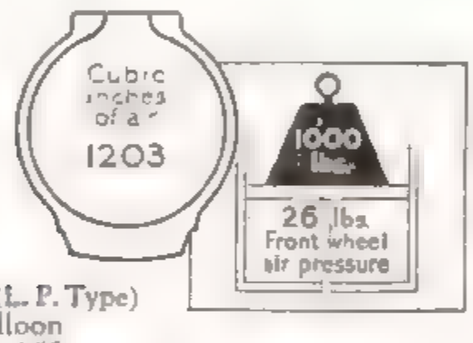
Your comfort in riding depends upon cubic inches of air in the tires. Look at the following diagrams. [Note that the smaller the chamber, the greater air pressure is required].



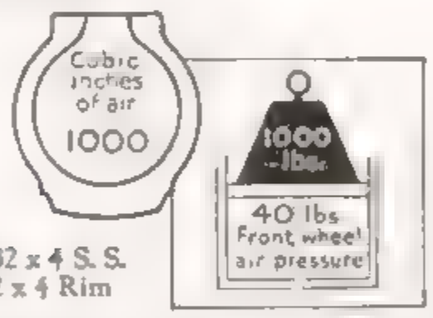
Balloon — 32 x 6.20
20" wheel 29 x 4½ Rim
Requires wheel change



Low pressure (L. P. Type)
Three-quarter balloon
L. P. 34 x 5.77
24" wheel 32 x 4 Rim
No change of wheels



Low pressure (L. P. Type)
Semi-Balloon
L. P. 33 x 4.95
24" wheel 32 x 4 Rim
No change of wheels



Regular Cord 32 x 4 S. S.
24" wheel 32 x 4 Rim

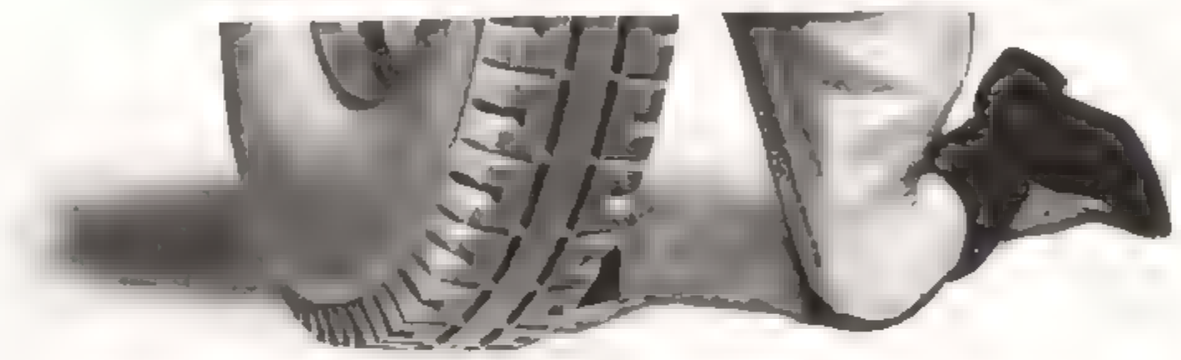
For rear wheels add—
Roadster 0 Touring Car 2 lbs.
Coupe or Sedan 4 lbs. Limousine 6 lbs.

TABLE OF BALLOONING

30 x 3½	31 x 4.40	32 x 4.95	31 x 5.25
31 x 4	32 x 4.95	33 x 5.77	32 x 6.20
32 x 4	33 x 4.95	34 x 5.77	32 x 6.20
33 x 4	34 x 4.95		32 x 6.20
34 x 4			32 x 6.20
32 x 4½	33 x 5.77	35 x 6.60	34 x 7.30
33 x 4½	34 x 5.77		32 x 6.20
34 x 4½	35 x 5.77		34 x 7.30
33 x 5	35 x 6.60		34 x 7.30

At the Sign of the HOOD Service Man

The Principles of Balloon Tire Construction



BALLOON tires are designed to carry the same load on more cubic inches of air. This allows less pounds per inch pressure in the tire, and results in greatly increased riding comfort, together with a decreased strain and wear on the car. You ride on more air, and softer air. [Refer to the illustrations at the left.]

There are two distinct types of tires manufactured—the full balloon type, which requires smaller wheels; and the interchangeable or low pressure type, which with minor adjustments may be used on present wheels.

The full balloon is the original and, up to the present time, the most complete development of the low air pressure principle. The interchangeable type is a partial application of this same principle to tires that can be used on present wheels.

The terms "three-quarter balloon" and "semi-balloon" seem to best describe the interchangeable low pressure tires [called L. P. Type by HOOD]. Some manufacturers and dealers group all types under the general classification of "balloons". But there need be no confusion. The sizes are all standard. Judge the relative ballooning of the tire by the size rather than by the name, using the table at the left as your guide

For example, your present tire size is 32 x 4. Full ballooning calls for a 32 x 6.20 size and a wheel change. Assume you do not care to change your wheels. Three-quarter ballooning calls for a 34 x 5.77 size, and semi-ballooning, a 33 x 4.95 size on present rims.

There are minor car adjustments to be made and every Hood Dealer is supplied with full information concerning each make and model of car. Be sure to determine with him the exact pressure your car needs. To obtain best results you should keep your tires at all times very close to this pressure. A variation of five pounds in a tire carrying sixty-five pounds of air makes little difference—the same variation in a tire carrying twenty six pounds of air will make considerable difference. If your balloon tire requires over thirty pounds of air to carry the load, you need the next larger size. Be sure your tire gauge is accurate. Hood Dealers carry accurate gauges for sale.

You can find the Hood Dealer at the Sign of the Hood Service Man, or fill out the coupon and we will send you an instruction sheet

HOOD RUBBER PRODUCTS CO., Inc., Watertown, Massachusetts

Hood Rubber Products Co.
Watertown, Mass.

PLEASE send me instruction sheet covering the following car—

Car_____ Year_____

Model (check square)

Roadster ☐ Touring ☐ Coupe ☐
Sedan ☐ Limousine ☐

Present size of tire_____

Write name and address on margin below

HOOD Balloon Cords

(Continued from Page 146)

Danish people are excellent. The average expectation of life is fifty-six years for men and fifty-nine years for women. A century ago it was only forty years for men and forty-three for women. This clearly shows the great advance of health and vigor that has taken place during that period. As might be expected, the population shows an increase healthily adjusted to the rate of economic and social progress. At present the net increase in population is a trifle more than 1 per cent a year.

The economic development of Norway and Sweden, though different in direction from that of Denmark, is equally striking and equally due to energetic, intelligent foresight. At first this development was largely maritime, both countries building up flourishing merchant marines and fishing fleets. The perfecting of the steamship, for instance, enabled Norway to develop fully possibilities like the Arctic fisheries. Later, Norway began to capitalize her scenery, becoming one of the chief tourist resorts of the world. Every year great floating hotels bring multitudes of travelers to enjoy the beauties of Norway's magnificent fiords and to gaze at the midnight sun. Meanwhile Sweden was fast developing her mineral wealth. Until the age of railroads, steam and electricity, this had been but little exploited, because most of Sweden's minerals, particularly her iron deposits, lie in the far north. Today Sweden is an important iron-and-steel-producing country, specializing in high-grade lines.

The White Coal of the North

The greatest single factor in the prosperity of Norway and Sweden is, however, the development of water power. Its importance is comparatively recent. Both these mountainous lands have a multitude of waterfalls and rushing streams; but formerly these, though things of beauty, were of little practical use. The development of electricity, however, entirely changed the situation. Hydroelectric power was now seen to be available in almost limitless quantities, and this white coal, as it has been aptly named, has been increasingly harnessed to a myriad industrial activities, so that both Norway and Sweden today possess a flourishing industrial life. And this may perhaps be still in its infancy, because neither country is at present using more than one-tenth of the total hydroelectric power that is available. The perfecting of long-distance electric power transmission promises soon to open up a great new source of wealth, since Norway and Sweden will be capable of supplying the power needs of all North-Central Europe.

Economic and social conditions in Norway and Sweden bear a general resemblance to those of Denmark. In both countries the standard of living, health and education is high. In both countries the national wealth is rapidly increasing and is well distributed, while the rural population consists, as in Denmark, of sturdy, free-spirited yeoman farmers. The population shows a steady, healthy increase of about 1 per cent a year, and should the development of natural resources continue at its present rate, large further increases of population can be supported in the future.

Such are the economic and social achievements of the Scandinavian peoples. Let us now examine their political achievements, which have insured their stability and have saved them both from tragic quarrels among themselves and from dangerous feuds with their neighbors. As we have already remarked, these political achievements have been of a high order. During the past twenty years the Scandinavian peoples have to their credit a whole series of successful political settlements that rank among the finest examples of human intelligence, foresight and self-control.

The first of these political tests was the crisis that arose between Norway and Sweden, resulting in the separation of the two countries in the year 1905. Though occupying the same peninsula, the Swedes and Norwegians have never been one people. Sundered by a barrier of lofty mountains, they had slight physical contact and accordingly went their respective ways. Such contact as they did have was usually of a hostile nature. For centuries Norway was politically united to Denmark and loyally supported it in the long series of Dano-Swedish wars. When the Vienna Congress of 1814 remade the map of Europe after the Napoleonic Wars, it took Norway away from Denmark and assigned it to Sweden as compensation for Finland, conquered by Russia a few years before. But this diplomatic transfer did not result in a union of hearts. Though Sweden granted the Norwegians practically full autonomy, they remained dissatisfied and chafed at political union with their Swedish neighbors. Chronic disputes culminated in the year 1905, when Norway seceded and proclaimed its independence.

This was rebellion. Sweden was aflame with wrath, especially since most Swedes believed that Norway was guilty of nothing short of treason in face of a common foe—Russia. For Czarist Russia was at that very moment destroying the liberties of Finland, hitherto an autonomous dependency of Russia, but now being brutally transformed into a Russian intrenched camp that threatened all Scandinavia with the shadow of the Russian bear.

For a moment war between Norway and Sweden seemed inevitable. Swedish voices demanded the punishment and subjection of the "traitorous rebels." Norwegian voices answered bold defiance. Both sides mobilized and made ready for a war that would inevitably have been of a most stubborn and sanguinary character.

But the war did not take place. Intelligent, sober second thought—the inborn heritage of the race—warned instinctively against fatal disaster. Both sides began to figure out the consequences. Cool-headed Swedes soon realized that to hold down Norway against the fixed determination of its people was in the long run impossible. Furthermore, both peoples came to see that such a war, whatever its outcome, would leave them alike at Russia's mercy. Accordingly, the crisis was settled without shedding a drop of blood. Sweden recognized Norway's independence and Norway gladly accepted Sweden's demand for the total disarmament of their common frontier.

The results of this peaceful settlement were of the happiest nature. Within a few years all traces of mutual bitterness had vanished. On the contrary, since causes of friction had been removed, the two peoples began looking at their common interests. The Russian peril was a powerful promoter of kindred feeling. When the Great War broke out in 1914 both countries made haste to affirm their friendship, for simultaneously with their declarations of neutrality they formally agreed that under no circumstances should one country take hostile action against the other.

Peaceful Settlement of Differences

An even more remarkable example of intelligent forbearance was shown in the settlement of the Danish-Icelandic controversy. Iceland, that strange land of snow fields and volcanoes lying in the remote recesses of the Arctic Ocean, was settled more than 1000 years ago by rebel vikings refusing obedience to the first Norwegian kings. Eventually brought under Norwegian control, Iceland passed with Norway under Danish rule; but when Norway was joined to Sweden in 1814, Iceland remained under the Danish crown. It may seem strange that the sparse population of this forbidding land—only 90,000 souls—should have cherished separatist feelings; yet such was the case. The old Norse love of freedom was in the blood, and as time passed the Icelanders, despite wide autonomy, chafed under Danish overlordship, precisely as their Norwegian brethren did at political union with the Swedes.

Here, if ever, was a test of Scandinavian forbearance and self-control. A handful of people scattered along the shores of a distant and barren island were asserting their claim to independence against a wealthy nation of 3,000,000. Denmark could have crushed Iceland at a stroke. In fact, dependent as the island is on imported foodstuffs, a mere blockade of its ports would have starved the Icelanders into submission.

Yet the Danes never even considered such measures. The dispute was temperately argued out, and a solution was finally arrived at satisfactory to both sides. By the Act of Union of November 30, 1918, Iceland was declared to be a free sovereign state, united with Denmark by a personal bond of union under the same king. Certain matters, especially foreign affairs, are conducted by Denmark; but the act may be revised in the year 1940 at the option of the contracting parties.

This settlement, like that between Norway and Sweden, is producing the happiest results, both Danes and Icelanders experiencing an increase in mutual regard and

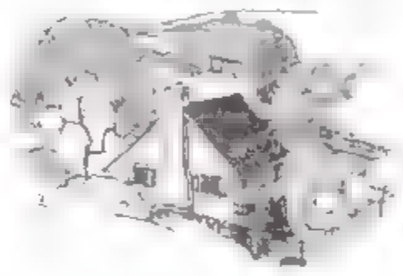
"At a Cost of a Few Dollars I Created a New Home"

A GIRL DID THIS, WITH NOTHING MORE THAN A LITTLE BOOK, A LITTLE BRUSH AND A LITTLE UNIVERNISH

By a Young Wife

WE shall call him George, because that is nothing like his real name. When he and I first planned to be married, he was a junior in medical school. We thought he could jump right out of college into a practice which would support us—and the rest seemed easy.

Then George decided to become a specialist. I approved. But it meant years of additional study and apprenticeship on a small salary. Things looked pretty blue. No money—no wedding—no home.



One day I discovered that my father owned a tiny farm just north of town. The land was leased to truck gardeners, but the little farmhouse was ancient and empty.

Two weeks after this discovery I was at work on the interior of that cottage. The more I experimented and explored the stronger grew my conviction that here were the possibilities of a charming little home.

I called my young brother in and we went to work on the stout, bare timbers, the woodwork, the heavy old floors. We cleaned and we varnished until we had restored the really fine rooms to their original glory.

Nothing is so substantial, so beautifully simple, as New England farmhouse architecture. And Murphy UNIVERNISH brought the old wood to life like magic.

So enthusiastic did we become that we went the rounds of our relatives and took away all their discarded furniture. Discarded—did I say? I wish you could have seen that furniture after it had been cleaned, scraped and UNIVERNISHED! It was beautiful—as only fine old things can be; and as fresh and inviting as only UNIVERNISH could have made it.

Before I knew it, I had a home. As soon as father saw it, he gave the house to me. Now we can marry on George's tiny salary. There is no rent to pay—and practically nothing to buy. And all that "work" was *fun!*

I wish you could see Father and Mother applying the UNIVERNISH treatment to our ancestral domicile. They say I made them ashamed of themselves. Well—at a cost of a few dollars, and a little work, I created a new home. That's something.

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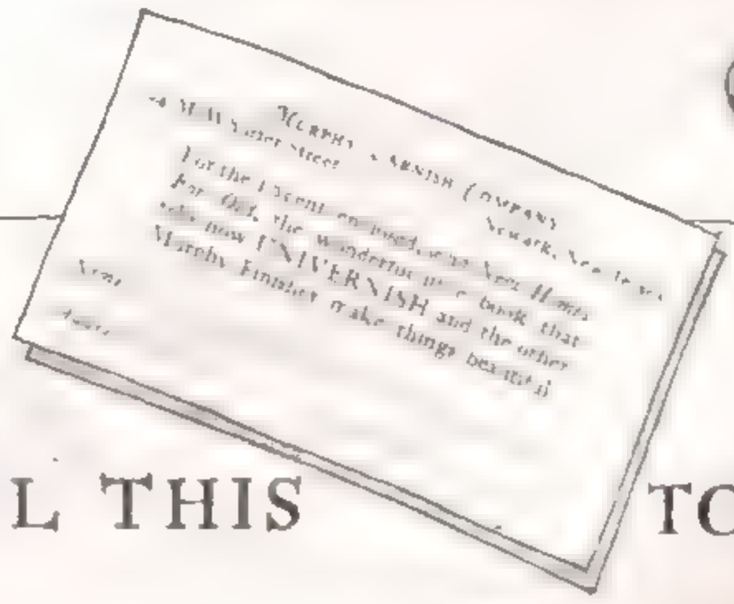

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The quiet Si-wel-clo is naturally the leader—for silence will ever be a most desirable feature. "Bathrooms of Character" S-5 describes and illustrates Tepeco Water Closets for every place and purse, including the popular "Welling," "Merit" and "Saxon."

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TEPECO Water Closets

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common aspiration toward larger Scandinavian interests. This double development is well expressed by the leading Icelandic journal, which recently remarked:

> We understand thoroughly that our future is best made secure by a more intimate union and more active communication between the Scandinavian nations, and it is our definite purpose to work for this end. But we wish to do so as a sovereign state, as an independent people, just as independent as the other peoples in Scandinavia.

These two examples show how Scandinavia has solved her internal problems of political readjustment. They certainly merit the attention of thinking people everywhere. Yet no less worthy of the world's attention is Scandinavia's attitude toward her neighbors, particularly regarding lost or unredeemed territories. One of the most disquieting and discouraging aspects of present-day Europe is the fierce clash of imperialistic appetites displayed by most of the European nations. This is not a matter of size; some of the small nations are more greedy and reckless than the larger ones. In certain cases the claims advanced by nationalistic propagandas are based on the most absurd perversions of history, or even upon the brazen argument of strategic frontiers. Some of the arguments would be laughable if they were not so tragic. Territories lost centuries ago are to be redeemed, ancient defeats are to be avenged, long-established borders must be rectified. The Versailles Peace Conference at the end of the Great War was turned into a perfect bedlam by the wild cries of greedy propagandists after all they could get regardless of consequences, and too many of these unsound claims were, alas, allowed; the upshot being that Europe is today cursed by a whole crop of nationalistic troubles threatening new wars.

In striking contrast to all this stands the attitude of Scandinavia. Not that Scandinavia lacks such claims if she cared to raise them. The Scandinavian nations have lost many territories to neighboring states. In two cases the loss was comparatively recent and still keenly felt. These were Sweden's loss of Finland to Russia in 1809 and Denmark's loss of Schleswig-Holstein to Prussia in 1864. At the close of the late war Denmark and Sweden both had opportunities to regain at least portions of these lost territories. Let us see how they conducted themselves. Their attitude is in such refreshing contrast to that of most other European nations that it well merits our attention.

Danish Self-Restraint

Consider first the case of Schleswig-Holstein. This borderland between Denmark and Germany was conquered by Prussia in the year 1864. The southern province—Holstein—is thoroughly German in blood and speech. The northern province—Schleswig—is predominatingly German in its southern part; but the northern portion adjoining Denmark is mostly Danish in blood and language, while there is a considerable Danish element in the central portion as well. By the peace of 1864 it was agreed that a plebiscite should be held in North Schleswig in order that the inhabitants might themselves decide their political allegiance. Prussia, however, disregarded this proviso. The plebiscite was never held and the Danish districts were ruthlessly Germanized.

Denmark thus had a first-class grievance, which was recognized by the Versailles Conference. Indeed, a considerable body of public opinion in the Allied countries, particularly in France, urged the Danes to assert their historic rights to all Schleswig-Holstein. If Denmark had said the word she could probably have had both provinces for the asking. Imagine what would have happened if such an opportunity had been offered most European nations! But not the sane, farseeing Scandinavians! The bulk of Danish public opinion rejected such suggestions without a moment's hesitation. To poison their national life by annexing more than 1,000,000 recalcitrant Germans and to hang about Denmark's neck the millstone of a German war of revenge was clean against Danish common sense. Danish feeling crystallized in a popular slogan—All That is Danish. No More and No Less!

That was the watchword, and thus was it settled. The destiny of Schleswig was determined by the free vote of its inhabitants. The province was divided into three zones, each zone to vote separately. In fact before the vote was held, the Danish Government voluntarily ruled the southern zone out of consideration as being clearly German, thus avoiding the unnecessary friction that the holding of a vote might have caused. Ultimately the northern zone voted for union with Denmark by a vote of three to one. The middle zone, on the contrary, voted to remain German by more than two to one. This result was, of course, disappointing to Denmark. There was even some talk of disregarding the vote and annexing the territory. But the bulk of Danish public opinion refused to be stampeded—All That is Danish. No More and No Less! That was what the Danish people had promised, and they kept their word.

The next notable instance of Scandinavian moderation was the attitude of Sweden in the Aland Islands controversy. This rocky archipelago lies in the Baltic Sea midway between Sweden and Finland. Sweden ceded the Alands to Russia along with Finland in 1809, but always regretted their loss, since they virtually dominate Sweden's capital, Stockholm. When Finland declared its independence after the Russian revolution of 1917, the inhabitants of the Aland Islands, who are of pure Swedish blood, declared that they wanted to go back to Sweden rather than to form part of the new Finnish state. Naturally, Swedish public opinion warmly favored the recovery of the Alands. But the Finns strongly objected, declaring that the islands formed part of their country. The question was warmly debated on both sides, considerable bitterness developed, and there was even talk of war. Sweden was so much stronger than Finland that she could have seized the islands at will. But Sweden resisted the temptation.

The Significance of Race

Here again Scandinavian common sense and farsightedness prevailed. Sweden's true policy was to make fast friends with Finland and bind Finland to the Scandinavian family of nations where she really belonged, thus banishing the Russian peril. To seize the Alands would embitter Finland and perhaps drive her back into Russia's arms. Accordingly, Sweden offered to submit the matter to arbitration and the case was tried by the League of Nations. The league awarded the Alands to Finland on condition that they be permanently neutralized and that their inhabitants be granted full autonomy. Another victory for peace and sanity had been won.

Such is the record of the Scandinavian peoples in their dealings both with one another and with their neighbors. It is a brilliant record that may well be pondered not merely by Europe but by the whole world. It is also a striking display of those inborn qualities of intelligent foresight, high political ability, self-control and common sense that are the birthright of the great Nordic race to which the Scandinavians belong. These things did not happen by chance; they happened because they were thought out and carried out by well-bred brains. Once again the fundamental importance of race in human affairs is clearly shown.

It is interesting to note that this basic fact is consciously appreciated in Scandinavia, perhaps more generally than anywhere else. More and more Scandinavian public opinion is realizing the true significance of race, as distinguished from other factors like language and nationality, which elsewhere are apt to confuse the issue.

This growing appreciation of the racial idea is producing excellent results.

It is drawing the Scandinavian blood brothers into a closer and more intimate association. It is also inspiring them with a heightened desire to do their utmost in saving the threatened fabric of European civilization.

And surely the Scandinavian peoples are capable of playing a part in Europe's reconstruction far greater than might appear from their mere size and population. One of the things that the whole world needs to learn is the fact that quality is much more important than quantity. In Scandinavia we surely have quality. Here are fully 12,000,000 people, racially homogeneous and of an unusually high grade; intelligent, progressive and prosperous; with no serious internal differences and no external foes. Certainly, Scandinavia is today the brightest spot on the Continent of Europe.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Stoddard. The next will appear in an early issue.

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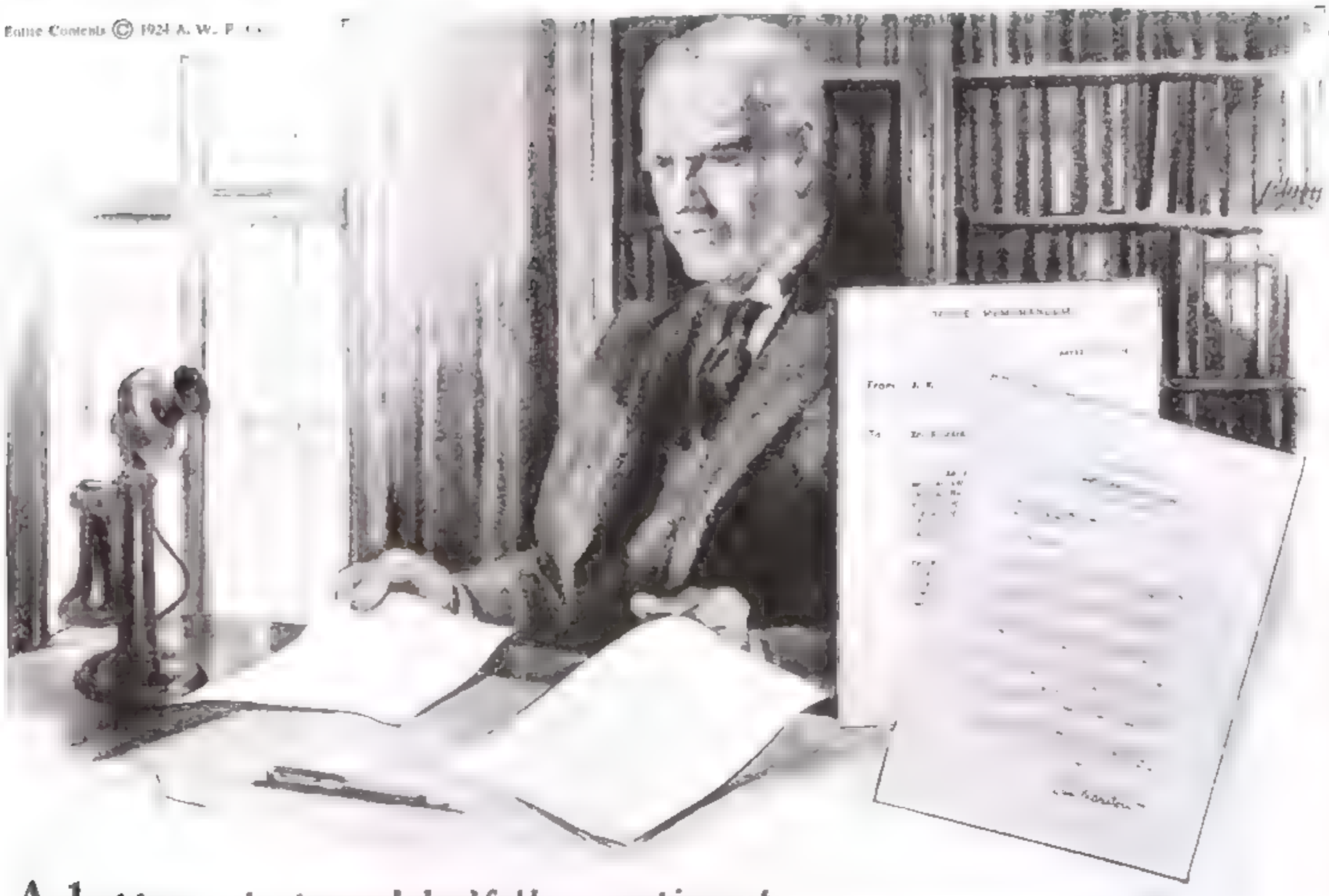

A letter *to travel half the continent and win an order of considerable importance* — A routine office memorandum — *and* they looked alike!

THESE communications, intended to accomplish widely different purposes, were very much alike in their appearance. The paper upon which they were typed was the *same*. It was selected to conform to an office standard.

This standard was set to relieve the confusion brought by the multiplicity of names and grades of bond papers.

No one realizes more keenly than we do the difficulties confronting the man who sets out to buy paper wisely. There are more than one hundred and twenty-five different prices at which bond paper may be purchased. This indicates that those who make and sell bond paper recognize one hundred and twenty-five separate grades. Falling in some one of these grades there are more than six hundred brands on the market. Competition, not utility, has obviously controlled the situation.

Can we wonder then that arbitrary standards are set?

* * *

Practically speaking, what harm if arbitrary standards are set? Harm may easily result,—from the waste of a little money now and then, to consequences of a more serious nature. Take the above instance. If the paper was good enough to stand the mail bags and office handling and still come crisp and fresh to its destination—perhaps then to be routed to associates—it was altogether too good for the office memorandum. In this case a little money was wasted on office memorandum.

On the other hand, if the paper was of a grade primarily intended for office forms, it could seriously handicap the letter. Much depends on circumstances. If competition for the desired order was keen, and prices and merchandise largely standardized, things that might appear of minor importance could weigh in the balance.

It is better therefore to watch appearances. It is better to waste a little money on the office memorandum than to jeopardize the success of the business letter.

* * *

But it is necessary to do neither. This is but one of many examples showing how paper may be wisely or unwisely bought.

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Letterheads	A1	1	2	2	3	3	3		
Invoices	A1	1	2	2	3	3	3		
Statements	A1	1	1	2	2	3	3		
Checks				1	2	3	3		
Drafts			1	2		3	3		
Notes			1	2	2	3	3		
Purchase Orders		1	1	2	2	3	3	4	
Contracts	A1	1		2	2	3	3		
Receipts			1	2	2	3	3		
Inter Dept. Letters							1	2	3
File Copies							1	2	3
Acknowledgments			1		2		3		
Price Lists						1	2	3	
Mortgages	A1	2	3	3					
Deeds	A1								
Stock Certificates	A1	2	3						
Policies	A1	2	3	3					
Inventory Forms				1	1	2	2	3	
Requisitions				1	2	2	3	3	
M'f'g. Orders				1	2	2	3		
Receiving Reports							1	2	3
Stock Reports				1	2	2	3	3	
Time Slips							1	2	3
Memo Slips							1	2	3
Reference Booklets						1	2	3	

KEY TO ABOVE CHART

1—First Choice 2—Second Choice 3—Third Choice 4—Fourth Choice, suggested only where low price is more important than quality

• Recommended for Offset Lithography

Four factors are considered in the above classifications: (a Appearance, (b) Long Life, (c) Printing qualities, (d Probable handling (in office, in mail and at destination). First choice provides maximum protection; others a slight sacrifice on one or more of the factors.

Coupon Bond A strictly First Grade, Animal Sized, Sheet Cut, Hand Hung, Pole Loft Dried Paper of supremely impressive appearance, made from new white hard rags. Will retain its strength and color indefinitely and withstand much abuse. Has the rich cockled surface, the clear bright color and the 'feel' and crackle found only in the very highest class of Bond Paper.
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Agawam Bond A High Grade, Animal Sized, Sheet Cut, Hand Hung, Pole Loft Dried Paper, containing a very high percentage of the best new rags. Clear white in color, of impressive appearance and is designed for general use where a very substantial paper is desired; has great resistance to wear and extreme long life.
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Persian Bond An Animal Sized, Sheet Cut, Hand Hung, Pole Dried Paper of High Rag content, having much of the appearance of the higher grade bonds. Will last for a generation and withstand repeated handling. A popular paper which combines quality appearance with moderate price.
Made in White and Three Colors

Contract Bond An Animal Sized, Sheet Cut, Hand Hung, Pole Dried Paper of substantial Rag-content with high factors of long life and resistance to wear; has a smooth finish, lies flat, and is particularly adapted to high speed Printing and Offset Lithography.
Made in White and Eight Colors

Airpost Bond An Animal Sized, Festoon Loft Dried, Rag-content Paper with the strength and rich appearance usually found in papers priced much higher. Because of its Quality-Appeal and its moderate price, it is considered where economy is a factor.
Made in White and Six Colors

Chevron Bond An Animal Sized Sheet Cut, Pole Loft Dried Rag content Paper of strength and quality equal to ordinary requirements. It has the maximum of opacity found in Bond Papers; lies flat; has a smooth finish and is made especially for high speed Offset Printing and automatic machine feeding.
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Acceptance Bond An Animal Sized, Air Dried in the web, Rag-content Paper with a rich surface appearance, and of clear white color. Has the requisite quality to withstand handling and resist deterioration. Its low price and wide range of colors make it in great demand for large edition work on Forms, Circulars, Letters, etc.
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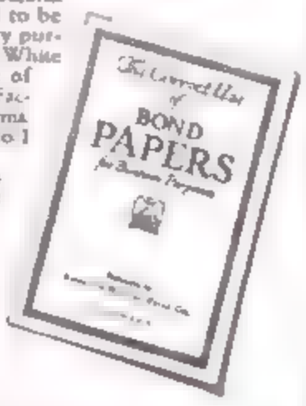

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WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE

(Continued from Page 19)

beauty in women whom no one but myself thought beautiful. I mean that through the medium of revealing fabrics alone I had made more than one girl the uncrowned queen of New York. Unfortunately, in the last instance, a young person who came to me vulgarly plastered in paint, powder and mascaro, and whom I merely scraped and then had superbly dressed, turned out to be my own niece by marriage. Our social position is such, sir, that, having made a public exhibit of this mischievous infant as a supper-room divinity, I thought it best to leave the country for a time. You will get the range of my delusion when I tell you that she said her name was Eglantine, and in the end it turned out to be Daphne."

"Oh, I wish," said the quiet girl at his left, speaking for the first time, "that my name had been Daphne instead of Phyllis."

"A generically feminine remark," commented the duke, eying her with an accusing yet baffled expression. "Let us reflect that Daphne, fleeing from Apollo, became the laurel, sacred to the god, extolled by men; and that Phyllis also enriched the flora of the pagan world. To her grave is ascribed by some authorities that tree which at fixed seasons becomes wet with tears, and by others the almond is said to have sprung from the same spot and to have first burst into the glory of its bloom at the embrace of her truant lover. I contend," he continued, regarding the girl severely, "that considering the derivations of the two names, their equal legendary and romantic traditions, and the equilibrium sustained through the ages between their charming allusive values, there can be no reason save one why any person named Phyllis should wish to be called Daphne, or the reverse. That reason is comprised in the fact that you are a woman."

The girl took the lengthy and erudite rebuke so meekly that Trumper felt sorry for her and wished to say something to ease the awkward silence, disturbed only by the muffled ticking sound which came from various parts of the duke's imposing person. But before he could think of any appropriate remark his attention was distracted by the insistence with which the girl and the youth sitting opposite to her were gazing at each other. How long, he asked himself, had they been doing that sort of thing?

"I take the liberty to differ with your grace," said the young man presently with the air of a squire coming to the rescue. "Though I am not a woman, there is no name on earth, however repulsive to the ear, that I would not prefer to Basil."

"Nor need we differ on that point," rumbled the duke. "Personally, I would have preferred the bagatelle of another bar sinister in our genealogy to your recurrent name in the family descent. But let us avoid acrimony and return to a pleasant subject."

As he made the suggestion the *sommelier*, followed by LaGratte, approached and set before the party four flowerlike glasses, each with a bulb half an inch in diameter at the top of its tall stem. The bulb was filled with crystal-white nectar in the form of Russian kummel, thirty years ripened in the wood before bottling. The bearded duke sniffed its fragrance as a fuzzy bee snuffles the honey buried within a trumpet bloom, closed his eyes, and was about to sip when somewhere within or about his person a tinkling chime began to ring out the Bluebells of Scotland. Even knowing what he did, Trumper jumped in his seat, and to his surprise the girl seemed equally startled. Only the young man did not move by so much as the flicker of an eyelash.

"Ah!" breathed the duke heavily. "That reminds me."

He put aside his glass and drew from a capacious pocket in the skirt of his coat a fourtrain repeating and musical clock by Eardley Norton, a thing of such compact yet evident beauty that Phyllis flushed with pleasure and Trumper gasped as it was set on the table before them. From another equally commodious receptacle the duke took a six-inch miniature gem, a bracket timepiece by Daniel Quare; and from each of his vast waistcoat pockets a huge watch, one in a tortoise-shell case scrolled with gold and with a face of deeply engraved silver; the other, a perpetual self-winder with calendar and an equation of time register as well as an independent second hand on the enameled dial, while on its back was an engine-turned device showing the age of the moon, the amount the mainspring was wound, a regulator for speed, and also one for the repeating train. He held it gently, turning it over, passing it from hand to hand.

"This, of course," he rumbled softly, "is not Bréguet's masterpiece, the most famous watch in the world, begun in 1789 and completed in 1802; but it runs it close. Although it established the high-water mark of mechanical ingenuity for a hundred years, I do not love it; I respect it. These and their like I love," he continued, waving one great hand at the timepieces set upon the table, and fixing his eyes on Trumper. "Look at them. Can you conceive of their having been made by stolid Britishers? But once having digested that conception, can you imagine any save Britishers as their source? My affection for them has subjected me to ridicule and occasionally to annoyance through half my life, and yet I am constantly repaid by their profound significance. Let us admit that we are not a nation of artists, but let these lovely clocks deny that we have been a nation of shopkeepers. The glory of the names of Quare, Windmills, Lamb, Tompion and the Nortons is the glory of peaceful England. Clocks—masterly, enduring, and beautiful—symbolize the emblem of a national characteristic—a triumph, sir, summed up in the one word artisan; a word, by the way, which you omitted both in speech and in thought when you defined creation as the sole end of artistic man."

"But by that very definition," interjected Trumper, "I admit this exquisite handiwork to the realm of art."

"In doing so you are wrong," replied the duke promptly. "Stick to your guns, man, and leave me to mine. These mechanisms are neither creative nor interpretive; even their beauty, as you can see, is an adjunct. Nevertheless they are the glorification of the lowly, the apotheosis of the learned hand guided by pristine and uneducated brains, the bloom upon the rod of an age of guilds, the very flower of individual industrialism, now, alas, being crushed between the upper and nether millstones of a greedy capitalism and a gross-minded proletariat! Through them there comes to us no appeal for a renaissance in art. No, sir. The clamor they raise is a sturdy outcry for the rebirth of the artisan."

"I stand overwhelmed and corrected," murmured Trumper with his most winning smile.

He would have said more, but the occasion had suddenly become unpropitious; LaGratte was ushering in the dinner. During its presentation, solemnity and silence enforced their reign, even over Basil and Phyllis, both patently too young and inexperienced to be awed by mere viands. The girl shut her eyes after fishing out her first snail, and ate it with a gulp. She paid for this action both in material loss and with a signal tribute. Before she could surrender unconditionally to the delicacy of the morsel in her mouth, Trumper and the duke each deftly snatched a snail from its shell upon her plate. When she opened her eyes she promptly devoured the rest, searched for the two missing from her allotment, and colored divinely at the realization that they had been filched. From that point onward throughout the meal, being healthy though slight, she remained earnestly on her guard and missed nothing except that at a knowing wink from LaGratte, the *sommelier* served her generously with the Bucellas alone, brazenly omitting even the motion of offering her any of the vintage Burgundy or of the fine champagne.

The cognac, which had a history all its own, was served in the far depths of bell-like goblets. The duke passed his portion of the venerable liqueur several times beneath his nose with a slow rotary movement which sent its oils creeping up the sides of the glass and its sublimated fumes up his nostrils.

"Which leads us back," he said calmly, as if two clocks flanked by two watches had not ticked away forty-five minutes since Trumper's last murmured contribution to the conversation, "to your deprecatory valuation of the power to make beauty bloom upon the bare twig."

He sipped sparingly from his glass and settled back in the groaning though sturdy chair of oak in which he sat. Trumper did likewise; but Basil and Phyllis remained

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erect, their elbows on the cleared table. A glow as of supreme inner content emanated from all the participants in the choice dinner; but, nevertheless, these two young people seemed like silent scoffers just beyond the pale of true devotees. They said nothing aloud—they knew better—but their eyes for some time back would have appeared to an onlooker as engaged in gossamer persiflage unworthy of the occasion, the food and the wines. In the girl's face, however, there was an indefinable tensity which suggested that her still bosom harbored worry of some kind.

By a common impulse the duke's glance, as well as Trumper's, swerved slowly to rest upon her. Trumper's thoughts began to run as follows: Had she known Basil all her life? Were they in love on two sides of the barrier of consanguinity? Were they poor? She was not so small, after all. What a shame she wore those straight-hanging angular tweeds, obscuring her from the neck down.

Lovely color, gray eyes and soft brown hair; but first, and above all, lovely color. What couldn't he make of her if only Binotinelli lived around the corner instead of across the sea!

The duke's ponderings took a like yet dissimilar trend: Here was Phyllis, a mere twig of a girl; not a bare twig—but perhaps, æsthetically, she would show to better advantage if she were! His brow clouded and his eyes again appeared vaguely puzzled.

Under the double-barreled inspection the flush of excitement in Phyllis' cheeks suddenly deepened to a vivid pink and, sympathizing with her embarrassment, Trumper decided to address her.

"Ride?" he asked monosyllabically, his mind reverting subconsciously to the thought that she was the kind to take a five-barred gate without flicking an eyelash.

She cast him a sidelong glance—a mere switching of her eyes away from Basil's face, and back again.

"No. Golf," she replied.

"I mean no impertinence," began the duke, addressing Trumper. "Incidentally need I say that I never intend impertinence? But I would like to know, with specific reference to our previous conversation, what stands in the way of your applying your magic to our little friend Phyllis? Does she lack the essential foundation—the unburgeoned bud?"

"Indeed she does not," laughed Trumper. "All that stands between us and her revelation is her own good will, subject to the conjunction of opportunity, money and a skilled artisan. Of these the least is money—the only ingredient, I may remark, considering the lateness of the hour, of which we can command an immediate supply."

The duke stared at his ranged timepieces while Phyllis colored even more deeply, without, however, giving any further indication that she had heard. There was neither acceptance nor resentment in her face.

"You have mentioned three factors," rumbled the duke—"time, conjoined to opportunity; money, which is negligible; and the matter of skilled assistance. Now there is no truer platitude than that time was made for slaves. I do not consider the hour late. As for opportunity, I may say without assuming credit, that all opportunities were thoughtfully gathered and stored for me by my ancestors long ago. Finally, the same fortuitous circumstance of birth assumes even master artisans as an incidental appanage, subject to beck and call at any hour of the day or night. Such being the case, I suggest that we adjourn to Pentorland House. The mere assurance that it has not entirely burned down will justify the excursion."

He arose, motioned to Basil to settle with LaGratte, and led the way from the restaurant, followed closely by Trumper, and lingeringly, as was natural, by Phyllis. She did not actually wait for Basil, but she appeared to be going to and then to have decided not to, after all.

When the party of four reached Pentorland House they found that it had not been destroyed; indeed, it looked as if no conflagration or contortion of mere Nature could ever burn or shake it down. The duke in his progress into the pile was met by a major-domo, a butler, two footmen, various lackeys and lesser servants, to each of whom he granted a separate instruction. Without exception they looked astonished, but bowed in acquiescence. Overhearing a famous name and a stupendous order, Trumper interrupted.

"Nothing but blue fabrics, your grace," he corrected. "Every shade and texture of blue; but only blue."

"Only blue, then," rumbled the duke.

They passed through a vast Empire drawing-room, through another apartment slightly less formal and spacious, through a library, and finally into a large hall where was gathered the famous Pentorland collection of British-made sand glasses, clocks, watches, chronometers, synchronizers and barometers. A separate and lesser division was devoted to astronomical, globular and urn timepieces of exquisite design, some of them of foreign derivation and all attesting the French influence and predilection for astonishing intricacies of precision.

"This universal time teller," said the duke, pausing before a globe carried on the shoulders of bronze figures, "not satisfied with showing solar time, the sidereal day, the height of the sun and a calendar of the months, seizes the interest of withered cartographers, for it is reputed to be one of the earliest post-Columbian representations of the terrestrial sphere."

He shrugged his shoulders, shook his shaggy head, and turned with a smile to a clock of baffling simplicity—an airy dial supported on a block by two simply scrolled brackets. Within the circlet a fantastic dolphin of bronze carried a pivotal balance arrow on its curved tail. That was all that met the eye, and yet it kept time.

"The mysterious clock by John Schmidt of St. Mary Axe," murmured the duke. "We know the trick of the hidden weights, but the chastity of the original design has never been equaled. Think on that for a moment. Does it not lead one to the absurd conclusion that there may be something virginal in an idea—a sort of inimitable bloom upon the fresh conceptions of the mind? Schmidt was a captive, a Dane taken prisoner at Copenhagen, but British air was in his lungs when he breathed this masterpiece."

They passed lingeringly from marvel to curiosity, from curiosity to gem, from gem to sheer beauty, infinitesimally ornate. Minutes slipped by and a myriad bells, gongs and chimes struck the hour, for many of the more modern clocks were kept in running order. The sound began thinly here and there, increased to a confused chorus, and gradually diminished until only a single laggard was left striking all by itself. An hour later the jangling music broke forth again to find them still in the hall, and it was sometime later that the duke led them into an adjoining picture gallery.

"Lights, Basil," he ordered.

Basil opened the panel which concealed a great keyboard and threw on one picture overlight after another until every canvas was illumined. Then, without apology, Trumper displaced him and turned out all the lights save one.

"Why did you do that?" asked the duke curiously, but without anger.

"No impertinence was intended," said Trumper grimly from the shadowy gloom. "It is merely that I cannot endure seeing a collection of paintings like tombstones in a row. Such treasures as you have here can live only by a momentary and individual illumination. In that way and in no other may we perceive the very flesh of the dream of a master long dead."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the duke. "I had never thought of it, but I believe you're right."

"Of course I'm right," continued Trumper. "Public galleries stuffed with pictures have lost sight of their reason to be. Instead of inspiriting, they outrage aspiration by the very glut of a collective impression. They have become wine cellars, measured by age and money—catacombs, ranging according to file and catalogue, the carcasses of the glory of the past. Down their alleys flee the gangling neophytes of art, doing a gallery a day. I hate it, and this is the first chance I ever had to turn off a hundred lights and leave but one."

"I'm glad you did," said the duke. "Visitors come here; few but students are admitted. Henceforth they shall see only one picture a day. I notice you have chosen for tonight an unusually fine example of the Reynolds blue. Was it with intention?"

"It was," replied Trumper.

"In that case," continued the duke, "if you will conduct Phyllis into the adjoining room I fancy you will find a condition of interest to you both. Basil and I will remain here."

Trumper was himself accustomed to perform miracles in what he considered a rather large way, but he gasped upon entering the room indicated by the duke. It had been transformed into an atelier of no mean proportions, with working tables, a dress form, a pier glass and dressing table, all of them littered or festooned with fabrics, lingerie, hosiery, slippers and professional paraphernalia. There was a coiffeur in attendance, as well as a famous dressmaker with her satellites. Two maids and an elderly housekeeper, who looked dazed beyond recall, appeared to be in charge of the invading forces.

Trumper resisted an inclination to pause to measure the power which could call forth this assemblage of materials and expert personnel out of a Saturday night in London, of all places. He looked at the girl, expecting to find her overwhelmed, and immediately felt like bowing in admiration. Though possibly the most excited person in the room, she was certainly the most self-possessed. Nervy—riding on her nerve, but riding straight. Extraordinary situation! If the duke could do this sort of thing for her on a whim, why hadn't he done less and more long ago at an expense which would have been trifling in comparison?

"Are you frightened?" asked Trumper.

"No," replied Phyllis in a low voice, audibly controlled.

"I mean, are you game to do just as I tell you?" he amplified.

"I am," she answered, her jaw setting firmly.

He turned to the coiffeur and spoke in French. "Dress mademoiselle's hair high to form a crown; not à la pompadour, however. The effect sought is that of something light, airy—let us say a nimbus—throwing brow, face and neck into relief."

Phyllis took off her tweed coat, undid her blouse, sat down before the dressing table and surrendered her head to the coiffeur. While he worked Trumper examined the store of materials at his disposal. The lingerie was quickly chosen, but when it came to dress slip, stockings and slippers his selections were arrived at only after countless matchings of shades.

He had made no plan in regard to this quiet girl; nevertheless, he had one. It had simply leaped out to meet his sixth sense in such matters. Her distinctive note was color; in other words, a sensitive and transparent skin.

The choice completed, he said to the dressmaker, "You will fit mademoiselle in these. When she has them on, call me. But just one word. The bodice must be sustained from the left shoulder alone, and should be as low as possible, making due allowance for the modesty of a *jeune fille*."

He returned to the picture gallery, where he found the duke seated on an Etruscan marble bench in a near-by corner, smoking a pipe stolidly, gazing meanwhile at the one illumined painting as if he had never before seen it. Basil was nervously disposing of one cigarette after another, tossing the butts into a great formal urn which seemed to wince at each desecration. His face lit up as Trumper entered, but his eyes remained fixedly upon the door, promptly closed, beyond which a small army was doing things to Phyllis, and apparently taking its own time about it. Trumper took his place beside the duke and remained there without speaking until he was summoned.

Upon his return to the atelier he felt his first surge of elation, for he perceived immediately that instinct was leading him along the right trail. Phyllis, high headed and in quarter profile, was standing before the pier glass, clothed in a sheer dress slip of dark blue, stockings of a paler shade, and satin slippers which repeated the exact note of the undershirt. At the spring of each arched instep shone a glittering buckle of antique paste. Only her bare shoulders and arms betrayed the turmoil within her in two respects—by their rigidity and by a faint flush which responded to the alternating current of her blood. So delicate was this spared coloration that it almost escaped the eye, and yet it was so evident that once seeing its blush descend to her finger tips, imagination promptly leaped to follow it to her toes.

"The hair is excellently done," said Trumper to the coiffeur, who was waving a bottle and making signs that he wished to speak. "What do you want?"

"Mademoiselle has refused without your permission that I apply liquid powder on her arms and neck."

"Liquid powder!" snapped Trumper. "Go, vandal! You have permission to leave at once."

He waved the hairdresser out of the room and went to the bolt of velvet upon which he had pinned his faith. Just as it lay, with one fold tumbled to the floor, it gave joy to the eyes and heart. It was blue—one knew it was blue—but beyond and beneath its perceived surface there were depths upon depths of color, ever darker, ever revealing a soft shadow behind the shadow seized. He turned to the dressmaker.

"I'm going to tell you what I wish," he said, "then sit down and watch you do it. As you know, madame, the essence of the art of clothing the human frame is, strangely enough, revealment. Hence the bare shoulder, giving a line unmarred even by a strap. There will be three diagonals to this dress; one from the top of the left shoulder to beneath the right arm, one from that point to the left waist, one from there over the left hip to below the right knee. Get all the length you can in this last line. If you require a motif for the skirt, I would say you have it in the old-fashioned riding habit. There may be a train—as much of a train as you will. Do not spare the material. Cut as it drapes to the three diagonals I have mentioned; use the whole bolt if you like."

"Oh, no!" gasped Phyllis as if she had been struck, but no one paid the slightest heed to her exclamation.

"I see the dress, m'sieu'," said the dressmaker dreamily. "There will perhaps be a single ornament on the left shoulder."

"There will not," replied Trumper emphatically as he sat down. "You may place there a bow—a small bow of the material itself, and a great knot above the left hip, also of the velvet. Nothing more."

An hour later he arose and whispered, "Phyllis! Phyllis!"

She awoke slowly from entrancement and turned on him gray eyes, enlarged, fixed, almost frightened. Color rushed through her body and back again. Her face paled for an instant, and her lips began to tremble.

"None of that!" exclaimed Trumper hoarsely, but still in a whisper. "Listen. After I leave, count sixty; then open the door wide, pass through it and stand in the full shaft of its light. Do you understand? Do you?"

She caught her underlip between her teeth and nodded. He left her quickly, on tiptoe, and slipped out into the gallery, where he found the duke sound asleep, his pipe fallen to the floor. Basil was pacing up and down, lighting one cigarette from another, his stock of matches long since exhausted. Trumper picked up the duke's pipe and awoke him.

"Here's your pipe, sir," he said. "May I ask your permission to turn off the last of the lights? I can promise you and Basil another picture to look at—one which you have never seen and will never forget."

Without waiting for an answer he crossed the length of the gallery hurriedly, switched off the light, and made his way back through the dark. The gaze of the three men concentrated upon the door through which the girl must enter. They waited, muscles tautening, nerves alert.

As the seconds passed, Trumper felt the incipient stirrings of panic within him. What had happened? Had she misunderstood? Had she broken down? What on earth was there to be frightened about anyway? And then the door opened inward, throwing a slanting oblong shaft of dazzling light into the darkened gallery. A presence moved barely across the threshold, and stopped.

Phyllis, in quarter profile, chin raised, eyes lowered, shoulders squared, arms hanging at her sides! Phyllis, a faintly glowing lamp within a draped pedestal of flowing, living velvet! Phyllis, rising from a chalice of translucent yet profoundly shadowed blue!

Every evening a million girls wear less clothing in public than Phyllis had on in comparative private; and yet she had cause to blush by reason of one bare totally bare shoulder. Technically and specifically, she was fully clothed, but when her downcast glance caught the gleam of a shoulder whose nudity was unbroken by so much as a quarter-inch strand of satin ribbon her startled eyes forgot to reason that the rest of her was not like that, and she blushed—just as Trumper had intended she should do. Have you ever caught sight of a pink dogwood making its own light in the shadows of the forest? She became like that.

"Lovely!" rumbled the duke in what he intended for a murmur. "Bromleigh, you

(Continued on Page 159)

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DEFY WATER AND WEAR

(Continued from Page 154)

have startled shy beauty into the open where even such duffers as Basil and I can see it. Adorable child, never before discovered, you glorify the human eye, long recognized as the most intricate of the Creator's marvels and yet ignored in its most remarkable attribute. I refer to its astonishing faculty for taking an ell when you give it an inch. Divine, chaste shoulder! Looking upon it, imagination would take the bit in its mouth and bolt, were we ungentlemanly enough to give it rein. Look only at the tips of her fingers, Basil, my boy, and even then you will be in peril. See the tide of youth paint them pink and white, pink and white, as if the blood of blossoms were in her veins."

The girl lifted her eyes, bit her underlip, went all white, and suddenly turned rigid. Her arms seemed to snap at the elbows as her hands flew to cover her face.

"Oh!" she cried. "Oh!"

"My dear, dear child!" exclaimed the duke. He leaped with amazing alacrity from the bench, went to her side, cast one rough-coated arm around her and clasped his great hand on her bare shoulder. "What have we done? What have I said to hurt you, my sweet girl?"

"It it isn't that," stammered Phyllis, blinking her eyes desperately, but shedding no actual tear. "I don't care what you said; I—I just love you. But I'm so miserable."

"God bless my soul!" ejaculated the duke in dismay as he turned wide eyes on Trumper. "Bromleigh, what terrible affront have we committed? Your little sister is trembling like an aspen leaf!"

"My little sister!" breathed Trumper, aghast, the hair on the back of his head beginning slowly to rise.

What was this? A trick? A trap? Where was he? In treacherous New York or in stolid London? What had he done now? At what point in his inanely passive progress had he stepped on a banana peel without knowing it -until this crashing bump? He glanced at the strange girl as she turned to cling to the duke's gigantic figure, half burying her face in his flowing beard.

"That's it," she burst out, closing her eyes tightly and nodding her head to give emphasis to her broken phrases. "You thought I was his sister, and he thought I was your niece, and Basil knew all the time I wasn't anything but a brazen interloper. All evening I've been watching him, waiting for him to tell, and he's been watching me, tor-tormenting me."

"I have not!" shouted Basil with wild-eyed fervor. "You—why, I've been adoring you! That's what I've been doing—adoring you!"

Phyllis turned to look at him without relinquishing her hold on the duke. "Do you mean to say you didn't know?"

"Of course I knew!" declared Basil loudly. "That's what I was adoring."

The duke threw back his shaggy head, and also, without loosening his hold, roared with laughter. "Bless my soul!" he gasped when he could command his breath. "You little plucked one! You straight, hard rider for a fall! Tell us all. Out with it."

"I heard Mr. Bromleigh dreaming his dinner; then I heard you say you must dine with him if it was the last act of your life. I was so small behind you, you couldn't have seen me anyway, and it was so easy, and I was so lonely, and I had plenty of money to pay my share, so I ju-jus-just joined the party. I wouldn't rather be called Daphne than Phyllis, but I had to introduce myself somehow, didn't I? So you see you were wrong about my being a woman. In a way, I mean, of course."

"Yes, yes," said the duke. "In a most delightful way."

"And so—well, after that, with Basil staring and staring and never saying a word, I just couldn't let go. I drifted in deeper and deeper—and now they've cut up a whole bolt of this lovely velvet, and I'm sure I haven't enough with me to pay for that."

"My dear," said the duke, patting her shoulder, "you have already paid for it a hundred times over. You have brought a master picture into this pompous gallery—one which I can take with me wherever I go and which would live on in my eyes even should they lose the outward sense of sight. Lovely Phyllis, I give you my old heart along with the new gown, and still I am in your debt."

"You give me your heart?" she murmured.

"And the gown," answered the duke, his eyes crinkling with sheer pleasure in the feminine wizardry which could think fast enough to say heart instead of gown.

How great a man! thought Trumper. How massive, yet how quick to catch elusive wit upon the wing! How rough without, how smooth within; a clocklike mechanism running in a bath of the milk of human kindness.

How could such monstrous hands be so gentle in caress?

"You are a darling!" said Phyllis.

She threw back her head and lifted a face, still serious though no longer nervously tense, to his; then very gradually her lips curved into a smile. He bent down toward her lower and lower, a startled look betraying that he was being drawn by some unknown force. When he got near enough she kissed him.

"Basil," rumbled the duke presently, "drop whatever you are doing and take our Phyllis home."

Half an hour later—at three o'clock on a Sabbath morning, to be exact—the duke himself accompanied Trumper to the steps beneath the beetling portico of Pentorland House, whence they beheld London's early dawn tinting the vast smudge of the city with its straw-colored light.

"You are sure you prefer to walk?" he asked.

"Quite sure," replied Trumper.

"And you won't accept the loan of Basil's polo string for the length of your stay? The ponies are really mine, you see."

"I thank you for all your kindnesses," replied Trumper warmly; "past and prospective. But the truth is I'm leaving town at once. You see, I fled from a perilous city; I find I have come to another."

"My boy," said the duke, laying his hand affectionately on Trumper's shoulder and twinkling the twinkle in his eye, "do not, I beg of you, label perilous this night of our youth. An amazing evening for all four of us, I grant you; but amazing only in that it has pursued its triumphal course with malice toward none. That's the great wonder that lies warm upon the heart, eh? With malice toward none."

THE RAWLEY STEEPLECHASE

(Continued from Page 38)

"You didn't send Lord Beswick his—his presents back again yet, I see," he said.

She shook her head, her face wistful with moonlight and perhaps with dreams of her own; but she didn't say anything.

"You ought to," he told her.

But still she didn't say anything.

"You gave them back to him once, you know," continued Jed, "and he never knew it. Why don't you do it again now, and make it stick this time?" And thinking of Cosetta's note with a certain warmth of anger, he darkly added, "You take my advice and send them back. He has no right to give you things."

"But I can't send them back," she said, her voice muffled.

"You can't? Why not?"

She wouldn't tell him, though, and seemed to be relieved when her father's feet were heard crunching the gravel.

Jed didn't sleep very well that night.

"Damn Beswick!" he spitefully told himself once. "I wish—I wish—I wish he was in Halifax!"

XI

PERHAPS Beswick himself at that moment wasn't far from wishing the same thing.

When the London papers reached the Towers next morning, Lord Beswick's name led all the others in the police news. Having failed to appear in court at half past ten on Friday morning, he had been seized by the inexorable hand of British justice—seized, it might be said, by the scruff of his noble neck—and the aforesaid inexorable hand apparently hadn't the slightest intention of letting go again until its captive had served thirty days in Bogwood Jail—"as a warning to the motoring public, however highly placed, that the laws of these islands are not to be broken with impunity."

"Too bad—too bad," said Jed when he read the news on the terrace after breakfast.

"Yes," said Lady Quentina as innocently as you please. "Isn't it!"

Jed was quite indignant.

"How do you mean—isn't it?" he asked.

"Oh, it's one of those silly little things that worry dad," she naïvely explained. "Every year at Newmarket they run a race called the Rawley Steeplechase. It was named, they say, after one of the Rawleys who was a wonderful rider—a major in the cavalry who was killed at Waterloo—and we've always had a horse in it. This year Black Bess was entered. Of course she hasn't the ghost of a show; but if we don't start a horse we lose the name; it wouldn't be called the Rawley Steeplechase any more. And the only one who can ride Black Bess is Barry; and if Barry's in jail—don't you see?—dad will think he's failing the family again, and anything like that makes him dreadfully low."

"But I thought the groom was to ride him," objected Jed.

"No; Barry was to ride him. It's for gentleman riders."

"But isn't the groom's name Barry?"

"No; Harry."

"I must have got the name mixed somehow," thought Jed; and aloud, "Is that the only reason you're sorry?"

"Well," she said, bringing the brim of her hat into action, "of course I hate to think—of my future husband ——"

Jed got up as though a bee had stung him.

"Your future husband!" he scoffed.

They were going to ride again that morning, and the stolid-faced youth from the stables now appeared with the two venerable hunters, Flick and Flash. If you didn't look out, Flick stopped to rest himself going up hills, propping himself on three legs and falling at once into a brown study. Flash was more active, preferring to keep walking; and whenever he was coaxed into a trot he arched his old neck and flung out his old legs and puffed and blowed and seemed to think that he was accomplishing miracles of speed at which the whole world must wonder. But Jed didn't mind.

As long as Lady Quentina was by his side he didn't care how slowly the horses flicked and flashed along.

They wound their way along a winding road, talking of this and that. Sometimes a swarm of rabbits would pop off the road and into the hedge, and then they would talk of rabbits. And sometimes they would pass a thatched cottage, half-timbered, with an old man in a smock working in his garden; and then they would talk of thatched cottages and old men in smocks. There are times when the talk doesn't matter—mere tuning up of conversational fiddle strings—and they didn't strike any deep notes till they stopped at a gate and looked at a field which contained a ruined abbey.

"I wonder how long it's been there," said Jed.

"About five hundred years."

"In another five hundred," he said, "there won't be much left that's standing today. I wonder who built it—their names and what they did."

She shook her head, her eyes still on the ruins.

"I sometimes think of that," he continued. "In another five hundred years the people then won't even know that we lived."

He left it there, but the lesson stayed with him—to seize the moment and to waste no time. He looked at Lady Quentina and their eyes met.

"There's a view up here," she said, "if you're not too tired."

"Tired!" he scoffed again.

So they went on up the road for a mile or two, and then crossed a field to the edge of a wood. It was, indeed, a view. Here and there in the distance were the smoky palls of factory towns; and modern building schemes, expanding with geometrical precision, could be seen as though laid out on a draftsman's board. But the larger part of the picture was filled with old estates and older villages, greensward that hadn't felt the plow since the time of the Georges, fields that hadn't changed their bounds since William the Conqueror. Stratford, Banbury, Warwick, Oxhill, and the triple spires of Coventry—they were all there;

(Continued on Page 161)

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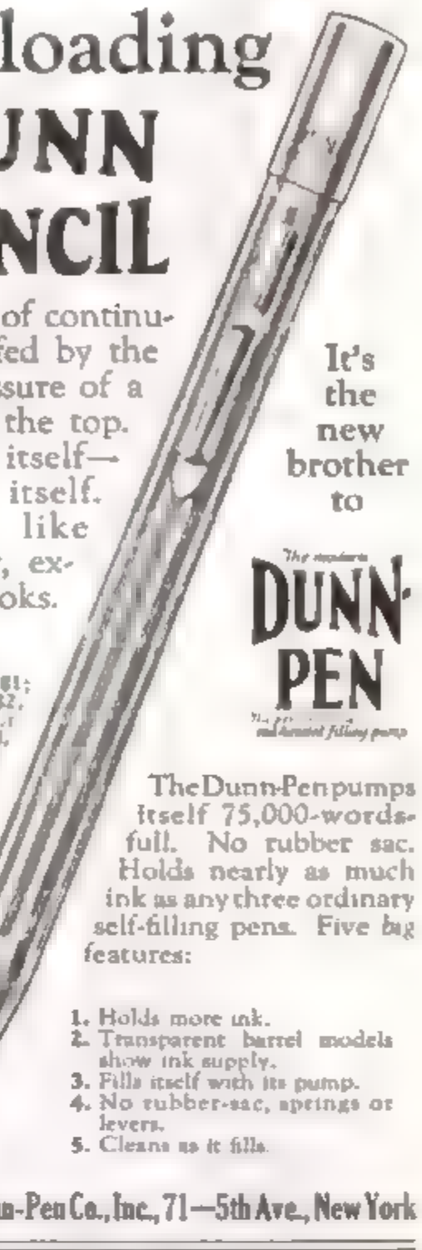

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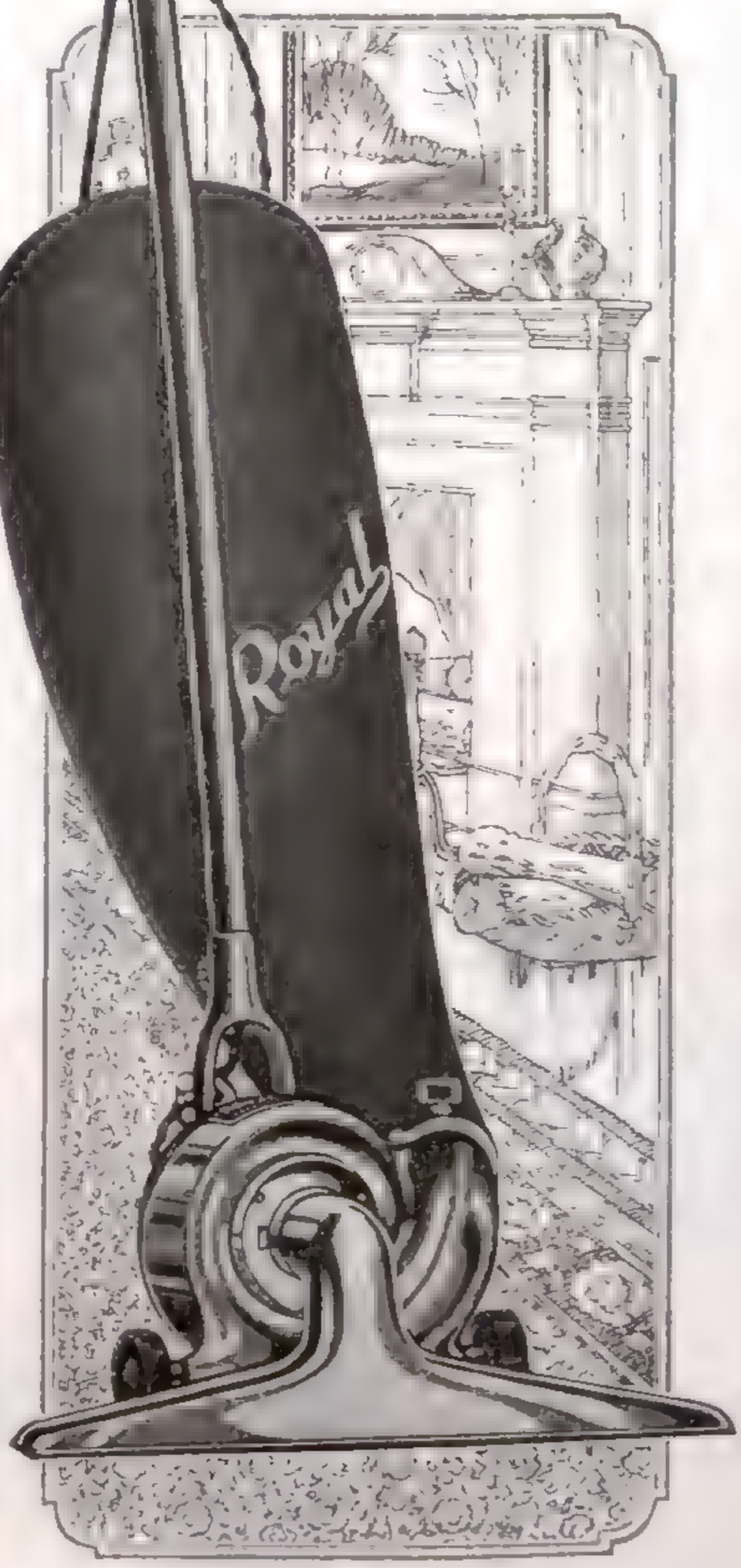

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(Continued from Page 159)

and set like a jewel in the scene were the turrets of Rawley Towers, the river winding below it and the woods beyond.

"That's the best of all," said Jed, nodding toward the Towers.

She liked that. They had dismounted and Flick and Flash were sedately grazing. Lady Quentina sat down with her back against a tree and Jed found a place not far away.

"How long have the Rawleys lived there?" he asked, looking at the Towers.

"Nearly four hundred years."

"And I suppose in another four hundred ——"

She shook her head.

"We've got to sell," she said. "Do you know what I think is one of the truest sayings? 'The old order changes.' Most all of these places you see; they've either been sold or they're going to be. You ought to hear dad talk about taxes and charges. They eat you up, he says. Poor dad, he's been sticking it out till he's pretty well devoured, I'm afraid. Anyhow, he's selling now; but he's waited so long ——"

"What are you going to do?" he asked. "Where are you going to live?"

She was vague about it.

"I hardly think it's settled yet. A flat in London, perhaps, or we may go abroad. That's another thing that makes dad so quiet—he thinks he's failing the family—that and the war ——"

"Pretty hard," nodded Jed. "I can see that."

"Yes; isn't it? But don't let's be sad today, please." She did a friendly thing then—did it as innocently as a girl of six would have done it. She rolled his sleeve back and looked at his scar. "I was thinking about it last night," she said, "and was bound to see it again."

This would have been all right, even when she patted his sleeve, if Beswick's ring hadn't been upon her finger, flashing as though in disdain of what was going on.

"Is Lord Beswick rich?" asked Jed.

She gave one of those far-away nods which all men know, and looked so wistfully young that Jed couldn't help what came out next.

"I don't care," he said. "He isn't good enough for you. It makes no difference how rich he is. A poor man often makes a girl happier than a rich one."

She didn't deny it, but sat there clasping her knees and looking down at the view—a sight worth seeing if it hadn't been for that damnable ring.

"You do as I tell you!" Jed suddenly exclaimed. "You send his things back again!"

"I can't," she said, more with her lips than her voice.

"You can't? Why can't you?"

It was a long time coming, but it came at last.

"I—I went and pawned some of them," she said, "and now I couldn't send them back, even if I wanted."

It didn't take Jed long to guess why she had pawned them.

"She did it to pay Miss Graham and me," he groaned to himself. "I thought it funny why she wanted the things back that very morning."

The more he thought it over, the more clearly he saw what a mess it was.

"If I only knew Cosetta's address," he thought, "I might be able to do something there. Or if I only knew when Mr. Davidson would be back ——"

Quentina held out her hand then and he helped her to her feet—helped her to her feet and promptly forgot all else.

No, he didn't know Cosetta's address, and he didn't know when Mr. Davidson would return; but he knew something else that was very private which more than atoned for his ignorance in every other possible direction. When he helped Lady Quentina to her feet, both of her hands in his, she put too much spring in her effort and had to lean against him to catch her balance—a few breathless moments during which he felt her heart beating. And this is the thing that he knew which was very private: She didn't hurry to pull herself away from him, and during every one of those deathless seconds she seemed to forget that her hands were still in his.

XII

WHEN they returned to the Towers, Jed made an excuse to go to the stables by himself.

"Harry," he said to the groom, "just what is the matter with this man-eating horse of yours, and just why is it that only Lord Beswick can ride her?"

"'E's the only one with pluck enough," said the other shortly.

"Oh!" smiled Jed. "And have you pluck enough to saddle her, Harry?"

"Aye, that I have," said the other, "and would ride her, too, if it wasn't for this sanguinary leg of mine."

Black Bess trembled when she saw the saddle, watching it wickedly from the corners of her eyes; but beyond a few fancy dancing steps she offered no objection either to bridle or girth straps.

"I'd like to come with you, sir, if you don't mind," said Harry, who was probably ripe for a bit of excitement; and rather hypocritically he added, "It may steady 'er down a bit if she 'as another 'orse for company."

"All right, Harry," said Jed; "but before you saddle one of the others, I wish you would tell me where I can find a hammer"

"An 'ammer, sir?" said Harry with surprise.

"Aye, my lad, a good serviceable hammer, such as British workmen use to drive good British nails."

"There's one in the 'arness room, on the bench. I'll get it if you like."

"No; I'll get it. You saddle your horse."

It took but a minute, and at the end of that time two nervously stepping horses picked their dainty ways out of the Rawley stables a powerful black mare with Jed astride her and Harry on the cob.

"Ready?" said Jed.

"Aye, sir!"

Jed kicked his heels in Bess' flanks and they were off. At the end of the lane a road stretched to right and left. Jed leaned his body to the left, and Black Bess responded like a thundering black cannon ball—that is, if you can imagine an enormous cannon ball with four tremendous legs turning a right angle curve.

"Good old girl!" cried Jed.

At the next turn he wheeled her to the right, again supplementing the bit with pressure of knees and weight of body; but when he tried to stop her he soon discovered that so far as ordinary methods were concerned he might as well try to stop the wind.

"All right," said Jed. "Running away, are you? Poor old Bess, believe me, though, you're going to stop quickly enough when the crucial moment arrives!"

With one of his hands, in lieu of crop, he drew from his pocket the hammer which he had found in the harness room, and between the mare's flattened ears he marked with his eye an imaginary spot.

"Just so hard, old girl," he said, "and no harder. I don't want to knock you stiff, but I aim to knock some knowledge in you before I'm through."

He had his chance sooner than he expected. At a turn of the road they came in sight of an approaching motor; and Black Bess, suddenly checking her speed with a snort, rose grandly on her hind legs and made pugilistic feints with her front feet. Nearer and nearer to the perpendicular she arose, and just at the right moment, when another two inches would have tumbled her backward, Jed brought the hammer down between her ears. It was a shrewd blow—hard enough, in all conscience, but not too hard—and Bess went back on all fours. It was only for a moment, though. Up, up, up she went again, higher and higher—and again at the crucial angle the hammer fell. For the third time she tried it, but that time she tasted the hammer before she was halfway up. She stayed on her feet then, trembling; and though she danced a little, she let the car go slowly past her without more than a snort and a shy.

"There!" said Jed soothingly. "You see? It didn't hurt you a bit! Now let's find another."

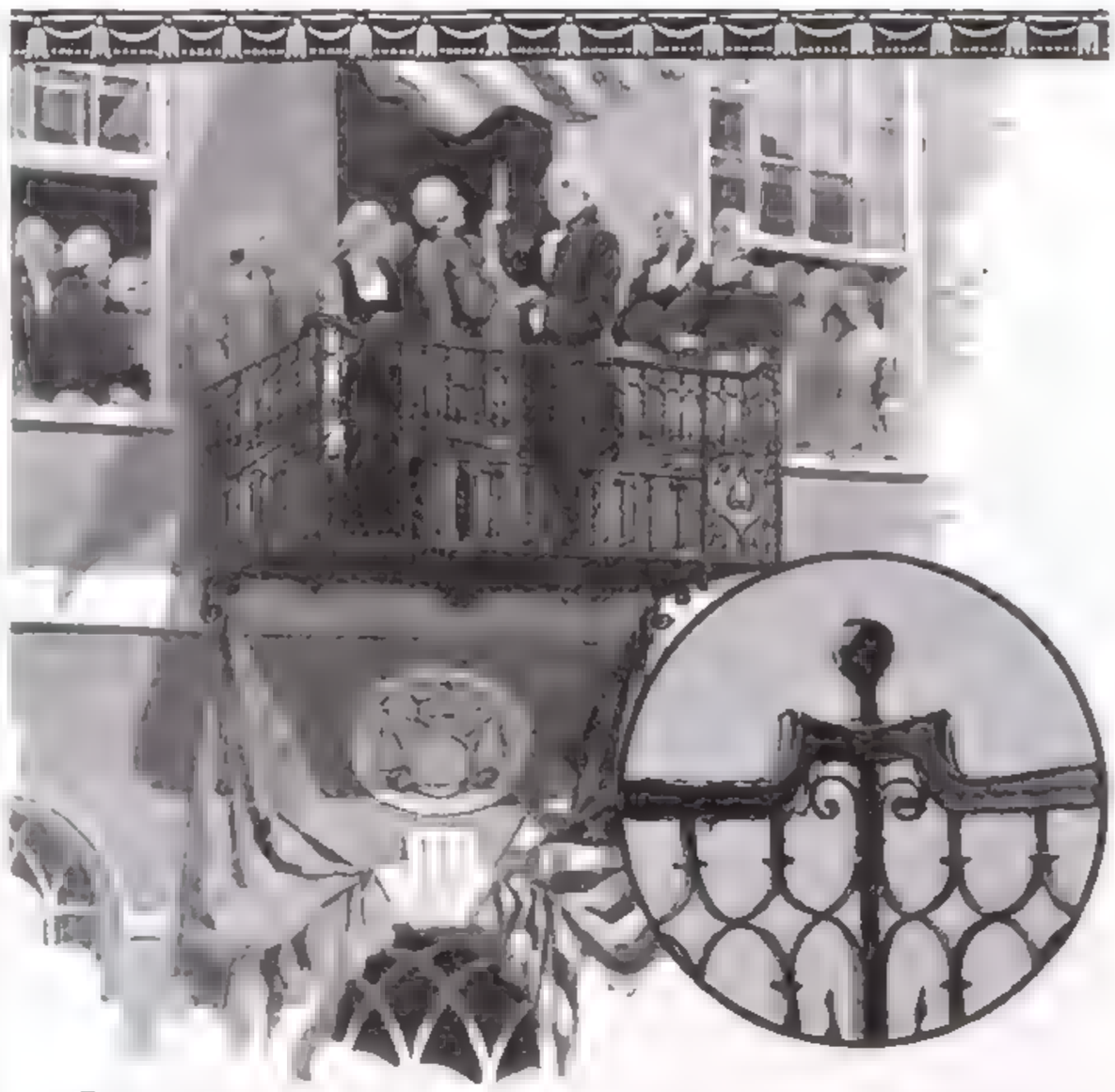
He kicked in his heels and again they were off, more orderly this time, but at the next car they saw Bess reared again.

So, shortening his grip on the hammer, he let her have it once more, and Bess put her front feet back on the road and peevishly shook her head until her ears snapped.

Harry came galloping around the curve in time to see the car go past the Black Terror of Rawley Towers, and could hardly believe his eyes when he saw how well she behaved herself.

"You must 'ave got her bewitched, sir," he said. "I thought sure to find you in the ditch."

"No, Harry; no," said Jed, who had pocketed his hammer. "This horse is all



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right. You've been keeping her too quiet. She likes a bit of fun. And now I wish you would lead the way to one of the state roads, Harry, where we'll meet at least a hundred cars a minute, and then we'll see if she can jump."

"Oh, she can jump, all right, sir. Up and over like a blooming bird. It's those motors that always played the devil with her—begging your pardon for saying so, sir, and 'oping you will excuse the word."

Yes, she could jump all right. They stayed on the highway till Bess passed the cars with no more than that thoroughbred disgust which every good horse should show to a motor, and then they started home over the fields. Harry had to wade his horse through the brooks and lead him through the gates in the hedges. But Jed didn't. "Up and over like a blooming bird"—it was well described. Stone walls, brooks, gullies, gates, hedges—Bess flew them all; and when they reached the stable at last, and Lady Quentina came running down the lane to hear about it, it is doubtful if there was a more excited man in England that afternoon than Harry Smith, of Rawley Towers, or one with a less lame leg.

"'E can 'andle her, my lady," Jed heard him saying. "I never see such a thing! You let 'im ride 'er in Monday's race. 'E'll do as well as Lord Beswick could at any rate." His voice grew more confidential then, and though Jed tried not to listen, he couldn't very well help hear: "If 'is lordship could only let me 'ave ten pounds on account, my lady, you've no idea what a lot it would mean to me just now."

XIII

SIMMONS went down to the stable an hour later, treading the gravel with majestic steps and only needing a fanfare of trumpets to make him look like something royal. Ernest, the stolid-faced youth, was oiling a bridle, and Harry was standing over him, dealing out the neat's-foot in niggardly drops.

"What's all this I 'ear," began the butler at once, "about the young American gentleman being able to handle Black Bess?"

"Stuff!" said Harry, disgusted. "Are they telling that tale around?"

"But he can handle her," said Ernest, looking up from the bridle. "I saw him bring her in, and she was quiet as a lamb."

"You leave that 'arness and get along with your foddering now, my lad," said Harry sternly. "And don't chime in again till you're spoke to, or you'll have a flea put in your ear that you'll find it 'ard to scratch."

Ernest reluctantly hung up the bridle; and though he started pitching hay in Flash's manger, he kept himself within listening distance of what was going on.

"A charnce of a lifetime," Harry was saying, "and all to be spoilt by a bit o' loose lip. The first thing you know there'll be no odds worth mentioning. One of them motors this afternoon—it had a ferret-eyed little devil in it who fairly smelt of 'orses, and I was all of a sweat for fear he'd recognize our Bess."

They looked at each other—stolidly appreciative of a common danger—and then Simmons put his head down to listen for more.

"Why, Mr. Simmons," continued Harry earnestly, "if nobody smells a rat, we'll get ten to one sure. We may even get as 'igh as twenty to one. But if the farncy ever gets it in their 'eads that we've a trick up our sleeves, it's all u-p; and we'll 'ave to work 'ard all the rest of our lives for as much as we might make now in a couple of minutes!"

Again they looked at each other—stolidly appreciative of a common opportunity—and already grappling in their minds with ways and means.

"I've got a few pounds," said Mr. Simmons.

"I've got a few pounds," said Harry.

"And I've got a few shillings," thought young Ernest in the stall.

"I've got thirty pounds," said Harry, raising the temp o a little, "and I'm rather 'oping to 'ave forty."

"I've got fifty pounds," said Mr. Simmons, "that I might spare."

"Me I've only got four bob," mourned Ernest in his stall

"And at ten to one let alone twenty to one!" said Harry

If you had been there then you would almost have heard their mouths watering

"I'll tell you what I've been thinking, Mr. Simmons," continued Harry. "I'm afraid it's going to get out that Bess can be 'andled; and on the morning of the race it would stop all that if we could only let the sporting writers see Bess fall over back'ards on somebody, so they'd know she was up to her old tricks yet."

"Ah, yes; but who could she fall back on?" asked Mr. Simmons with the air of a man who is asking a sensible question. "It would have to be somebody in the know, you know."

"If it wasn't for this ruddy leg of mine," said Harry, "or if I was only a few years younger ——"

At the word "younger" they both blinked thoughtfully; and then as though by a common understanding they turned to the stall in which the stolid-faced youth was now soberly pitching hay.

"Herny!" suddenly exclaimed Mr. Simmons, putting on his most dignified pedal.

Ernest dodged as though from a blow.

"Have you any pluck, my lad, or haven't you?" continued Mr. Simmons.

"I've got pluck enough," maintained Ernest, mumbling his words a little, "without having it all squashed out of me."

"Squashed out! Such talk!" Harry broke in. "Now listen, my lad. When she rears up, you slip off and knock around in the dust a bit—and I'll 'ave me old crutches ready and bandage your leg up a bit—and then you 'op around, and if anybody arsks you, you say that the old she-devil toppled back'ards on you. And if you do it good and natural, I shall lay ten shillings for you, and if Bess wins, you'll 'ave five or ten pounds to treat the girls with. 'Ow's that for a go?"

"Yes," said Erny, taking a darker view. "But suppose she breaks my leg and no mistake about it. 'Ow's that for a go?"

Mr. Simmons made a majestic gesture.

"Herny, my lad," said he, with a touch of sadness in his voice, "that wasn't spoken like a Briton. That isn't the spirit that won at Wipers and Waterloo. That isn't the spirit that won at Hagincourt and Cressy. They'll be sorry at the 'ouse when I tell them about this—especially the young ladies. They won't believe it, hardly, about you, my lad -you of all the young men on the place!"

Ernest sighed to himself —the sigh of a stolid-faced youth who knows he is done for.

"Well, all right," he said at last. "Only I think you might bet a pound for me—the two of you together—especially as I might get it broke, you know, and no kid about it."

"Well done, my lad," said Simmons, "and you shall 'ave your pound."

They broke up then for the time being, and as each went his way he occupied himself with a sum in mental arithmetic.

"Thirty pounds, perhaps forty," thought Harry. "Now at ten to one ——"

"Fifty pounds," thought Mr. Simmons, "and say that I averaged fifteen to one. Five times five is twenty-five. Put down five and carry two ——"

Ernest's problem was the hardest.

"One pound four at twenty to one," he thought. "I wonder how much that amounts to if the old screw doesn't win!"

XIV

APPARENTLY the possibility of losing didn't weigh much with Jed, however, for after trying the mare out again the next day, he not only agreed to pilot her in the race but he counted a hundred pounds off his roll and gave it to Lady Quentina.

"I may not get a chance," he said, "but you bet this tomorrow—half for you and half for me."

She wouldn't have that.

"Oh, yes, you will," he said "She's your horse not mine."

But still she wouldn't have it.

"All right," said Jed, trying to look grim "Either that or I won't ride her."

She looked at him, and then slowly her eyes dropped, which is one of the many times when a girl is dangerous

"You're bullying me into it," she said in her muffled voice

"That's all right," said Jed the Grim "You can call it that if you want to"

"Well," she finally agreed, "I'll do my best. And everything I net on her ——"

"Is half for you and half for me that's right"

On Monday morning Lady Quentina went down to the station early, and Jed didn't see her again until after the race was over, and wasn't at all too well pleased with himself when he did see her But though he missed her, of course, he had plenty of other things to fill his mind. It was one of those days, none too frequent on the English tracks, when a race of porpoises wouldn't have been in better keeping with the weather. The sun lorded it over an azure sky as though it had never been away from home; and the specials from London kept rolling into Newmarket and letting out swarming lines that straightway made for the track and clustered in the paddock and around the betting quarters and up and down the stands and in and out of the refreshment rooms, as though they would never stop coming. The bookies, foreseeing a busy day, were soon at it, in barytone, tenor and bass—for all the world like a fantastic chorus of fine old sea lions calling for the fish.

"Two to one on Jam Pudding! Two to one on Little Mary! Three to one on Holbein! Five to one on the field!"

Jed was down at the stables. Black Bess, temperamental to the last, had chosen that particular day for an attack of nerves. At half past ten, in a practice run, she had toppled young Erny over backward so decisively that his right ankle was swollen to the size of two; and whether or not it was contrition on Bess' part, when they led her back to her stable her legs were trembling, her eyes were staring, and she straightway proceeded to wear herself out by futile footwork from one side of the stall to the other. Jed and Harry both did their best to soothe her—blarneying her, stroking her, telling her what a fine horse she was; and every so often Harry gave her a drink from a mysterious bottle -a drink which would have surprised and scandalized the whole Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons if they had known the formula. And whether from the one treatment or the other, Black Bess gradually dropped her quivering and her minor acrobatics; and by the time the bugle called the entries for the Rawley Steeplechase to go into the paddock, Bess took her place in the line with no more than a nervous tremor running over her now and then, and an extra-fine dilation of the nostrils when she heard the chug-chug-chugging of a motortruck on the other side of the fence.

She started to rear once, but Jed had only to tap her on the spot with the handle of his whip and down she went again where she belonged—shying and sweating and lathering at the bit.

"It's all right, old girl," Jed whispered to her. "You'll get a chance to use your strength in a few minutes now—and in the right direction, too, believe me!"

There were seven entries for the Steeplechase, and Black Bess had drawn the third position from the pole. The riders of Number Two and Number Four, Jed noticed, gave him as much room as possible at the barrier.

"Better watch your stirrups, old chap," said Number Two. "She'll likely rear backward at the first jump."

"Thanks," said Jed. "I'll watch them."

"Ready?" called the starter, catching an unexpected alignment; and the next moment—"Dong!"—they were off.

For the first quarter mile they were fairly well bunched, rising and falling over the jumps like some gigantic mechanical toy that was all of a piece. Then gradually three horses began to pull ahead—Abdul, the Fusilier, and, slightly behind the other two, Black Bess.

"Good old girl!" breathed Jed. "Don't let them leave you now!"

He needn't have told her. There is a spirit in some horses, as there is in some men, which hates to see anyone ahead of them; and calling on her mighty thews and muscles to show the two horses in front of her where they belonged, Black Bess raised her speed and stride until she was neck and neck with them; and thus, in perfect line, they took the next high hedge.

But that didn't satisfy Mistress Bess. If she couldn't rear herself backward and thus display outstanding qualities for the astonishment of mankind, she would throw herself forward and see how they liked that. She would turn herself again into a black cannon ball of thundering horseflesh. She would eat up space as though it never existed, and as for those foolish little barriers ahead ——

"Nothing to it!" thought Jed as he felt the mighty surge beneath him. "If they get near enough at the next jump she'll kick their fool heads off!"

But neither Abdul nor the Fusilier was near enough for that; and when Black Bess went streaking past the judges' stand, a good six lengths in the lead, Jed moodily told himself, "I knew she could," and could have bit barbed wire in two because he had only been able to give Quentina such a miserable little roll, when they ought to have made a killing.

"Isn't it awful?" he said as soon as he found her after the race.

"Oh, I don't know," said she.

"But we ought to have made a barrel of money."

"Well, we did, didn't we?"

"What? On a hundred pounds?"

"At twenty to one, that's two thousand," she reminded him. "And do you know what I did this morning?" She gave him one of those slow smiles and then disappeared under her hat brim. "I went to London and raised another thousand on the rest of Barry's presents," she said, "and I bet that, too—all at twenty to one. And I think—I think that makes twenty-two thousand pounds altogether. And I think—I think that's a nice little sum, don't you?"

XV

ON THEIR way back to the Towers after the races, Lady Quentina and Jed had a fight—money being notorious for the way it causes quarrels and dissensions.

"I made the bet in London," said Lady Quentina, beginning it, "at the office of Mr. Mackenzie, the racing commissioner. See? Here's his receipt. Eleven hundred pounds on Black Bess at twenty to one. And I told him if Bess won to send me two checks, each for half -one drawn to your order and the other to mine."

"What?" demanded Jed, bristling at once. "Do you think that I'd take any of the money that you won on your thousand?"

"You surely will," she said, bristling a bit on her own account. "That was the understanding; anything I bet was to be half for you and half for me."

"No, sir!" cried Jed.

"All right," she said. "If you want to be unreasonable, I will too. Do you know what I was going to do with part of mine? I was going to get Barry's presents and—and possibly send them back to him But now I won't! I'll be just as stubborn as you! I'll keep the presents -and I'll keep Barry and we'll all be unreasonable together."

They stayed like that till after dinner, and then seeing that she was going straight up to her room, Jed stopped her on the stairs and gave in.

"I've been thinking," he said. "I can use my half to help us both. I never told you why I came to London, did I? My father left me a ranch in Montana, but he brought me up as a mining engineer. It's a poor place for raising cattle; but last winter I found that most of the hills are solid porphyry—only it would cost me forty to fifty thousand dollars to prove that the place is easily one of the richest copper properties in America.

"So I tried a lot of people, and finally in New York at one of the big copper concerns they told me to see Mr. Davidson, their president, when he came back from London. But instead of waiting, I came over here to find him—and missed him—and now I won't have to see him at all. I can go ahead now and prove what I've got. And by the time I'm through—well, I don't expect to be the copper king; but if I'm not the copper Prince of Wales I miss my guess -that's all!"

They were out on the terrace by then; but there was light enough for him to see her.

"Gorgeous!" she breathed.

But it was she, thought Jed, who was gorgeous, not the poor, futile little thing he had been telling her.

"And when I'm prince," he began, suddenly growing a bit awkward, "if you'd like—to be—princess ——"

"No!" she exclaimed, and lightly placed her hand over his mouth. "I love you for it, of course, but it's much too soon. There are some things that can only happen once that ought to be done slowly—some things so beautiful that they ought to be made to last."

So slowly, but not without a certain breathless pleasure, they went down into the garden together; and slowly, but not without a certain breathless pleasure, they started to make things last.

(THE END)

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WHAT IS TAXATION FOR?

Continued from Page 33

which the history of public finance demonstrates, known to students through reading and to tax officials through everyday experience, it is that revenues are raised most smoothly and easily if the rates are moderate.

Moderate rates are from the very nature of the case the enforceable rates, and it is the business of tax officials to enforce the laws. But moderate taxes do not redistribute wealth or level down its inequalities with anything like the rapidity sought by reformers. Naturally, therefore, the practical tax official instinctively recoils from the idea that taxation should be used for such purposes.

Still seeking light on the question of whether taxes should be imposed for the sake of raising revenue or for the reduction of riches, I sought the views of half a dozen of the leading professional students of economics and public finance, men of the highest standing as scholars, and likewise experienced advisers in the practical details of legislation to countless legislative committees, tax commissions, bureaus, and the like. Their opinions, as far as published, I read with care, and in addition interviewed or corresponded with them for further information. It would be unwise to attempt to summarize their statements; the better course is to repeat them word for word.

"The public doesn't care a rap what tax officials think about these problems," said one professor. "Such officials are elected for specific duties only, not for their views on ethics or social policy. These tax movements, the high surtaxes and the heavy death duties, are gyroscopic in their nature. There is never a time when the practical business man cannot prove them foolish at every stage. But the trouble with the business man is that he doesn't read history.

"I cannot explain the persistence of these movements in face of destructive criticism except that they serve to maintain the social balance, the equilibrium, between the inequalities of the industrial system and the equality of the political system—one man one vote. The sociological ideas back of high tax rates may be dim and shadowy, but we are dealing here with deep currents that run over decades and generations.

"The high surtax and inheritance tax rates are simply ways in which we are trying to reconcile political equality and industrial inequality. It is a tribute which success has got to pay. Under the modern industrial system a few men acquire a great amount of wealth. It's a good thing for the people at large because it results in a huge production of goods. Obviously the mass of the people haven't the ability to create this wealth themselves. But in any case they have the political power to compel the few to pay well for what the few accumulate. And I believe the persistency of the attempt to impose high rates of taxation on wealth indicates that my diagnosis is correct. They are a spontaneous product of democracy."

Taxation as a Safety Valve

"I would call these high tax rates a safety valve rather than a gyroscope," said another professor of economics as distinguished as the first. "It was not until Andrew Jackson's time that all property qualifications for voting were swept away. It is a very short time in the span of history that we have had one-man one-vote rule, propertyless voting. We do not know yet what the result will be. But I feel fairly certain that the common man will hardly be content without some leveling legislation. For he has the vote and he feels that there is at least an element of the unjust and the accidental in these fortunes. Do you think there would be any such objection, as we know there is, to reducing the wartime surtaxes on large incomes when there is no need of the revenue, if there were no feeling of resentment against the disparity of wealth?"

"But," interposed the writer, "in the case of the inheritance tax let us suppose a rich man leaves a fortune all in the form of liquid tax-exempt securities to a worthless son. Not only is the tax paid with ease, even if heavy, but the son spends the rest of his life in idleness and luxury, if not worse. Another man with a fortune of the same size leaves it to a son in the form of a factory or electric railway, newspaper or mine. It is much more difficult to raise the cash to pay the tax, and in this case the son, far from being a loafer, actually works harder than the father who founded the property. He improves methods, extends operations, gives employment to more men and treats his workers more kindly. Yet these two men pay the same tax.

"In the case of the income tax the great, well-known, long-held leisure-class fortunes, which were supposed to be reached by the surtaxes, have through numerous legal devices avoided or exempted themselves to a considerable extent from such burdens. The taxes are in reality being paid, to the extent that they are paid at all, by the more successful musicians, actors, architects, surgeons, inventors, writers, corporation officials of fifty-five and sixty, grown gray in service but at last in possession of good-size incomes; and in general by the professional or business men who have attained success and large incomes only as the result of a lifetime of unceasing toil, and whose incomes are merely a gradual accrual or increment from that toil. Do you call these forms of taxation equitable?"

"If we could enter the field of social leveling through taxation with any consistency," replied the professor, "we would have to recognize and make a concession to the active, constructive heir, as far as the inheritance tax is concerned. The tax is merely a clumsy blunderbuss which does not distinguish and does not discriminate. Of course some heirs to great wealth do carry on for the general benefit, and others do not. But as a practical question we have here to decide a series of insoluble questions. We strike in the dark to keep men from being rich, yet we may hit the very one who is of the most use to society. It is assumed that all heirs will be idle, and yet of course such is not the case. We hit every fortune the same way; one fortune may be made from bootlegging, and another from an invention of the utmost social value."

Slow Cures for Social Ills

"Quite obviously we are simply at the beginning of an experiment. A blind public giant is hitting out, but it doesn't know what it is hitting. It is certainly a crude way to bring about equality. Why should a fortune made from the highest form of public service pay the same tax as that made from gambling, graft, corruption or pure accident, just because it is of the same size? The whole thing is one huge lottery.

"I believe more attention should be paid to the way in which men earn their money and less to leveling it down after they get it. These high taxes certainly form a very undiscriminating method of taking it away. The great field for reform lies in business practices. It is said—I do not know how accurately—that a billion dollars a year is paid out as bribes to get business. The heavy taxes are no doubt partly due to resentment because of the feeling that not all fortunes have been made honestly. How much better it would be if all fortunes could come clean, without taint, rather than in locking the door after the horse has been stolen."

Another economist of high standing made a very similar statement to a tax convention some seventeen years ago, when the country was ringing with President Roosevelt's condemnation of malefactors of great wealth.

It was the period of traction, railroad and insurance company scandals, and a previous speaker had taken a tremendous fling at rapacious opulence.

"If fortunes have been made by reckless or dishonest management of corporations," said the second speaker, "the obvious remedies are reform of our corporation laws and cultivation of higher standards of business morals. This may be a slow and difficult task, but . . . in social therapeutics as in medical, it is sound policy to aim at causes rather than effects."

He called for the relentless enforcement of existing laws against such "old-fashioned offenses as conspiracy and theft," and asked that it be made "as dangerous to mismanage a transcontinental railroad as to hold up an express train, as unhealthy for an officer to plunder an insurance company as for a clerk to rob it of a few hundred dollars. Punish the financier who loots a street railway as you punish the hungry man who robs a bakery, and you will reach a third class of fortunes; deal with such gentry in the criminal and not in the probate courts."

The economist then said that he had never yet heard of a tax law which could be so drawn as to apply to tainted fortunes only, or with any hard-and-fast rule which distinguishes between the honestly and the dishonestly acquired fortune. "It must be cold comfort to a business man crushed by a powerful competitor to know that the swollen fortune thus acquired will help to pay the taxes of the next generation. This is beguiling the common sense with indirection."

Early in February of this year, when the oil scandals were being aired in the Senate, I wrote this economist and asked if he had changed his views. "Nothing that has happened since—1907—has led me to change the view that I there presented," was his reply.

In previous articles it was shown in detail that the most striking result of the effort to level fortunes by high inheritance-tax rates is the degree of unevenness produced, the inequity as between fortunes. Such is the difficulty when government attempts to distribute wealth by main strength and awkwardness. It does not possess in taxation any yardstick to punish vice and reward virtue. It cannot exempt the son who is good to his old mother and penalize the brother who neglects her.

As an experienced student of finance recently said, speaking of the income surtaxes rather than of the inheritance tax, "a general tax for the purpose of suppressing dishonest incomes would be like destroying all the fish in the sea for the sake of getting rid of the sharks."

But there is no question that underlying the sentiment for high inheritance and income surtaxes is a resentment not only against the rich but against the fact that the heir to wealth starts where his father leaves off, a desire that the idle heir should not control the destinies of large business enterprises and should be saved from the softening and demoralizing effects of inherited wealth. Why should we not, however, to borrow a phrase from everyday life, get down to brass tacks and find out just how many heirs are idle anyway? No one really knows. Many are idle, but many are not.

Instance after instance can be mentioned where the son develops a business beyond what the father has done. Often the son goes to an agricultural or engineering school and puts life into a decaying enterprise after he returns. Often a man's success is due to the loyalty, devotion and helpfulness of wife, sons and even daughters. There are cases where the founder of a business is a drag upon it, development waiting upon free action on the part of the sons.

The Grandsons of the Founders

It is said that one reason so many English firms are sound and operate at such low costs is because the families which own the business work at it generation after generation and take very little out. Even in this country many of the highest-quality products are those made by firms which have remained in a family for a long period. Traditions of good workmanship are carried on, and old and reliable employes are kept for long periods.

It is quite true that energy does tend to relax as inherited wealth passes from generation to generation. One reason cotton mills in the South are replacing those in New England is that the original vigorous, stalwart owners still dominate the big situations in the South, whereas in New England too many owners are mere third-generation absentees, living abroad or interested only in an abstract financial fashion, incompetent to manage and unmoved by anything except their quarterly checks.

A state tax commissioner in New England told me that the second generation nearly always extends and builds up the property of the founder, but that the third generation drifts away into mere passive coupon clipping. It is not always the fault of the children's children. I know of a great business founded by a poor inventor in his barn, vastly extended by a shrewd, able, businesslike son, and now in the hands of the grandson, delicate, sensitive, shy, forced by the family tradition to work far harder than his physical make-up justifies.

Clearly the place and function of the idle, absent and passive investor are serious

Continued on Page 169

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(Continued from Page 167)

and knotty problems in the modern system of life. Coupon clipping as a sole occupation does not seem to be the highest of functions, a fact, or general sentiment, recognized in income-tax legislation, which imposes a lower rate on earned than on unearned income.

But it is generally recognized that the savings of the investor, his abstinence and thrift, do help to form the capital fund without which there would be no civilization as we know it. The investor's function may be more or less important at different times and in different places. The writer was informed on good authority early in February that the Mussolini government in Italy had decided, a few weeks previously, on the advice of a leading Italian economist to abolish all inheritance taxes, the theory being that at this juncture what Italy most needs is savings and capital investment.

But then, as already stated, we do not know how many heirs drift off into coupon clipping and deservedly despised idleness. The president of an automobile company much in the public eye, himself a man who has risen without the aid of inherited wealth, recently said that "As capital expands it is becoming more and more subordinated to talent. . . . The competition of modern times is such that sons and relations cannot succeed unless they show equal or greater ability than the founder of the business."

"I believe in being born poor," said a bank president in an industrial city which the writer visited to get first-hand information as to the character of the owners of the factories there. "I got up in the dark in college and studied so as to tutor the rich fellows, most of whom are now loafers."

"How about the Redding Steel Company?" I asked, naming the largest concern in the city, with which I knew the banker is associated, but which is owned and managed entirely by one family. The real name, I may add, is not Redding.

"That's a very bad illustration," said the banker. "Of course they are enormously successful, but they have what is practically a monopoly. It's a monopoly because no one else can make anything as good. It's a monopoly of ability. But then, Charles Redding—a member of the second generation who recently died—had the most brilliant mind of any man I ever knew. He's the man, by the way, that arranged for all those appliances which so helped us to win the war. Oh, no, there is no one else who could run the Redding business."

"Why couldn't a Wall Street banking syndicate buy it and run it?" I asked.

"They couldn't run it, and you and I couldn't. We would have to hire someone and I doubt if anyone could be found. I don't know anyone outside the firm who has the ability. You must remember the old man made his sons listen to him by the hour, as he pounded the elements of the business into them. They were a little gay when they went to college, but as soon as they returned they came under the yoke of a never-ending discipline. Oh, the Redding Steel Company is a very bad illustration of the advantages of being born poor."

Rich Men's Sons

But that's just it—there are so many bad illustrations in so many towns and cities of the easy-going generality about rich men's sons being no good. We all accept it, or rather assume it as a generality, but when we get down to the specific small factories, banks, newspapers and hardware stores which we personally know about, we find that vague general statements no longer apply.

Professor Taussig in his writings has shown with convincing clarity the danger of fastening attention upon conspicuous cases of the failure of rich men's sons. As he points out, beneath the highest tier of the extraordinarily capable business men, there is a great stratum of prosperous and well-to-do persons to whom the advantages of inherited capital and family associations are of cardinal importance. Indeed, he asserts that most of those who come to the fore in business probably began with associations and an environment of business.

Biology bears out economics, for there is no known reason why children should not, in numerous cases at least, inherit part of their fathers' ability. But arithmetic is even more convincing. Suppose we cut Taussig's estimate in two, and instead of saying that "most" of those who come to the fore, especially in the stratum just under the highest leaders, have enjoyed some inherited means, we call it a fourth, or at the very most not more than a third. Even this number constitutes an infinitely greater percentage of the class from which these men come than the poor boys who rise to success do of their own class.

No one denies that inherited wealth has a softening and demoralizing effect upon many natures. But on what proportion? Who knows? None can answer such a question, but we do know that these are shifting and dangerous sands upon which to base a system of taxation.

When those who desire to soak the rich talk about the idlers, high livers and wasters, the numbers assume colossal proportions. But how strange it is that when the same critics talk about the distribution of wealth being in the hands of the few, the numbers of such persons suddenly shrink into insignificant proportions!

A fervid orator once addressed a meeting of bored tax officials on the evils of permitting a large part of the wealth to be controlled by 2 per cent of the people. He might have gotten away with it if he had stopped there, but he went on to quote Goldsmith's famous lines on how ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey, where wealth accumulates, and men decay.

"If 2 per cent have the property why worry over their decadence?" asked a hard-boiled tax commissioner. "If they decay they will lose their money in course of time, and the other 98 per cent will be able to pioneer and develop."

At this point we are dealing with a perfect maze of conflicting and contradictory forces and tendencies. Unquestionably there are scions of inherited wealth who waste their substance in riotous living. But if so, why not let Nature take its course, and rely upon the adage of three, or perhaps two, generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves? If the heir is incompetent he will lose his money anyway.

The Descent of Family Fortunes

But all those who would soak the rich by taxation do not take common ground. There is one school of thought which leans heavily on idleness and riotous living, while another emphasizes the fact that the chief quality, the most common characteristic of heirs to wealth is their niggardliness, tightness and carefulness! The emphasis here is upon the Biblical verse which says that to them that hath shall be given.

The writer once attended a convention of Arizona cattle growers, a decidedly masculine bunch of persons. They met in a remote Rocky Mountain village and were being addressed by one of the California cattle barons, whose grandfather had founded a great fortune. Although a third-generation heir the speaker was about six-feet-three, and built in suitable proportions. He was constantly interrupted and criticized by a member, who finally said contemptuously that the speaker had inherited his money.

"I object to the young man's remarks," shouted the opulent but far from softened heir, as he leaned his huge muscular bulk forward and glared balefully at the interrupter, shaking a huge fist in the same direction. "It's true I inherited my money, but I have yet to meet the man who can take any of it away from me." And not a single horny-handed cowman peeped.

Indeed soak-the-rich taxation is much advocated on the theory that a fortune once made can be handed down and perpetuated with only the most indifferent ability. But this is exactly the opposite of the shirt-sleeves-to-shirt-sleeves theory, so commonly held. Truth to tell, there is ample evidence on both sides, the reason being that both centripetal and centrifugal forces are at work.

There are instances in which family fortunes are passed down from generation to generation with concededly evil results to all concerned. But there are other instances, one very much in the public press of late, in which both the size and the influence of the estate steadily diminishes. Permanent aristocracies, like the feudal aristocracies of Europe, have always been based upon land and usually upon entail. But large landholdings in this country are steadily diminishing, even the holdings of the Astors in New York City showing a tendency to decrease.

As for entail, there is no doubt that when Thomas Jefferson struck the blow which destroyed that privilege, probably forever in this country, he removed one of the

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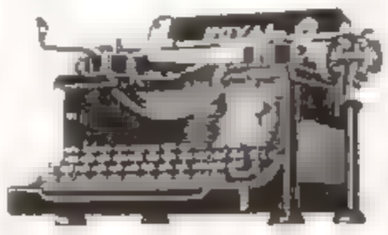

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greatest bulwarks of dynastic wealth. It is true that even without entail families can retain wealth through the medium of conservative bonds and first mortgages, but the control, the power, the domination which sometimes go with wealth, slowly but surely ooze away unless the heirs have the energy and ability, and distaste for idleness, which are so essential to real power and dominion.

"The Vanderbilts succeeded in maintaining themselves for two generations," says a careful observer, "but they count for little now as a great financial power. The Carnegie fortune has largely vanished in miscellaneous philanthropies, and the Rockefeller wealth is going the same way. The Gould fortune, measured by modern standards, is contemptible. Probably Henry Ford is the richest man in the world today; yet his fortune is the accumulation of the last twenty years."

There is no more curious fallacy than the common assumption that because a rich man's son is not running a factory or a department store he must therefore be a loafer. Many, it is true, are wholly contemptible loafers, but then, so are the sons of many poor men, several millions of them. Indeed, a statistical inquiry might show that a larger percentage of poor men's sons than of rich men's sons are engaged in loafing. No one really knows.

Useful Rich Men

It is commonly overlooked that a very large part of all the scholarly and scientific as well as the social service and philanthropic work of the country is done by the sons and daughters of the rich. I once listened to a fiery socialist denounce the rich. After he had finished, a quiet-voiced physician arose and said: "For nine years I was a member of the Maryland State Board of Lunacy. We tried to interest all sorts of organizations, including labor unions, in some special work we wanted done. But we couldn't interest them. Finally we went to Mr. Phipps—who made a fortune in steel—and he gave us the money we needed." The socialist's answer was very lame.

Darwin was a rich man's son, so was Agassiz. Several of the country's greatest astronomers have been in that class. The man who is probably the country's leading authority on taxation inherited a fortune. The president of the American Museum of Natural History, than whom no scientist is more tirelessly active, belongs to the same group. There is no branch of learning without them. Indeed, most of the radical publications and movements in this country obtain their financial support from the daughters of rich manufacturers or merchants.

It may well be that the best interests of society are not served by the passing down of tremendous fortunes. Certainly the rich man should not only be encouraged to make gifts to charity and education as well as to those near to him while he is alive, especially to those who have shown capacity to handle affairs, but he should be compelled, if possible, to train his sons to useful careers.

But grant all this, and grant that somewhere there is a line between a moderate and immoderate, between a reasonable and an unreasonable inheritance. Just where, however, is taxation to draw the line? For one thing, standards change with the times. Senator Dolliver used to say that any inheritance above one hundred thousand dollars was immoderate. Today a man of the same general attitude would be more likely to name one million dollars. Perhaps there is a point at which public opinion becomes impatient of inequality, but who knows where it is?

Though the primary function of taxation is to raise revenue the writer does not deny that taxes should harmonize with the social ideals of the community. Taxes have frequently been used to protect, foster, prohibit or destroy. They have undeniable social consequences. But when it comes to rigid restriction and delimitation of incomes or fortunes for social and moral purposes, standards of any kind are utterly lacking.

An exceedingly cautious English economist says the line which divides moderation and immoderation lies between twenty-five hundred and five million dollars. But how does this help us? Many persons believe the limit should be between one hundred thousand and three hundred thousand dollars, but all the perfect loafers and wastrels living on inherited wealth I ever knew were those with a few hundred thousand dollars, while the men I know, or know about, who have as much as five million or more, are compelled to be hard workers. On the other hand, the reader's observations might be exactly the opposite. Who really knows?

Unfortunately in basing taxation upon these elusive distinctions we have to deal with a despicable but almost universally instinctive trait of human nature. I refer to the gladsome, unanimous willingness of all of us to share in fortunes and incomes above our level or bracket, and our adamant objections to any sharing process getting down as low as our own.

It is like the prevailing opinion of profits, which is that the other fellow's are unreasonably large. Of course the best illustration of what I mean is the old story of the Irishman who, when told of a prospective Utopia in which all would share evenly, nodded his head in approval until the orator said that the scheme would reach even the man who had two pigs

"But I have two pigs," exclaimed the Irishman in consternation.

Seriously speaking, it is a very real question whether social discontent can be allayed by heavy taxes on large fortunes and incomes. Millionaires are a fact, and far from a wholly pleasing one; but how about the hundred-thousandaires and the hundreds of thousands of ten-thousandaires? To the migratory laborer with fifty dollars, or the wobbly with no dollars, there is just as much injustice in a skilled workman having two thousand dollars invested in a house or a savings bank as there is in a manufacturer having one million.

The farmer with ten thousand dollars is even more suspicious of the merchant worth one hundred thousand dollars than he is of the millionaire, and the ten-thousandaire farmer is certainly far better off relatively to the wobbly or the migratory workman than the ten-millionaire is to either the ten-thousandaire farmer or the hundred-thousandaire merchant.

Denounce large fortunes as much as we will, and they have their bad points, but the fact remains that the real inequalities are not between the multimillionaires and the millionaires on the one hand, and the rest of the people on the other hand. The real inequalities of human life are quite obviously between the people who have no money at all and those who have a few thousand dollars—that is, the small business men and farmers, the skilled workers, clerks, teachers, and the like.

Yet no one proposes to level these people down by taxation, although I repeat that clearly the inequality between them and the man with no money at all is vastly greater than it is between the man with ten million dollars and the one with ten thousand or even two thousand dollars.

Taxation as a Gyroscope

If the inequality between the man with ten million dollars and him with ten thousand or two thousand dollars were as great in reality as it is in statistics there would be instant revolution. The difference is nearly all on paper; it is largely an economic fiction.

In the fore part of this article an economist of repute was quoted as saying that the high surtaxes and death duties constitute a gyroscope to preserve equilibrium between industrial inequality and political equality; in other words, to keep the masses satisfied. But other economists to whom this statement was shown criticized it as dealing not with the merits of the question at all, but solely with the politics of it.

"Nobody likes to pay taxes," said one, "and high death duties and surtaxes, which reach only a very small fraction of the voters, are likely to be popular in a democracy simply because they leave over 99 per cent of the voters untouched, and are paid by a helpless minority."

"Is it well to have a few hundred people paying the major portion of the taxes?" asked another. "I for one regard it as demoralizing. There is real danger in such a system of having no watch upon expenditures. Why should the people care how much is spent? Suppose as an extreme possibility that the time should come when a dozen families, through income and inheritance taxes, should pay an appreciable part of the total government expenses, I am sure the effect would be utterly demoralizing."

The breaking up of fortunes by means of confiscatory income and inheritance taxes

Continued on Page 173

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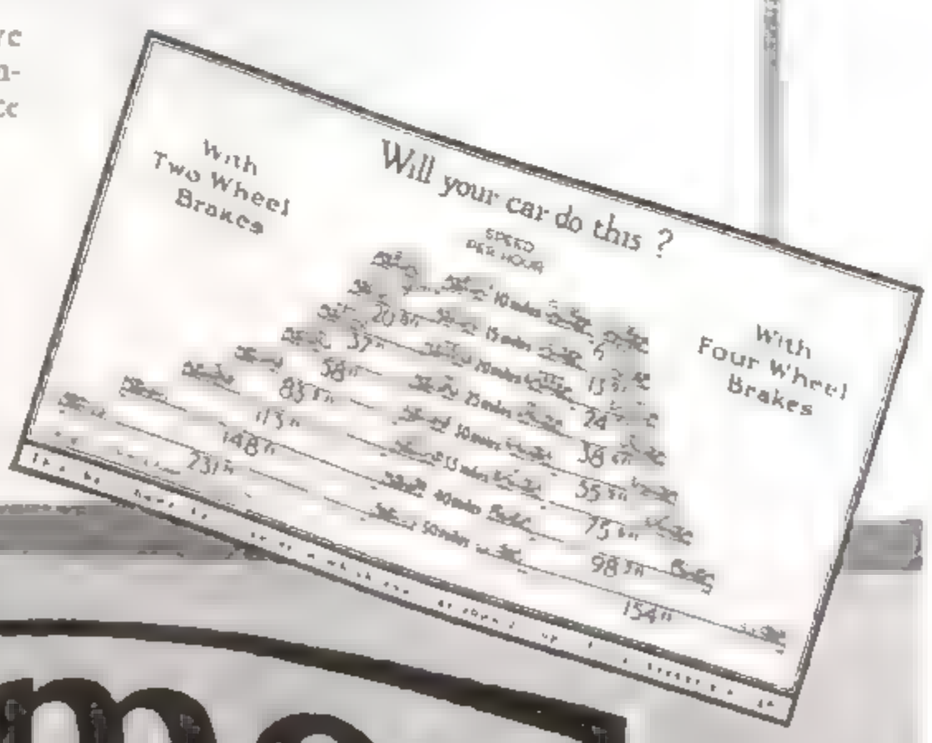

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(Continued from Page 170)

is sometimes urged on the ground that men do not need any such incentive as either the right to retain or hand down large sums of money. No doubt many different motives lead to money making and business building. Childless men and even bachelors build up great industries, so it is apparent that domestic affection and family ambition are not the only motives which lead to industrial achievement.

Presidents of the United States and of universities, bishops and great inventors, do not resign or retire in indignation because the public will not permit their favorite sons to succeed them. Why then, it is asked, should we expect the president of a soap factory to resign because his son is not allowed to inherit all his money?

But common sense and experience indicate that adequate provision for one's family is an important incentive in money making and business building. The rich man may know in his heart that money is bad for his children and that membership in the privileged classes is a false ideal, promising no real happiness. But he hopes, perhaps against hope, that his children may prove exceptions. In any case, one reason he keeps on working is a desire to raise himself and his family in the social scale, and money is part of the process.

Of course no one knows precisely at what point taxation begins to kill initiative, although the widespread discussion of income surtaxes is beginning to throw light on the subject. There are those who say that the old feudalistic tithe, or one-tenth, is enough.

But we do know that at a point somewhere between 5 and 25 per cent, or even below 5 per cent, men will take a great amount of trouble and pains to move from state to state to avoid inheritance taxes. In other words, there is a point below which they instinctively feel that the state might as well have the money, and a point above which they resent the tax as confiscation.

Below a certain percentage the average man will not exert himself to avoid paying taxes. The enormous number of voluntary returns made under the very low-rate New York State income tax is ample proof.

There are rich men who, exactly like millions of poorer men, do not want to give up anything to anybody if they can help it. There are other rich men who are honestly convinced that they can spend or give away money to far better advantage than the state can use it. They believe that politicians are not efficient.

Diversity in Spending

You may say to these rich men that the people at large would rather have their elected representatives waste money than allow a few plutocrats to use it for the general good. The plutocrats, and many who are not in that category, will remain unconvinced; they are not sure the money will be used wisely.

But I think the attitude of mind of most rich men falls into a third classification, and one which perhaps is even more natural and easy to understand. Rich men, of course, are precisely like poor men in that their interests differ. One feels deeply for orphans; another is more interested in collections of stamps or butterflies. Now presumably the state may support orphans in its institutions, and also collect stamps and butterflies in its museums. The rich man's taxes may go, in part at least, to support the very objects in which he is interested. But it is all very indirect and abstract. If the rich man gives his money directly to an orphan asylum or to a collection of butterflies, he not only gets the credit and glory for making the gift, but he can see the actual results. A man with an income of one million dollars gets no credit for paying half of it to the Government in taxes; indeed Treasury experts and congressmen are working day and night to compel him to pay every cent the law requires. But if he gives even a quarter of his income to charity he is praised to the skies.

The Government's revenues are spread out over so many activities that the rich man feels he is paying taxes over to the crowd. Perhaps he should want to help all mankind, but it is not human nature for him, or for any other man, to take much interest in the mob. Expressed in a different way, the taxpayer sees his money sunk into a bottomless pit, its identity lost forever.

Andrew Carnegie said that he hoped in time men would come to regard it as the nobler part to pay over their fortunes to the state, but he did nothing of the kind himself, giving his money to a few pet philanthropies.

We find many cases of men giving their businesses to a few employes, but only the rarest instances of voluntary gifts to the state, the most striking case being that of Peter Thellusson in 1797. Men know their own employes, or at least have a direct interest in them. The broad-mindedness required to welcome the utter social dissipation, the complete dispersion of what one has labored to build up, is almost beyond human nature.

Is it strange then that when tax rates become, in the opinion of any considerable number of people, excessive and inequitable, the rich taxpayer should regard them not so much as legitimate taxation but as confiscatory measures? Under such conditions he will find ways of avoiding and resisting them.

It does not matter a rap whether we believe in breaking up fortunes or in not breaking them up. The taxpayer will show that commonest trait of human nature, which, in the words of a judicial decision, "impels the man of average honesty to be in matters of taxation about as honest as he can afford to be."

Farcical Inheritance Taxes

Under such conditions the taxpayer no longer finds it cheaper to pay the tax than to avoid it. Not only does he find means of avoidance through a change in economic habits, but the assessor and collector meet with increasing resistance and less coöperation. The traveler who parted with his cloak gladly when he felt the gentle rays of the sun only wrapped it about him the more tightly when the east wind blew its worst.

It thus comes about that larger revenues are produced by moderate rates than by high rates. With high rates and constant changes in the law and in administrative rulings, the taxpayer becomes more insistent upon having his every legal right determined. Litigation multiplies and every legal loophole is sought. The taxing officials, being sworn to administer the law, tend to become more and more arbitrary, claiming everything in sight on the theory that if they are wrong the courts will finally set them right.

In previous articles the writer has shown how because of many conflicting jurisdictions, lack of comity and uniformity among the states, and constant changes in the laws, the inheritance tax has become actually farcical and hypocritical. It is so bad in practice, however good it may once have been in theory, that the only possible way out seems to be the abandonment of the tax by more than forty states and its centralization in the Federal Government, with a guaranteed rebate back to the states.

But now comes Prof. Thomas Adams, sometimes called the father of the income tax in this country, who says that since 1916 the income tax itself has been strained to the breaking point.

"Complexity has been piled on complexity. Evasion and avoidance, added to delay and uncertainty, have destroyed the respect which taxpayers originally felt for the tax.

"The morale of the taxpayer has been undermined. Evasion and avoidance have grown. The tax has been widely and deeply discredited. It is becoming a thing for scorn and contempt."

In another article I shall present in some detail the methods of evasion and avoidance which the overworking of the income tax has inevitably produced, and which, in the words of one of the greatest friends which the tax has ever had, are causing it to become a thing "for scorn and contempt."

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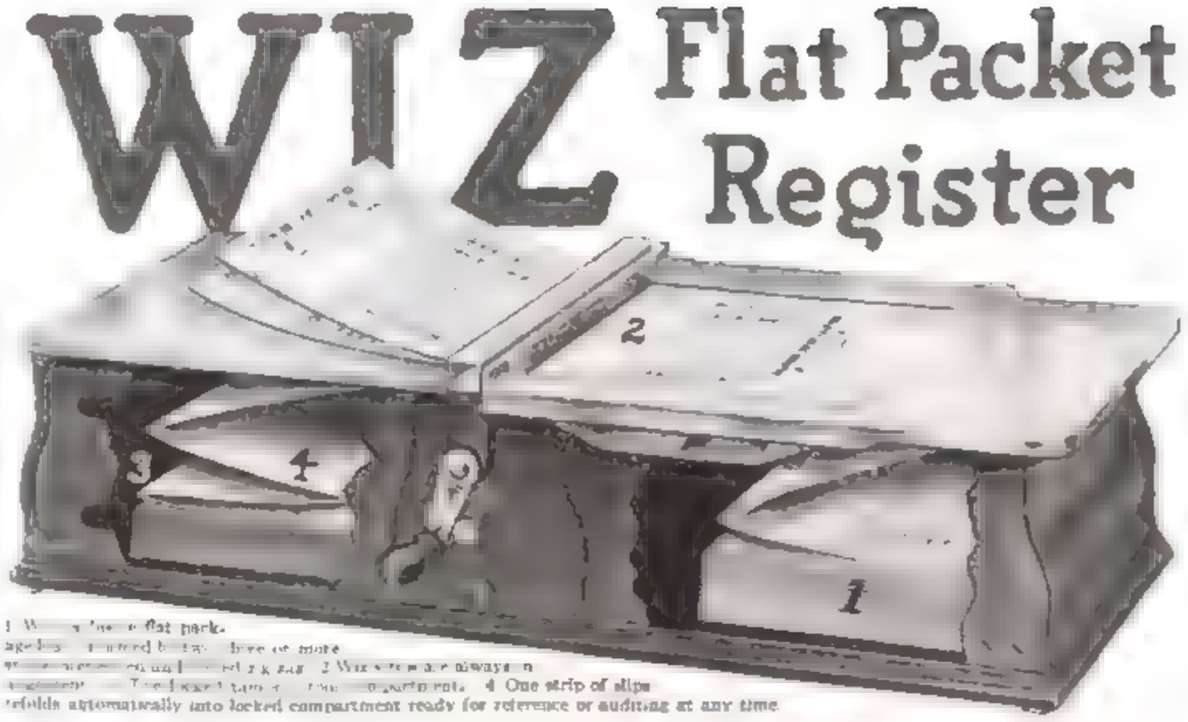

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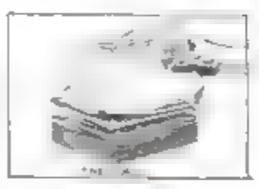
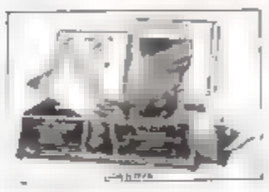

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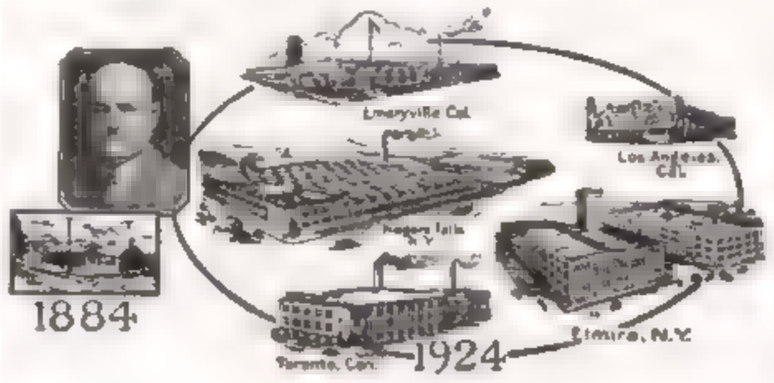

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ISLES OF ROMANCE

Continued from Page 15

sleep with all those bugs playing hide and seek on me."

"Bugs? Are there bugs here?"

"Millions, and all hungry. Don't worry, dear, they'll call themselves to your attention. I hate to mention so unromantic a thing; but I am, as the Irishman put it, more bitten up than a teething ring in an orphan asylum."

"Must you quote that Irishman down here?"

"There you go," he said, "picking on me. Run along now and let me sleep. Aw-w-w-r-o-o!"

He had a large mouth, she noted. Why hadn't she noticed that before? She'd never seen him yawn, she decided. For that matter, she'd never seen him unshaved, and the bluish coast line on his cheeks, at that moment apparent, was not a thing of beauty. There was a red island on his brow where a mosquito had camped. Sally looked away.

"But, mate man ——" she began.

"Now, Sally, please don't expect me to be romantic before breakfast."

"Basil was always romantic—always."

"Yes, the big stiff, he would be. I can't start being romantic till eight o'clock. Tell you what you do; dance on the beach or swim, as the girl in the book did; or better yet, get breakfast."

"Basil always got the breakfast," she protested.

"Then"—this with mounting ire—"telephone to Basil to swim down here and get yours. I've got to get some sleep, if these bugs will stop using me for a skating rink."

His rumpled head withdrew into the blanket cocoon. Sally turned away. She stared at the sea. Alyse, she recalled, had always danced on the beach in the morning while Basil prepared the breakfast. So Sally began to dance on the beach. After three minutes of pirouetting she stopped. It did seem rather pointless. After her dance, Alyse had always taken a dip in the ocean. Sally, selecting a rock-sheltered cove a few hundred yards down the beach, took a morning dip also. The water was colder than she had been led to expect, and it was sticky. She had occasion to regret that she had not brought a towel. As she was dressing, a bee on its way to work collided with her and expressed his displeasure after the manner of bees. She gave a scream of pain. No bee had ever bumped into Alyse.

Sally found Hayden sleepily making coffee.

"Oh o-o," she said, when she drank some of it, "how nasty!"

"Well," he remarked sulkily, "next time you elope to a desert isle better do it with a chef from the Hotel Luxor. I'm a banker, not a cook, you know."

She surveyed him as he stood there, burning a bit of bacon on a forked stick. His beard had sprouted under the sun, which was growing warmer and ever warmer. He had, she saw, more than his share of Adam's apple. His neck, without its customary collar, reminded her of the large and neckier birds of the crane kind. He had torn his trousers and been thoroughly soaked when the boat turned over as he was beaching it, and his wrinkled clothes clung to his figure, which, in the light of truth, seemed not slender, but just thin. His legs did not look aristocratic then. They were—well, skinny. And with a slight shudder, she perceived that he had lumpy knees.

"I might as well tell you ——" he began.

"What now?"

"When the boat turned over last night we lost most of our provisions."

"I don't care. All Basil and Alyse had were an ax and a bag of grain."

"Don't forget the two strong arms and the steadfast heart."

"Well, haven't you them?" she demanded.

"I'm all out of them at the moment. As the Irishman said ——"

"Oh, you and your tedious Irishman!"

"Oh, you and your tiresome Basil!"

With a wry face, she sipped the coffee.

"Well," remarked Hayden, with a rush of cheerfulness, "we won't starve here, anyhow."

"But it will take several weeks for the grain we sow to grow, won't it?"

"Oh, at least that, especially as the bag of grain is now somewhere out there on the bottom of the sea."

"Oh, Hayden, then what will we eat?"

"Behold!" he cried, and triumphantly held up a squirming object. She drew away from it.

"It's a lobster," he said. "The island is just crawling with them. What luck!"

"But lobster invariably makes me ill, Hayden."

"In that case," he replied, "you'll have to eat oysters. There are schools and colleges of 'em right out there."

"But you know I hate oysters."

"Sorry, Sally; but this isn't the Luxor. You wanted raw life ——"

"But not raw oysters."

"Well, you have one other choice then."

"What is it?"

"Behold!" he exclaimed. "Up there! In the trees!"

Sally gave forth a short cry of dismay.

"Bananas!" she moaned.

She plunged into a state of blue moodiness, and emerged from it presently with a little yelp of pain.

"What's wrong, Sally?"

"Something bit me"

"Something's been biting me for ten minutes," he rejoined. "But I'm past minding a bite or two. There won't be room on me for any more bites in a few minutes."

"But insects never bit Basil," she said.

"Even a bug has to draw the line somewhere," he grunted.

She tried to finish her bacon, but couldn't.

"Shall we start to explore our new home?" she asked.

"Not now. You can, but I stay here."

"Oh, Hayden, don't you want to?"

"Of course; but there'll be plenty of time for that—years and years—if I live that long. No, the sensible thing for me to do is stay here and rig up some sort of shelter before the bugs devour me entirely."

"Rig up two shelters," said Sally; "and try to make mine bug-proof."

"Two shelters?"

"Certainly. Please remember, Hayden, that we're not married yet. 'Our love'"—he knew from her tone she was quoting—"'must grow here in Nature's garden like some lovely flower, slowly, inevitably, imperiously, until mate calls to mate and we are wed on the great altar of outdoors.'"

"Yes, yes," he put in. "I know—with night our cathedral and the oysters for ushers and the bugs for bridesmaids."

"Hayden"—her voice was almost a sob—"have you no romance left in you?"

"Sure: lots of it. But there's a time for everything."

He began, morosely, to hammer tent pegs into the sand.

"Basil ——" she began.

"Yes, I know. He was always romantic—always, always, always. Well, I differ from Basil slightly. I'm the sort of fellow who can take his romance or leave it alone."

"You're positively hateful this morning, Hayden."

"No, Sally; only practical."

"Very well, suit yourself. I'm going to explore our island."

"I'll meet you at the Luxor Grill for lunch," he called after her.

Down the beach she stopped and looked back. He seemed even more flamingolike at a distance; and also, even at a distance, she could discern the outlines of his lumpy knees. She knew as she paced along that by all the rules of desert isles she should, at that moment, be thinking poetically of love; untrammeled, primitive love. Instead she found herself thinking how hot it was and what absurd legs and lumpy knees Hayden Eaton had

She returned when the noon sun was frying the island and found that Hayden had prepared a lunch of underdone beans and had attempted, with indifferent success, to boil some bananas in the coffeepot. He did not deny it when she accused him of being the worst cook in the world. He ate silently. She observed that his stubble had become a forest. His hair, without the brilliantine to which it was accustomed, was askew. His knees were still lumpy. They made his legs look like snakes that had swallowed tennis balls

Sally had barely forced down the last singed bean when it began to rain. For no reason at all, and entirely without warning, it began to rain. It was one of those sincere tropical rains that remind one of an inverted geyser. Sally and Hayden huddled in their respective shelters. They were

(Continued on Page 177)

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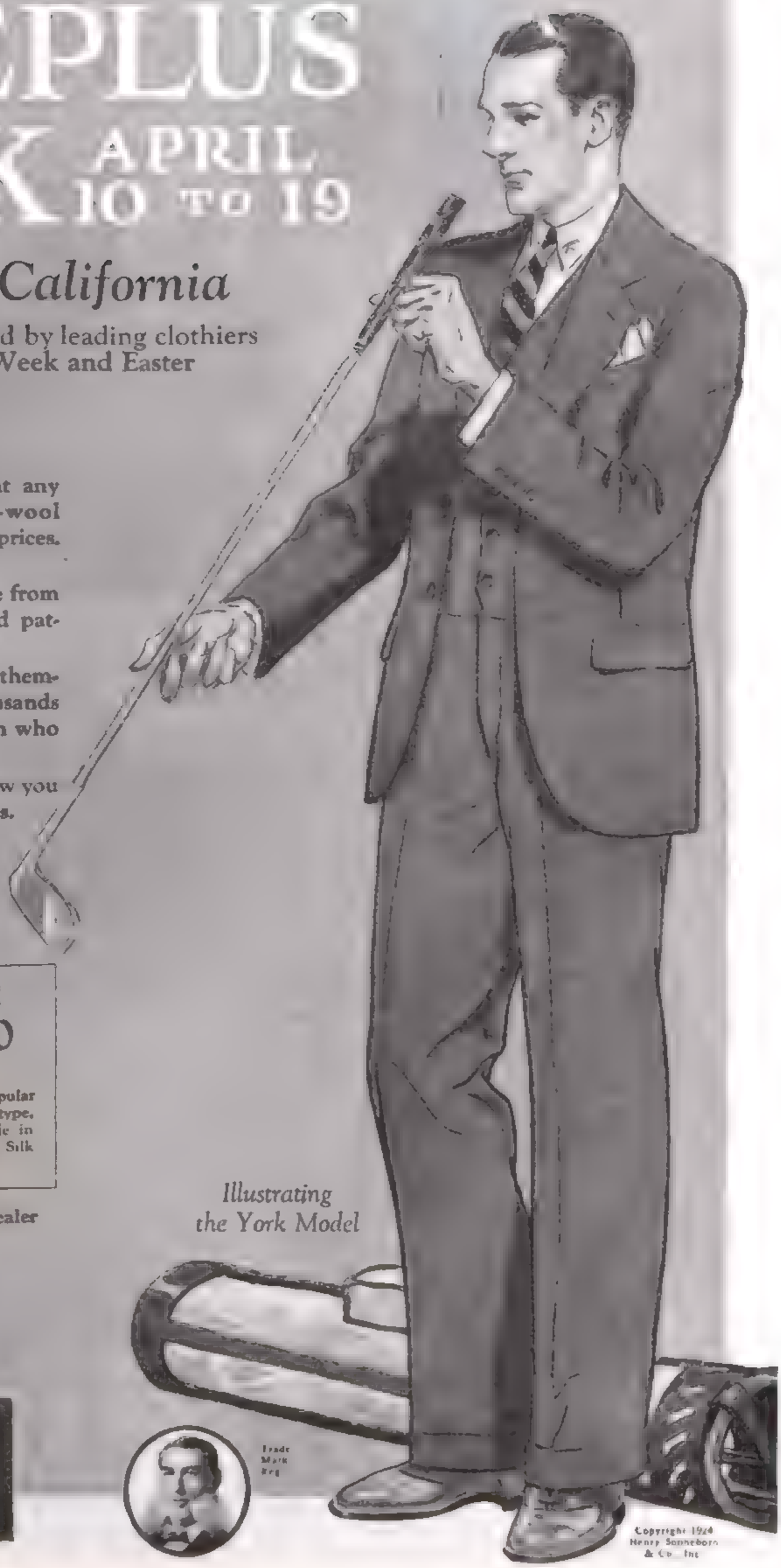

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Illustrating the York Model

Trade Mark Reg

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(Continued from Page 174)

simply pup tents, and to call them shelters was to pay them an undeserved compliment. Moisture seeped through. Moisture is so hard to ignore, Sally found, as she wrapped her blankets around her, and watched the rain spouting down outside. The sky had grown grim as a murder jury and black as a judge's robe.

"Oh, Hayden!"

"What, Sally?"

"How long do you think it will rain?"

"Not more than a month."

"I hate you!"

"Did I turn on the rain?"

As twilight fell the rain stopped as abruptly as if it had been turned off by a plumber angel. Sally and Hayden crawled from their damp pup tents. She was bedraggled, bitten, hungry. Her blond hair had lost all vestige of wave and stuck tight to her head. Her dress was creased in a hundred places and dabs of sand clung to it.

"I must look as messy as an unmade bed," she remarked.

She noticed he did not deny it. Hayden Eaton, in his time the best dressed sophomore at Princeton, no longer merited that proud title. He was more whiskery than ever, and looked thinner. His knees, she thought, were distinctly lumpier. Sally heard him fumbling and muttering around among the supplies, and then he began to chant a disconsolate litany:

"Ants in the flour,
Damn, damn, damn!
Chiggers in the sugar,
Damn, damn, damn!
Centipedes in the beans,
Caterpillars in the peas,
Spiders in the coffee,
Damn, damn, damn!"

He moved off toward the trees and returned after some minutes.

"Dinner, Sally," he called.

"What are we having?"

"Bananas," he replied brusquely.

Sally began to weep softly.

"I h-h-h-hate bananas!"

"Well," he observed, "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you'll have to learn to love 'em." He ate one. "Your love for bananas," he continued, "will have to grow, here in Nature's garden, like some lovely flower, slowly, inevitably, imperiously, until banana calls to banana ——"

"Stop, Hayden Eaton! You're a great big heartless b-b-b-brute!"

"I'm a banker," he replied, devouring another banana, "and I wish this second I was sitting down to a fillet mignon in the Luxor Grill."

"I wish you were too!" flashed Sally.

"Why, Sally ——"

"I hate you, Hayden Eaton! I hate you!"

"Sally! Please don't say that. What have I done?"

"I will say it! You haven't done anything—right. You're a whiskery, skinny, lumpy-kneed brute! You can't make coffee, you can't cook beans, you can't set up a pup tent; and I'm wet and hungry and miserable and I wish I'd never come to this awful place."

He came over to her and tried to take her hand, but she drew away sharply.

"Don't touch me!" she cried. "Don't you dare!"

"But aren't you my mate woman?"

"No!"

"Aren't we going to be married on the great altar of outdoors?"

"No! Never, never, never! I detest you!"

"But it's going to be such a good night for a wedding. See, Sally? The stars are coming out."

"Let 'em," she sobbed.

"But, Sally, don't act like this. I admit I'm no Basil Harcourt ——"

"Don't you dare mention his name again!" she cried. "Oh, I want to go home, I want to go home!"

"So do I," Hayden replied. "But it can't be done. Here we are and here we stay. Thank God, there are plenty of bananas!"

"You—you—brute!"

"Don't call me that again, Sally Montgomery!" His voice had grown sharp. "You're no bunch of orchids yourself, you know."

"How dare you call me names, Hayden Eaton?"

"I'll call you what I please." His temper was departing. "I'm master here."

"You are, are you?" She picked up a hatchet and brandished it. "Well, just you lay a finger on me, if you dare, you long piece of nothing!"

"You put that down and listen to me!" He was very angry. "I've stood a lot from you. Now I'm going to tell you a few things. You're a silly, romantic, trash-reading little fool and I'm sick of the sight of you. I may be no matinée idol in these torn, dirty clothes; but don't forget that nobody seeing you now would name any talcum powders after you, Susan Calloway Montgomery. What did you expect here anyhow? You get yourself cast away on a desert island and you're sore because you don't find hot-and-cold running water, French cooking and electric lights. When being cast away doesn't measure up to your dreams of it, you blame me."

He shook an irate finger in her face.

"Did I make it rain?" he demanded. "Did I put spiders in the coffee? Did I throw centipedes in the beans? Am I to blame because you can't eat bananas? Am I to blame because I have lumpy knees and you don't fancy lumpy knees? Stop! Don't tell me Basil never talked like this! Of course he didn't! He never talked like any human being that ever lived. I'm sick of him and all he stands for. I'm not going to wed you on the great altar of outdoors or the little altar of indoors or anywhere else, Sally Montgomery!"

"You're right about that, Hayden Eaton," she retorted hotly. "Go away!"

"Where? To Philadelphia?"

"No; to the other side of the island. We may be here a long time and we might as well settle this right now. We'll divide this wretched island into halves, and you can live on one half and I on the other."

"That suits me."

The moon had come out, silvering the beach. Sally took up her hatchet and with it drew a line along the sand.

"That's the dead line," she announced. "You stay on one side of it, I'll stay on the other. Don't you dare cross it either!"

"And you stay on your own side, Sally Montgomery!"

"No fear! Do you agree?"

"Right!"

He picked up his blankets and his ruin of a pup tent and stepped across the line Once there, he turned toward her.

"I hate you, Sally Montgomery!" he said between his teeth.

"I detest you, Hayden Eaton!" she retorted.

At noon next day the yacht Kardamah hove in sight, and by three o'clock it was headed for New York with Sally and Hayden aboard it.

"Sally?"

"Yes, mother?"

"Come into the library. I want to talk with you."

"Yes, mother. Is anything up?"

"Of course something, as you put it, is up. Come now, Sally, don't try to be naïve before your mother. Sit down there, dear."

Mrs. Montgomery turned on her only daughter a benevolent, understanding smile. Sally had returned to the Park Avenue residence of her parents only the day before. She was exquisite, as she sat there, in a simple but crafty dress of printed India silk of a delicate green. Her small face wore a puzzled look.

"Well, dear," beamed Mrs. Montgomery, "when do you wish it to be?"

"It? What?"

"Your wedding, of course."

"My wedding? Why, mother, I'm not even engaged!"

Her mother raised her eyebrows, but not her voice.

"There, there," said Mrs. Montgomery, "don't feel at all embarrassed in front of me, dear. You know how—well, broad-minded I am. So far as I'm concerned, such a marriage as yours was is binding. But, dear, there's society to consider, and your father's position in the financial world. So I think, just for convention's sake, you'd better have a formal wedding at St. Joan's ——"

"But, mother, I don't want to be married at St. Joan's or any place else."

"No," said her mother soothingly, "of course you don't. I can sympathize with the modern girl's theories, even if I can't wholly approve of them. But a formal wedding can't do you much harm; it might even be amusing. Don't you see, dear, if you were an artist or an author or somebody like that who didn't amount to anything socially, it wouldn't much matter. But you're a Montgomery, one of the

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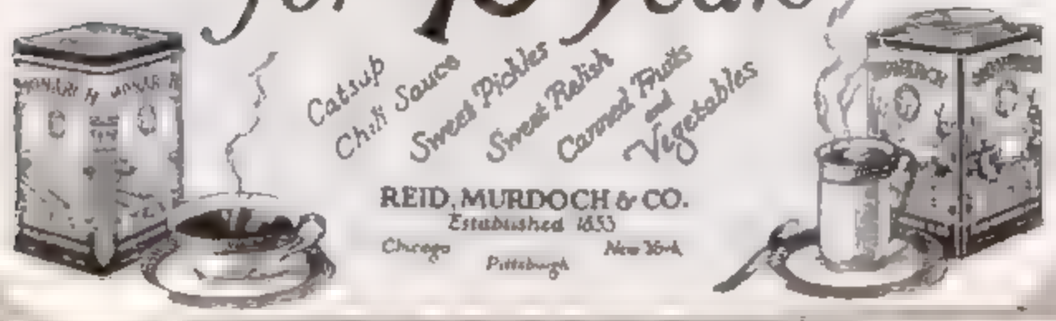

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municipal securities Montgomerys, and Montgomerys always get married in a church. It's the proper thing, dear."

"Mother!"

"What, dear?"

"Whom am I to marry?"

Her mother gave a gulp of astonishment.

"Sally! Don't jest! Hayden, of course."

"Hayden Eaton?"

"How many other Haydens were on the island with you?"

"I won't do it!" Sally announced.

"Sally, you must. A marriage on the great altar of outdoors may be beautiful; it may even be considered, by some, ethical; but it certainly is not legal or correct. Now for your mother's sake, dear, won't you stretch your principles a trifle and at least go through the motions of being married in the accepted way?"

"But, mother, I can't! I hate Hayden Eaton!"

"You hate your husband?"

"He's not my husband."

"I prefer to use that word."

"Use any word you like, mother. I hate him, I tell you!"

"Come now, Sally, you can't fool your mother. You say that just because you have some silly prejudice against ordinary church weddings."

"But, mother, I detest him!"

Mrs. Montgomery smiled.

"It is not at all correct to detest your husband till you've been married at least a year. So be a good girl and we'll give you a gorgeous wedding. You'll have to have one, Sally, that's all."

"Have to?"

"Well, you see, dear, the fact is your father, after conferring with Hayden's father, has arranged to have the wedding take place at St. Joan's next week, Friday the twenty-first. And, Sally, isn't this wonderful? Mr. Eaton is going to give you as a wedding present a beautiful big apartment on Park Avenue, and your father and I are going to furnish it!"

Sally sat as one stupefied. Then she got out, "But—didn't Hayden object?"

Mrs. Montgomery smiled her most serene smile.

"Yes," she replied, "Hayden did—strenuously. It was so droll. The silly boy has the same sort of romantic notions you have, dear. He actually pretended he loathed you." Mrs. Montgomery tittered; Sally was numb.

"Yes, Hayden played the part beautifully," went on Mrs. Montgomery. "He said he'd have to be carried into the church. I never heard of such devotion to a principle. Of course, Hayden's father insisted. Mr. Eaton said, 'Hayden, my boy, a wedding with only the stars for witnesses may be a pretty notion for a bohemian, but not for a banker and the son of a banker.' So the date's been set. You'll have a very nice second wedding."

"But, mother," cried Sally, "there was no first wedding!"

Miss Sally Montgomery and Mr. Hayden Eaton were married at high noon at St. Joan's by Bishop Singleberry on the date set. It was an elaborate wedding, with double portions of invitations, bridesmaids, flowers, ushers and presents all round. Everyone said of the bride, "How charming!" and of the bridegroom, "How handsome!" and some, going into detail, remarked, "What aristocratic legs!"

The Eatons went for a wedding trip to Bar Harbor. They were there two weeks. Sally got home first to their new apartment. They had taken separate taxis from the station. She was in the middle of the large living room, surrounded by bags, when Hayden entered.

"Have you a nickel?" she asked.

He frowned.

"We agreed not to speak, you know," he reminded her.

"Sorry; it won't happen again, I assure you. The nickel, if you please."

He held out the coin to her.

"What do you want?" Sally inquired.

"What?"

"Heads or tails?" she asked.

"I don't follow you, Miss Montgomery."

"I'm going to toss this coin," she said, "to see which one of us gets the north half of the apartment and which the south."

Her manner was entirely cool.

"Fair enough," said Hayden. "Heads!"

"Heads it is."

"Which do you prefer?"

"You won, Mr. Eaton. Kindly make your choice."

"Oh, the north side then."

He stopped as he was collecting his bags.

"But look here," he remarked, "this apartment has eleven rooms. You can't divide eleven rooms in half."

"Oh, yes, you can!"

"How, pray?"

Her reply was to take from a bag a piece of chalk. Hayden watched her curiously. With great deliberation she drew, from wall to wall across the center of the living room, a heavy white line that divided the big room into halves.

"There!" she said. "You may use the north half; I'll use the south. That line is the dead line. Please stay on your own side. I intend to stay on mine."

"Fair enough," said Hayden, and retired, humming, to his rooms.

Presently he heard a phonograph's loud voice raised in an Indian love lyric—a song which, for some reason, he particularly disliked.

"*Pale hands I lo-o-ve* ——"

He came out into his half of the living room, stalked to the center till his toes just touched the chalk line, and standing there addressed Sally with frozen politeness:

"Miss Montgomery."

"Yes, Mr. Eaton. Were you addressing me?"

"I am venturing to take that liberty."

"What do you wish?"

"Is that necessary?"

"What?"

"That maudlin caterwauling."

"That lovely music?"

"That is a question of taste."

"Yes, it is necessary. I always unpack to music."

"It is most annoying to me."

She tossed aside something frilly she had been unpacking from a trunk, approached to within a foot of the line and swept his figure with icy eyes.

"Permit me to point out," she said, "that the phonograph is on my side of the line. What I do over here is no concern of yours, Mr. Eaton."

"Permit me to point out," he retorted, "that the music comes over to my side of the line."

"I'm not in the least interested in what happens on your side of the line," she replied, and returned to her unpacking.

He strode back to his quarters, slamming the door. Soon he returned, bearing a ukulele. Flinging himself into an easy-chair on his side of the line, he began to bay in a dolorous barytone a college song:

"*Australia booze is a very fine booze,*
Keep away, keep away!
It makes you as tight as a new pair of shoes,
Keep away, keep away,
Keep away, my bonnie, bonnie boys ——"

Sally opened the doors of the phonograph and added her own high soprano to the tenor on the disk.

They heard outraged thumpings on the floor of the apartment above. With a gesture of surrender, Sally turned off the phonograph. Hayden laid aside his ukulele.

Two weeks passed. Sally and Hayden worked out a technic for sharing the same apartment, and even the same living room, without giving any sign that one was aware of the other's existence. Each morning Sally drew a fresh chalk line across the living-room floor. Each morning Hayden went to his work downtown, and each evening, after dining at his club, returned. Sally busied herself during the day with her social duties and with the day nursery she and some other Junior League girls managed. In the evening she curled up on a sofa on her side of the living room and read a novel. Hayden, sprawled in an easy-chair in his own territory, read too. She noticed that he was wearing a particularly good-looking gray suit, but she made no comment. He noticed that she had had her hair shingled a new French and very fetching way, but he gave no sign that he was aware of it.

He could not, however, suppress a little start when he came out of his room that night, dressed in his evening clothes, at just the second Sally emerged into the living room from her own quarters. She, too, it seemed, was going out for the evening, and she was wearing the dress she had worn the last night they were together on the Robinson Crusoe Roof. There was something about that dress —— A smart fashion journal would have described it: "Here is a fluttering frock of palest pink chiffon, soft as a butterfly's eyebrow, with

(Continued on Page 181)

Your house is slowly burning up Paint & Varnish—and nothing else —can save it!

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The Garland business was founded more than fifty years ago with that thought uppermost in the minds of the men who have built it into the largest quality stove business in the world.

Instead of thinking only of manufacturing processes—of iron and steel—Garland thought in terms of flesh and blood, of comfort and convenience, of saving and daily satisfaction.

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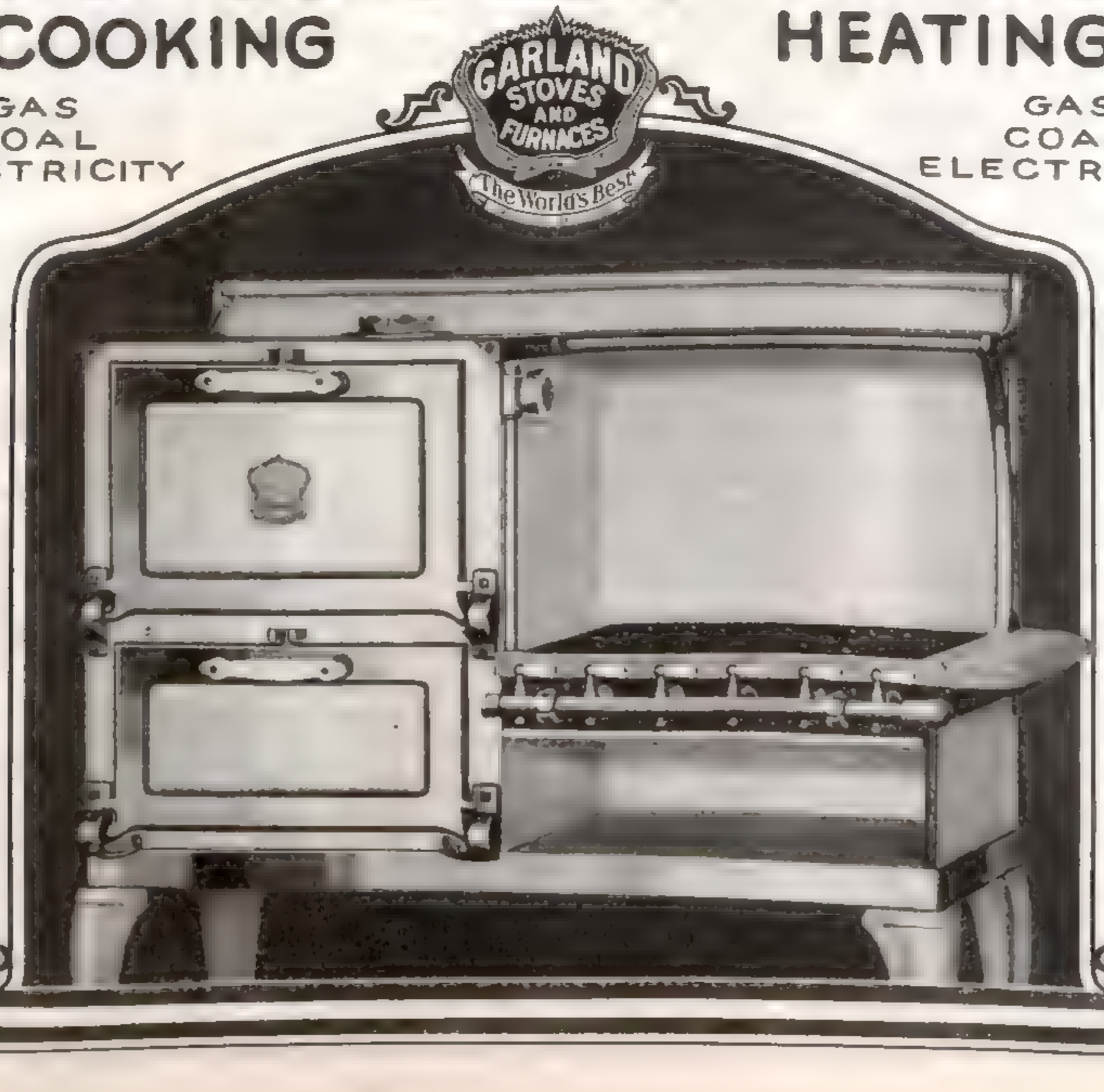

(Continued from Page 178)

the elusive *je ne sais quoi* that breathes the breath of Paris. Glimmering glints of *diamantées paillettes* dance like fairies in the pink clouds that fade away at the tiny silvery slippers."

Nor could Sally entirely stifle a short exclamation as she saw him. Then her eyes fell on the chalk line and her lips tightened. Tossing her cape about her bare shoulders, she swept from the room, heeding him no more than a candlestick.

Hayden saw Sally the minute she entered the Robinson Crusoe Roof. He had been listening, without the least interest, to one of Barry Estridge's interminable golf stories, at a table with Barry's wife and his plump sister Gwen—the one that giggled—and his eyes were straying about the room, when Sally came in with a party of young people. When Hayden noted that her particular escort was Tubby Munn, Hayden bit his lips. He had never liked young Mr. Munn, deeming him a youth with more clubs and millions than his accomplishments merited; and he found his dislike for that well-nourished young gentleman somehow accentuated by the way Tubby gripped Sally's elbow as he steered her to a table. Nor did he derive any pleasure from the way Tubby looked at Sally. Of course, Hayden assured himself, she was nothing at all to him; but even so, he thought she might have insisted that Tubby should not hold her quite so tightly when they danced. He was dancing with Gwen Estridge, when his eyes met Sally's. Her eyes widened ever so slightly when she saw him and his companion. Then she and Tubby whirled away and were lost in the dancing forest of black-and-white-garbed men and the kaleidoscopically clad women.

When Hayden Eaton returned to his table, Barry Estridge paused at the tenth hole of his golf story to exclaim, "Why, look, Hayden, there's Sally! I thought you said she was ill and couldn't come tonight."

"Why, so it is!" said Hayden. "She must have made a miraculous recovery."

"Bring her over here," urged Barry.

"But she came with the others," demurred Hayden. "I'm afraid it wouldn't be proper, according to the book of etiquette, to steal her away." He thought he intercepted a look between Mr. and Mrs. Estridge. So he added hastily, "But I guess they'd understand."

He went over to Sally's table.

"Ah, good evening," he said. "So you did come, after all."

She smiled mechanically.

"It looks so," she replied.

"Now that you are here," said Hayden, turning on his most jovial manner, "I suppose you'll give your old husband one little dance."

"I might."

"Thanks. Let's make it this one."

"Sorry, but I've promised it to Basil ——"

"To whom?"

"To Basil—Basil Munn."

"Oh, I forgot. They did christen Tubby, Basil, didn't they? Somehow I always think of him only as dear old Tubby." Hayden turned to the fat young man. "Tubby, I know you won't mind lending me my wife for ten minutes."

Mr. Munn's small eyes were not exactly cordial; it was even conceivable that he had been drinking; he usually had been.

"That's up to Mrs. Eaton," he replied gruffly.

Sally stood up. She looked first at Hayden, then at Tubby

"Come on," she said, and extended a small hand to Tubby. "Come on, Basil."

The others in the party had left the table and were dancing. Tubby started to rise. But Hayden, placing both hands on the fat young man's shoulders, sat him down again smartly.

"Sa-a-ay, what ——" sputtered Tubby Munn belligerently.

"You're going to sit out this dance," said Hayden Eaton in a voice of surprising hardness, "with yourself."

"I am not!"

"I advise you," said Hayden, in that same surprising tone, "to remain seated."

"I won't ——" began Tubby, and then he saw Hayden's face. He remained seated.

Sally stepped between them, crying, "Hayden, what's the matter with you? You're acting ridiculously!"

He faced her.

"You're coming with me, Sally." His tone was, if anything, harder.

"Where?"

"Come!"

She hesitated a second, then followed him. He led her to a table in the corner—an out-of-the-way table cut off from the rest by thick palms. It was their old table Below, Broadway screamed, rattled, grated, roared

"Sit down," he said sternly.

"Hayden, I'll not be ordered around."

"Sit down!" She sat down.

"Hayden, how dare you act this way?"

"What way?"

"Oh, so sort of primitive. Almost coming to blows with Basil."

"With Tubby!"

"With Basil!"

"Tubby, I say! Tubby, Tubby, Tubby!" He had raised his voice.

"Oh, very well," she said, "with Tubby then. What do you mean by it?"

"I won't have you going about with that overgrown ape, that's all!"

"Oh, won't you? Well, what about you going round with that insufferable giggling Gwen Estridge?"

"Well, what of it?"

"Nothing of it. You know perfectly well, Hayden Eaton, that you mean nothing to me."

"And you know you mean nothing to me, Sally Montgomery."

"Then why make this fuss about Basil?"

"Tubby! Tubby, I tell you!"

"About Tubby then?"

"I simply can't stand seeing you with that low-minded elephant, that's all."

"Can't you, really? Why not, pray?"

"After all, you're my wife."

"After all, I'm nothing of the kind. The law may say so, but I don't."

"Even so, I won't have you associating with that leering hippopotamus."

"He isn't a leering hippopotamus."

"He is! I know him! He has fewer morals than a hop toad."

"Indeed?" Sally was scornful. "I suppose you have a right to talk—you and your Gwen. She's the silliest little flirt in New York! What you can see in her ——"

"Sally!"

"What?"

"I believe you're jealous!"

"I? Me? Jealous? The idea! What about you? I thought you were going to bite poor fat Tubby."

He played with his glass, and said, "Sally?"

"Well?"

"Do you remember the last time we sat at this table?"

"Yes."

"You said you were fond of me."

"Did I?"

"Yes; and you were, Sally; and I was mad about you."

"You were?"

"Sally"—he leaned across the table and spoke earnestly—"I still am. Look at me, Sally."

He spoke her name in that old tone. She did not look up.

"Sally," he whispered, "you are the lovehest thing in life."

"You didn't seem to think so on the island."

"I think so on this island—Manhattan Island," he whispered. "Oh, Sally, don't you see? Romance isn't a place; it's a state of mind. We went to that wretched place to find romance, and instead found blisters and bugs and rain and discomfort ——"

"—— and bananas."

"Yes, and disillusion. Don't you see, Sally, it's only in foolish books that a man can forget facts like blisters and bugs and rain and hunger ——"

"—— and bananas?"

"Sally! You're smiling."

"Hayden! So are you!"

"Sally"—he took her hand—"look. What do you see up there?"

"The sky. It's alive with stars."

"And what do you hear?"

"The noise of Broadway."

"What is this place?"

"The Robinson Crusoe Roof of the Hotel Luxor."

"No, Sally, no; it's the great altar of outdoors, and that noise is our wedding march. Oh, darling wife, will you marry me?"

When they reached their apartment, the first thing Sally did was to run to the living room. Hayden, hurrying behind her, found her on her knees in the middle of the room.

"Sally! You'll ruin your beautiful dress using it for a mop!" he cried.

"Huh!" she replied, smiling up at him. "I guess a little chalk won't hurt it."

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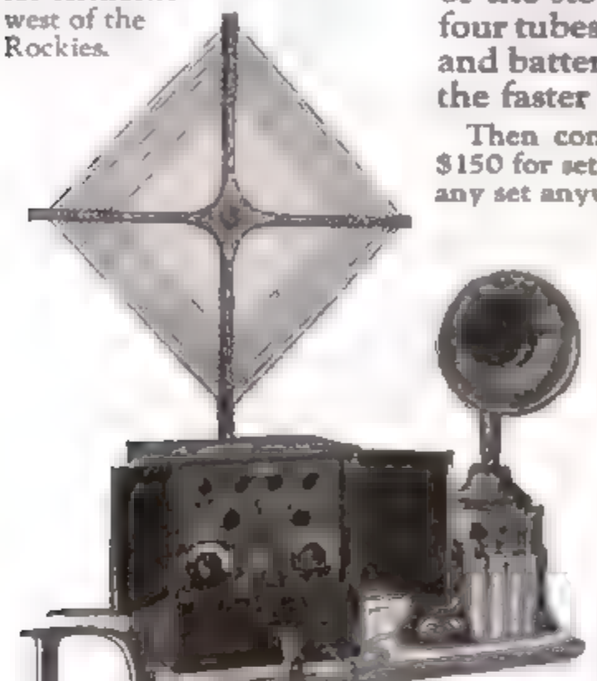

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THE DIARY OF A DUDE WRANGLER

(Continued from Page 27)

question. Nor can I tell you of how another woman, extremely well known, after I had seen her for only an hour or so, broke down and wept on my shoulder and told me the curious story of her life. . . . Most people's lives are curious. Nor can I tell you of how demure business men have told me illuminating incidents or recited to me their dreams. In a high altitude one dreams vividly. A certain demure business man—he was in the leather business—dreamed for two weeks that he was a poet and Nero. Nor can I even tell you of how a boy, originally sent out from the East, threatened for a couple of years to kill me. Why, I don't know, for I had done him nothing but kindness. And if I cannot tell you these things, how can I tell you other happenings far more odd and interesting?

But in passing, I would like to add that this business of people threatening to kill you is a strange affair. You cannot live long in any sparsely settled country and be busy about anything, without threats of the kind being made. Sparsely settled country or otherwise, however, nowhere does life consist so much of minding your own business as in trying to prevent others from minding it for you. The most peaceable man in the world cannot always avoid trouble if he stands up for his rights. Although as a rule he can avoid serious trouble if he makes his stand and remains there and goes no farther.

Most of the people who from time to time have threatened to kill me in various parts of the United States haven't bothered me very much; indeed, the majority of them are good friends of mine today. A certain type of man, if he lives in a lonely country, is likely to speak that way in moments of anger; and since the majority of these particular men were courageous they were not deadly. Besides, it is seldom the man who says he is going to kill you who does so. The man you should watch is the enemy who says nothing.

But in the case of the boy who threatened me I was actually troubled, for he was of the type that in good company is a good citizen and in bad company becomes the material out of which many a bad man is made. In the wrong sort of company, he might very well have killed a man just to show that he could do it. Moreover, he complicated matters by taking to himself a wife who agreed with his threats, and on the whole murder is more a feminine vice than a masculine one. I don't mean homicide; I mean murder. Women are more violent than men. They are aware of a physical inferiority, and they are also aware that punishment is less likely where they are concerned than in the case of a husband or brother or son.

A Dangerous Threat

There was a thick fringe of timber bordering the place where this boy and his wife lived, and for a while at dusk it wasn't an especially pleasant place for me to pass, although I had to do so frequently. Finally a threat more outrageous than the rest reached my ears, so the doctor and my foreman and myself rode down to see what it was all about. We rode up to the boy's cabin and dismounted and knocked. We had been told that if we set foot upon his place we would be shot at sight. His wife came to the door, gulped; and then, with magnificent *savoir-faire,* welcomed us in.

"You're just in time for dinner," she said. "Come in."

We turned a corner and the would-be murderer jumped to his feet, his face a sickly green. Throughout the visit nothing but the highest courtesy was observed.

There is an old Western saying that "Mr. Colt has made all men equal"; something the Constitution couldn't do. The best application of this aphorism I ever heard was when word was brought to a small man that an enemy, six feet two and weighing about a hundred and eighty pounds, had registered a vow to knock him down the next time he saw him and stamp out his teeth with the steel-shod heels of his cowboy boots. The little man, unperturbed, looked up at the messenger.

"You like So-and-So?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Good friend of his?"

"Yes. . . . What're you driving at?"

"Well, tell him he's done the most dangerous thing a big man can do—he's threatened a little man. Tell him the next time to pick out a man exactly his own size. More big men have died because they've threatened little men than from any other cause."

I don't think the cause of the rich—especially the rich by inheritance—has ever been stated justly either in the courts of earth or the courts of heaven. I wish that some day someone would write a philippic defending the rich and enlarging upon their virtues and their handicaps. It is folly to talk about the sorrows of the workman or the harried middle class when you have the rich always before you. Where is there a greater obstacle to happiness than an immense fortune? No man—barring illness—is unhappy who has something to work for; but the rich are finished. Having watched them from close at hand for many years, I am prepared to agree with the Biblical statement about the eye of the needle; but on the other hand, I will qualify the statement by saying that I am surprised how many millionaires are going to get to heaven anyhow. You can't keep some of them out, for like the mythical camel, despite all temptations not to do so, some of them have learned to swallow their humps.

Misery From Money

The attitude of the world, especially that of America, is amusingly illogical where great wealth is concerned. The average American—there is no doubt about it, unfortunate as it may be—has but one desire, and that is to become a millionaire; and yet he knows if he becomes a millionaire he will be hated by 99.5 per cent of his fellow citizens; a 99.5 per cent that is trying to do just what he has done. Where is there a more absurd spectacle, and possibly dangerous one, than the average motion picture, put on by a millionaire producer and a director earning anywhere from fifty to seventy-five thousand dollars a year, which depicts none the less the follies and the uselessnesses of the rich? Some day I am going to write a scenario in which the gentleman of whom the shrinking heroine is so much afraid turns out to be a fairly decent fellow after all, as most gentlemen are, and the honest farm boy becomes a gunman and cocaine fiend, as so many of them do.

I am not defending either of these points of view; I am merely stating facts. I think it is silly to want to be a millionaire, but I think it is equally silly to talk against wealth when wealth is really what you want yourself. Cure your own soul first. Laws can do a great deal, but the evils of wealth will not be cured until humanity is wise enough to know what all sensible rich men know—and that is that vast amounts of money, far from bringing freedom and delight, inevitably bring misery and unceasing labor and spiritual amputation.

At all events, I'll say this for them—for the rich: My observation has been that among all the classes on a dude ranch the very rich are frequently the easiest to get along with. They like dude ranches; the life answers a crying need they have for simplicity; although, indeed, that applies to almost everyone. Having been a hard-working rancher myself, I never could exactly understand why people liked dude ranches so much—or any other place where they were unemployed—until I began to think what city life, what ordinary life, was like. Then I understood. If I were forced to live in a city I would travel, when I could, ten thousand miles and spend all I had, to gain a little peace and avoidance of complexity. Men and women are battered and torn to pieces by the very things the poor think they would like to buy.

Little as mature people change fundamentally, Wyoming, taken in large doses, can still sometimes do much for them, especially perhaps the pathetic rich. I have one good friend who came to the ranch with eight wardrobe trunks, a French maid and an incipient nervous breakdown. If it hadn't been that the French maid hated the country her mistress would have left at once; but since the French maid was so unpleasant, her mistress decided to send

(Continued on Page 185)

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A Desk Section for your receipts bills and change
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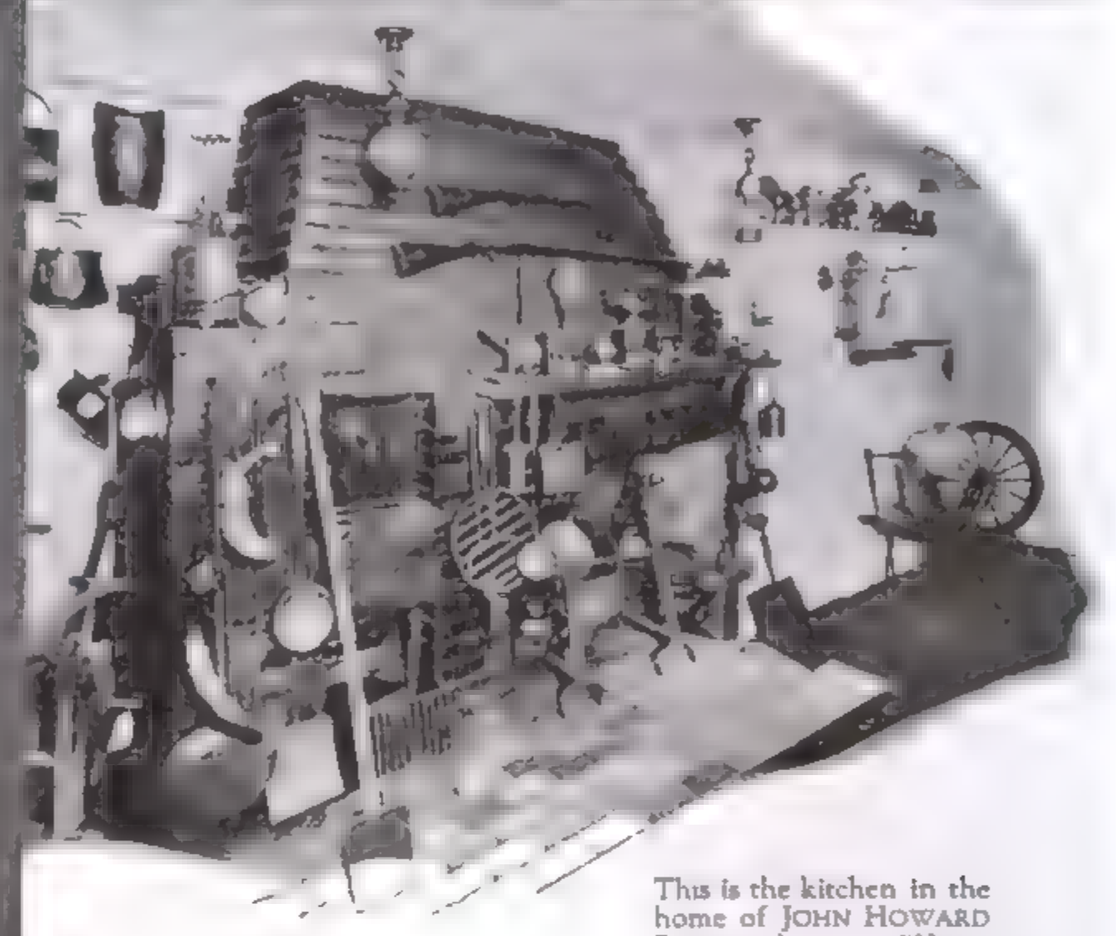

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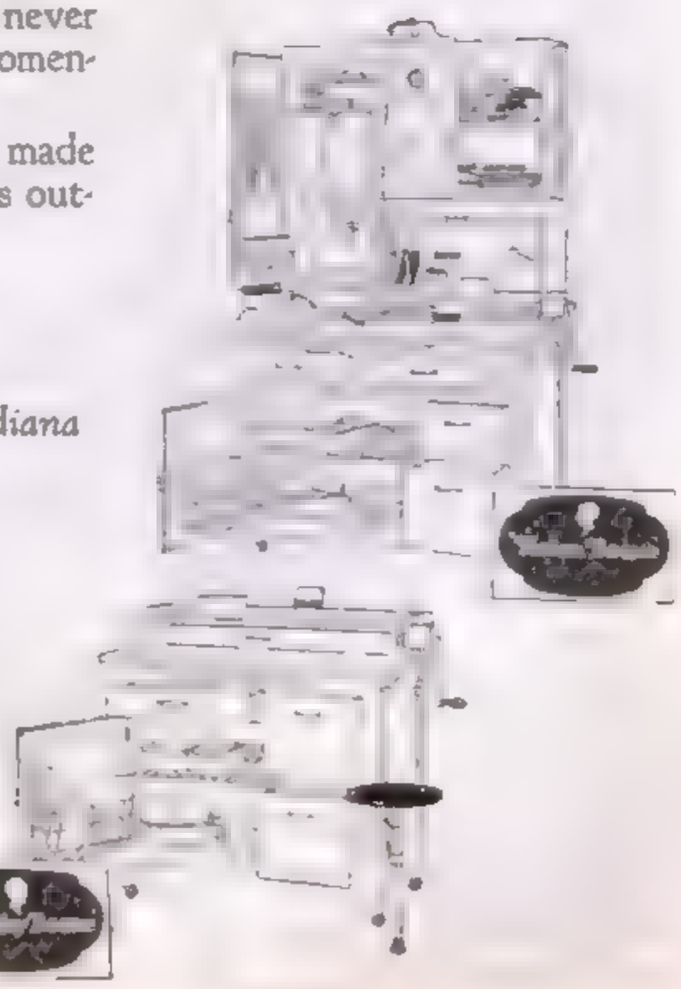

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2. *The finish did not last well in front of stove, sink and table.*
3. *Hard to keep clean.*
4. *Attractiveness of kitchen spoiled.*

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Name and Address

(Continued from Page 182)

her home and stay herself. The splendid rule of perversity was at work. The eight wardrobe trunks couldn't be got into any cabin, and for a week they remained out in the weather, spilling mysterious white things over the sagebrush. That was nine years ago. Today this same victim of an incipient nervous breakdown is a hunter of big game and has a ranch of her own. Whatever else Wyoming may have done for her, it has most certainly prolonged her life many years.

The business man, the executive, the prominent professional man, are amongst the most interesting types we get at the ranch. Perhaps the most amusing thing about them is their universal passion to return to their boyhood or young manhood, and work with their hands. The passion bears out the theory that the Greeks were right when they explained the connection between brains and body and contentment. Most of these business men like camping because they like to share in the actual work of camp, and most of them like to live in log cabins because they feel that they are starting housekeeping again, and because a log cabin gives so much opportunity for tinkering. They are prouder of some little contrivance they have made at the blacksmith or carpenter shop than they are of all the business honors that have come to them.

I have already spoken of how the doctor with whom I first came to Wyoming spent his time building rustic furniture. Last summer a retired engineer, a lawyer, who is also a writer, and a banker occupied many of their hours by putting up a fireplace. They wore overalls and caps and smoked pipes and got themselves covered with mortar and were as happy as the day is long. I came back one evening and saw them on the roof of the cabin to which the fireplace belonged, outlined against the sunset, inspecting their completed work. It was one of the most engaging conferences to watch I have ever seen. Their appearance was that of substantial stonemasons; their seriousness would have done credit to the most conscientious of mechanics, of which there are very few left. These were nice fellows; your heart warmed toward them. I came to the conclusion that if you wanted careful work done you should hire wealthy professional and business men.

The Adventures of Mrs. Smith

In the West they speak of a man as having the fear of God in his heart. This does not in the least imply that he is religious; it means that through some experience or the experiences of a lifetime he has arrived at a proper humbleness regarding his relationship to other men and his surroundings. The Greeks had a word—I cannot remember it now—expressing the same idea. A bad horse may put the fear of God into the heart of a man who thinks too much of his riding, a courageous man may put the fear of God into the heart of a bully. It is a beautiful phrase, and any man who really has this fear in his heart has also in his heart a major portion of Christian ethics.

*

We once got a lady on a horse and couldn't get her off again.

At least it seemed for a while as if we weren't going to get her off. We had had great difficulty in getting her where she was and it was impossible to persuade or force her to dismount. We had procured for her the quietest horse we had in our band, a gentle bay creature named Just So, so gentle and dude-broken that when, the previous summer, he had been ridden by a woman who experienced difficulty getting into the saddle, he had been known to edge over closer to her each time she missed her objective. Yes, that is a fact! Like all storytellers, after having told many stories, I would like to put my confirming sentences in capital letters.

Just So stood with his kind eyes fixed on the distance and shook his ears a trifle to keep off the flies. One of my partners and myself were busy fixing the lady's stirrup leathers. We were arrested by a high thin inhuman voice and looked up to see the lady staring straight ahead of her as if afraid if she moved her head she would fall off.

"So!" she was saying. "So! That is just what I heard about the West! You take a woman who has never ridden and then give her a broken saddle."

You seldom see pallid fear—naked fear; and when you do see it it is an uncomfortable sight. Most people, no matter how afraid, try to conceal fear to some extent. The lady didn't.

"Madam," I said, "we are adjusting your stirrups; people's legs are not always the same length."

For a moment she was silent, and then she added, "Take me off. This is a much too vigorous horse for me." I repeat without change her words.

"He is not a vigorous horse," I replied soothingly. "This is old Just So, the quietest horse in Western Wyoming. If you fall off he will stop and pick you up."

"Take me off!"

"Try a little ride."

"No, take me off."

"Very well." But when we invited her to dismount we found ourselves just where we had started.

"I can't get off," she announced icily.

"Take your right leg," I said slowly, "and swing it over the saddle. Take your left foot out of the stirrup and slide. We will catch you. In other words, reverse exactly what you did while getting on."

"I can't," she repeated. "Don't argue with me. There are some things some people can do and there are other things they can't—it's a matter of psychology."

"But, madam," I said at length desperately, "what in God's name do you propose? Either you will have to get off, or else we will have to tie your horse to a hitching rack and leave the two of you there until he dies under you; and it won't be a bit easy to eat your meals where you are."

Horses, Horses Everywhere

It is easy to be ashamed of your fellow human beings. When we started there was no one in sight but the lady and my partner and myself; but when we finished there must have been at least forty people gathered in a circle, and each time a word was said it was greeted with shrieks of laughter and contortions expressing mirth. A few rolled on the ground; one man took photographs; and I am sure that several ranch hands, who couldn't possibly have known what was going on, came in from adjacent fields. The problem was solved by the sudden appearance of our foreman, who innocently rode around the corner of a saddle shed.

"Here, Joe," I said, giving him the lady's hackamore rope—I owed him something anyhow for several recent practical jokes—"Mrs. Smith"—Smith will do as well as any other name—"wants a little ride down country. Lead her."

And without being aware of his victim's anguished cries, Joe set off at a gentle trot.

I am sometimes ashamed of my fellow human beings, but there were moments during that episode when I wished painfully that I was in that carefree outer circle.

After that "Mrs. Smith" rode every afternoon on a lead string—she had a curious way of saying that she was going to ride a block or two down the road—but she never got to like riding. She said you got sand in your clothes, whatever that might mean. We had at that time on the ranch a very melancholy mature man with a drooping mustache. He was a queer man, for when he finally left the valley he left with six or seven decrepit milch cows intending to drive them all the way to Arizona. We appointed this man to catch "Mrs. Smith" when she dismounted. The ceremony occupied several minutes and was invariably witnessed by numerous uninvited guests. There was much backing and filling on the part of "Mrs. Smith" and innumerable statuesque poses on the part of the rescuer. Naturally the lower-minded around the corrals twitted the unfortunate man about his job and implied erotic secrets. After a week or so he came to me.

"Look here," he said, "I like you and I like this outfit fine—I ain't got one single complaint. But if I have to keep on a-catching of this here lady I'll have to ask you for my time."

By and large, "Mrs. Smith" was as fantastic a traveler as we have ever entertained. Horses depressed her; she would sit for hours looking at the mountains and brooding about horses. Once she called me over and confided this to me in her absent-minded voice.

"A pretty country," she said, "but filled with horses; horses everywhere. I look in one direction, and there's a horse; I look in another direction, and there's another horse. Too many horses."

The day she left, the car that was to take her over the pass did not arrive on time, so I commandeered a small buggy that was

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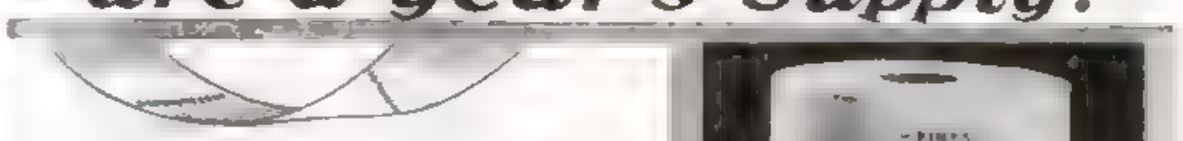

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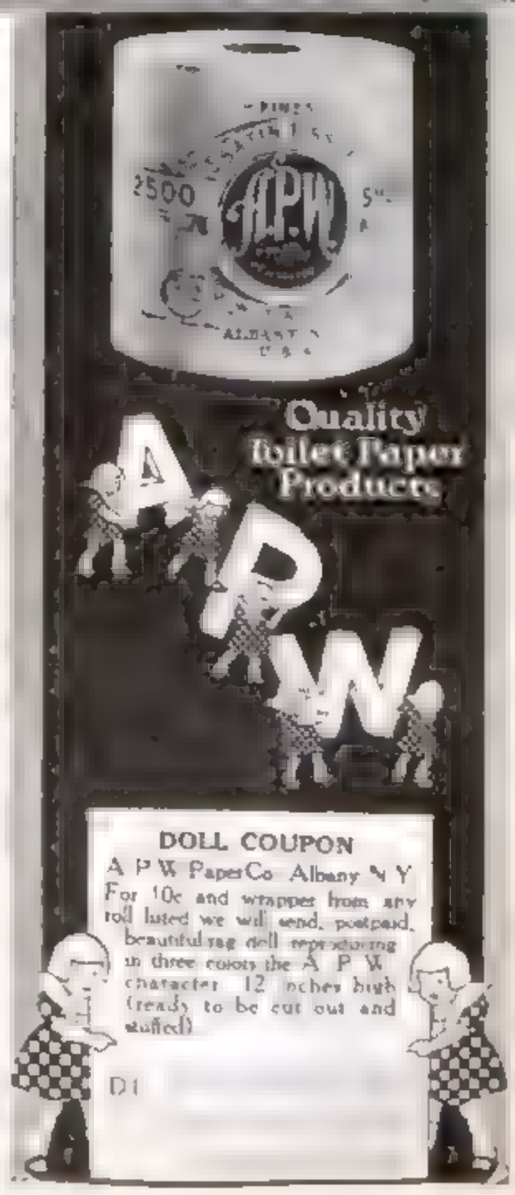
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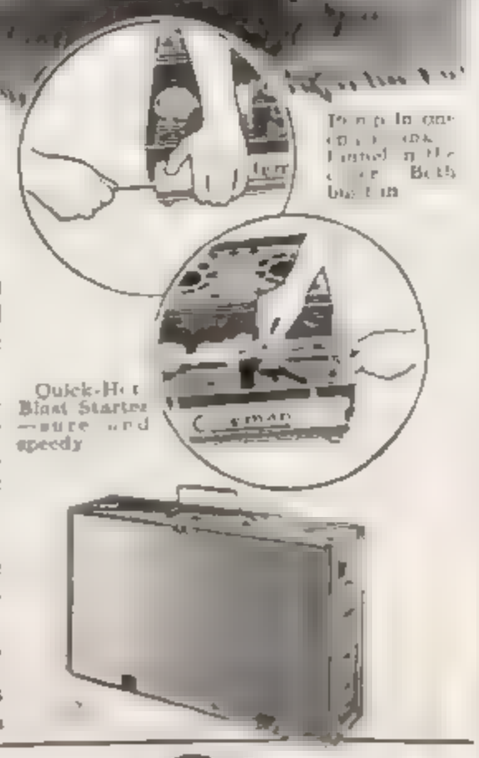

Coleman Camp Stove

TRADE MARK REG.

going down country and asked the driver to set "Mrs. Smith" off when he met her original conveyance. She climbed drearily into the narrow seat. It was raining. She stared at the misty hills, then her eyes met mine.

"Horses again," she said.

Naturally in a place where horses are given everyone to ride, where they are so much an intimate part of life, they are the subject of infinite debate and frequent disagreement. There is something curious about horseback riding and fishing and camping, anyway—at this point I can hear the silent cheers of all expert fishermen and guides and dude wranglers and lovers of horses. With the exception of writing, the only three pursuits I know the majority of people think easy of accomplishment without any previous preparation are fishing and riding and camping.

It is easy to see why they think this of writing. Writing uses as its material words, and of course words are the commonest things there are—almost everyone possesses at least a couple of hundred—and 99.5 per cent of the American people feel that if they only had the leisure they could do about as well as Galsworthy and Masefield; and of this 99.5 per cent, at least 50 per cent intend to retire some time—from the delicatessen business, or bootlegging, or stockbrokering—and dash off a couple of novels. I am collecting a book of quaint remarks.

At least six times a month some old friend whom I haven't seen for a long time asks me, "Are you still writing?"

"Why, yes, of course. Are you still banking?"

But why this insouciant attitude should be prevalent about riding and fishing and camping remains to me still a mystery; except it be, possibly, that these things have been done by the human race for so long a time and that the stuff of which they are made is only ordinary life transposed.

I suppose they look easy. All you have to do to ride is to get on a horse and stay there. To pervert a lovely poem, "Give a man a horse he can ride, and in a week or two he'll tell you all about it." And all you have to do to catch a fish is to find some water, put together a fairly complicated bit of rigging, and then, grasping the rigging firmly in both hands, lift it above your head and bring it down like a Russian knout. As to camping, what is that? Nothing at all but living in the woods. . . . Sarcasm is so generally misunderstood that I hope you understand I am being sarcastic.

As a matter of fact, there are no more complicated sports in the world than fishing and riding; no sports more delicate and complicated. And the ability to take care of yourself in a wilderness, or comparative wilderness, is not intuitional. You can blunder through by what are known as main strength and awkwardness if you are lucky; but you have to be lucky.

The Versatile Doctor Van Dyke

A dry-fly fisherman stalks fish as a hunter of big game stalks rhinoceroses. But even without dry-fly fishing, I have waded a river time and again between two men, one of whom was getting a strike almost every time he cast and the other of whom failed to get even a rise.

There is a clergyman and university professor—also a poet and short-story writer and essayist and diplomat and naval-reserve officer; I might as well tell you his name; he is Henry Van Dyke—who casts one of the most beautiful flies I have ever seen. Incidentally, he is one of the most charming men to be out in camp with I have met in many years of camping. He is seventy-one, but he is a hardy, courageous gentleman and a veteran camper. Two years ago the doctor came to my ranch. It was late in August and the fishing in the Snake River—the finest trout fishing, in my humble opinion, in the world—was just coming in. As usual several accustomed fishermen had gathered for the occasion, but they had not been having very good luck. The river wasn't in condition yet; possibly something had happened to spoil the fishing for good. The little doctor—doctor of divinity—arrived at noon. He had his lunch and afterward disappeared. I saw him crossing a field with his rod and basket. In a few hours he returned with ten fish, the biggest weighing five pounds and the others from one pound to three.

The moral, of course, is that if you get lost where there are signposts you should not blame the highway commission.

And what applies to fishing and camping applies equally, and more so, to horses.

It costs us and every other dude ranch thousands of dollars annually to maintain our bands of saddle ponies. In our case we not only have to think of replacing every year the misfits and cripples, the mares that have colts, the horses that die, but we have to think also of winter feeding. To feed a hundred or so horses requires at least two hundred tons of hay; and dude horses are in a class by themselves—they are not easy to feed. They must have a combination of qualities rare in any single animal, and certainly nonexistent in the human animal. They must be young, fast, easy gaited, gentle and infinitely wise; and yet they must have plenty of life as well. We have combed the country for our cayuse, and are still combing it. Some of our horses come from Idaho, from Blackfoot, or the Bannock Indian Reservation—although Indian ponies are to be avoided. Like their masters, they have no heart. The favorite Indian method of breaking a horse is to tie everything movable on him and then turn him loose. At the end of a few days the horse is broken—but his spirit is broken as well. Some of our horses come from Wind River—the ranches over there, or the Arapahoe or Shoshone Reservations; although, if possible, we avoid the latter as much as we do the Bannock Reservation. An Indian is a difficult person to buy a horse from anyhow: he won't sell unless he is hard up. You have to catch him in just the right mood. Many of our horses are picked up singly, here and there, as we happen to come across them. We are continually buying and inspecting and trading.

A Left-Handed Rider

Given a chance, we will guarantee to teach anyone, old, young, male or female, to be comfortable in a Western saddle within a short time; but we are not always given the chance. Sometimes prospective riders won't even take the trouble to find out what a cow pony is, let alone believing you when you tell them.

It is astonishing how well the dude horse takes care of his charges. Our older horses actually get a conscientious look in their eyes, and it seldom takes more than a year or two for almost any horse we buy to become wonderfully tourist-broken. I have seen the ignorant perform about them, and on them, feats that would leave the cowpuncher gasping. Twice I have seen people get on backward. Yes, it is true! They put the right foot in the left stirrup and with the utmost abandon swung the left leg over the horse's head and landed facing the horse's tail—an exploit difficult even for the trained rider. I will do them the justice, however, of saying that there was a slightly bewildered expression on their faces when their respective horses, being well-trained horses, set off down the road. One of these acrobats was a learned and absent-minded judge who had never ridden before; but the other was a woman who had fox-hunted all her life, though never on anything but a sidesaddle.

A couple of summers ago the doctor discovered a young man getting on his horse from the wrong side. Now only Indian ponies are broken so that you can get on from the right. Most white men's ponies will kick you if you try it, for a horse is even more conventional than a Philadelphian. The doctor called the young man's attention to his error.

"Oh, that's all right," the young man said cheerily; "I'm left-handed."

I once saw a boy weighing about a hundred and ninety pounds try to swing on his waiting pony relay-race fashion—that is, by grabbing the horn and vaulting into the saddle without using the stirrups. He missed his jump, and his right heel catching in a pack he had tied on back of the cantle, the whole affair turned with him and left him, securely entangled, swaying gently backward and forward underneath his horse's belly. As a general rule, the one thing that sends a horse completely insane is to have the saddle turn; and I did not know what to do, for I was twenty feet away and on foot and was afraid that if I made a jump I would only make matters worse. The gate was open and there was no particular reason why the horse and what was left of its rider shouldn't have ended up in Yellowstone Park a day's journey north. But as a matter of fact, the horse did nothing. He trembled in every limb, and after a while, very cautiously, looked down between his forelegs at his squirming burden. I think that if you do something sufficiently

(Continued on Page 189

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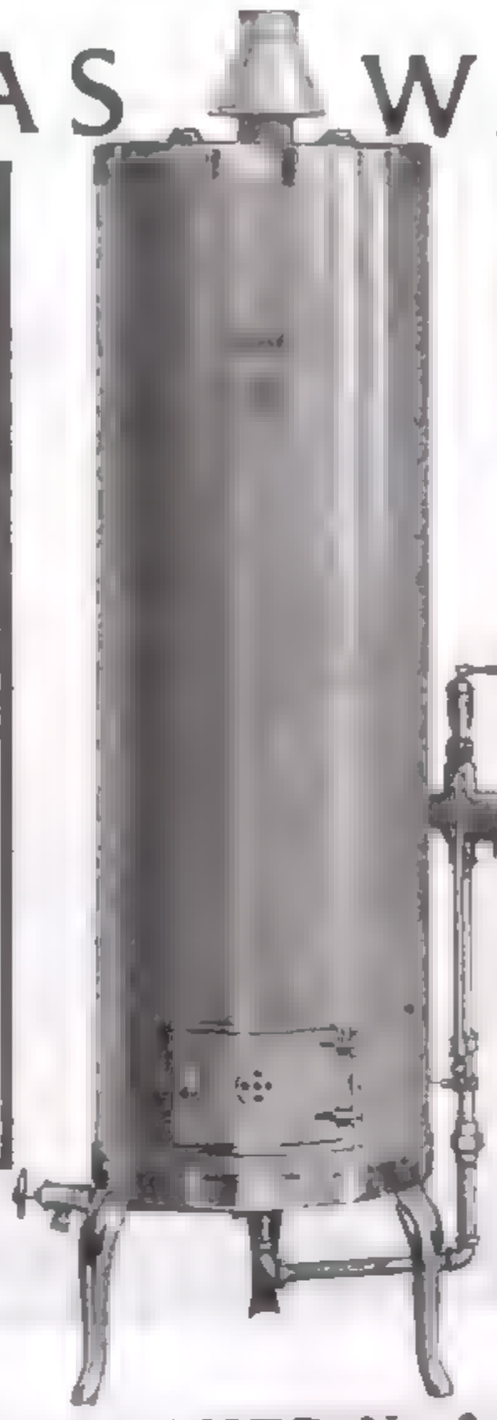

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(Continued from Page 186)

outrageous to a horse frequently you buffalo him—"buffalo" being a Western equivalent for "rattle." He says to himself, "Great heavens, this must be rather a fellow. I don't believe I had better try anything with him!" However, anyone who wants to make such investigations can do so without expecting me to follow.

After many years of dude wrangling, in a moment of passionate reflection—and this is not a contradiction in terms, for moments of passionate reflection are the moments in which all poetry is written—I composed the following epic, and it is now posted in a conspicuous place on the walls of our main cabin. I give it gladly to the world and to other dude wranglers. It is entitled, Something About Western Horses:

Please do not ride your horses about the residence cabins or tie them to trees. The reason for the first request is obvious; the reason for the second is that ropes kill trees.

Learn how to tie a bow-line knot and a tie knot.

Remember that the most dangerous part of riding is the mounting and dismounting. More people are hurt getting on or off a horse than in any other way. Be careful!

Learn how to put on a Western saddle and be particularly careful of your saddle blanket. If the saddle blanket rides back on a horse it is likely to give him a sore shoulder.

Let your horse drink whenever he wants to. The hardest thing to find in the West is a water-foundered horse.

But do not let him eat while on the trail. Nothing spoils a horse quicker than this.

When stopping for lunch give your horse a chance to feed. Do this by keeping bridle on but slipping bit out of mouth. Be sure, however, that your reins are untied. Better still, take off your bridle and let your tie rope trail. Do not loosen saddle—although many experienced riders do. In any case, watch your horse from time to time so that he does not leave you afoot. Learn his disposition in this respect. Western horses are trained to stand when the reins are on the ground, but most of them forget this training to some extent.

Whenever you mount your horse be sure that your cinch is all right. It does not, however, have to be too tight.

If your horse stumbles, look at his feet and his legs. If there is nothing the matter with them, then there's something wrong with the rider. One of the purposes of reins is to keep your horse awake and on his feet. Few sound horses, properly shod, have a habit of stumbling except for two reasons—carelessness on the part of the rider, leg weariness on the part of the horse. The latter is due to continual riding. A horse hates to fall just as much as you hate to have him fall.

If your horse fails to keep up with the others, or has tricks you don't like, or is lazy, before you blame him, figure out how much you really know about riding—or if you are an experienced Eastern rider, how much you know about Western riding. Riding is a lifelong study. If you watch five cow-punchers you will see that each one has a totally different horse, but that all ride abreast. Only Indians and tourists ride single file in an open country. Remember that a horse knows all about you the minute you are in the saddle. He sizes you up a lot quicker than you can size him up.

A fast walk is not a natural gait. Use your heels. It is, however, the most useful gait for distance riding a horse can have.

Loping, trotting or hurrying a horse over rocks or a rough road is like running over mountains with hobnails. Try it!

Always start your horse off quietly and do not hurry him at the beginning of the day. A good rider brings his horse in fresh at the end of the day and also makes quicker time than the man who has no mercy on his horse. Only in Western novels do people gallop endlessly over the prairies. A cow-puncher on a round-up has a string of horses like a polo player.

For most of your riding use a slow trot and a fast walk. Every now and then lope your horse for a change; he likes the fun of it. But save most of this for the end of the day when it is cool.

Remember that Western saddle horses are grass-fed; and also that, instead of going out for a brisk canter of an hour or so, or hunting twice a week, you are using your horse continually and making trips of from five to twenty miles each time you ride.

Almost anyone can learn to stay in a saddle under ordinary circumstances, especially a Western saddle; but out of every hundred riders anywhere there are only a few horsemen and horsewomen. It's a fine thing to be and makes riding twice as much fun.

When you ride, be riding all the time. That is, think of your horse and what you are doing. It's a sport you might just as well be absent-minded playing tennis or football. If you don't keep your mind on what you are doing, some day your horse will make a fool out of you, or you will make a fool out of him.

If you injure your horse by carelessness or lack of mercy, please be ashamed. Everyone else will be for you.

Please don't forget that Henry Ford has invented the only thing that works without rest and without much need for brains on the part of the person in control.

In short, treat your horse as you would like to be treated yourself and you can't go far wrong. In any quandary think of this. He is not a machine. He is a living creature, and what brains he has are working continually.

To this there has recently been added an addendum, the addendum having more to do with what is known as road manners, or horse etiquette. It was composed by a well-known professor of law, who, although he had done no riding until he came to Wyoming, was able within three weeks to get to the heart of things. The result is an example of what trained powers of observation and an analytical turn of mind will do for a man:

How to be Popular on the Trail

I. When approaching a gate, place yourself in the middle of the party. This will insure your not having to open or close it.

a1. (The numbering is not mine but is the professor's.) If you succeed in managing so that one of your companions is left to close the gate it is on the whole better to proceed without him. This prevents delaying the main body, and may result in an accident which will enliven an otherwise uneventful day.

a2. If any of your companions exhibits any defect or peculiarity of horsemanship, do not fail to call it at once to his or her attention. Or better still, imitate him or her to his or her face. This will speedily cure the fault and will restore the external harmony of the party.

II. If the leader of your party seems to wish to slacken his pace, lope past him at full speed. This shows your superior staying power and has the added advantage of starting his horse up when he least expects it.

III. By the same token, the best way of starting your horse is to ejaculate "Click! Click!" This acts broadly to startle all other horses and contains the element of surprise.

IV. An excellent method of ridding your horse of flies is to let him rub his head against your companion's horse, or better still against your companion's knee.

V. One way to avoid a reputation for being fussy or an old fogy is to lope your horse around a blind corner.

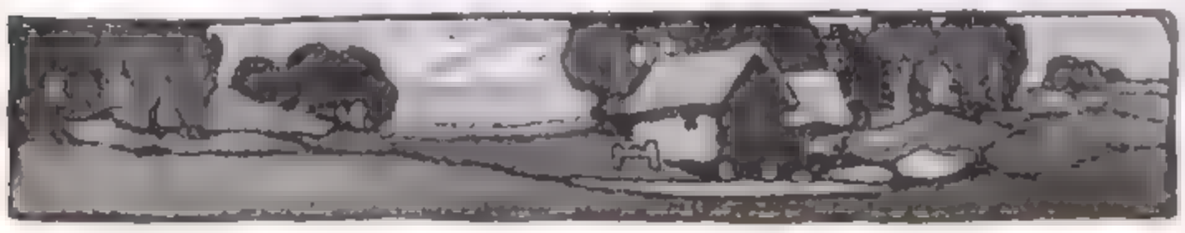
VI. Perhaps the pleasantest place for a lope on returning to the ranch is between the gates of the ranch inclosure. There are not as a rule enough children so that their rights or safety have to be regarded.

a1. On the return from the ride visit the kitchen and bother the cook. Remember that you are welcome there day or night, and that cooks are easy to obtain.

VII. The East was settled before the West, and therefore knows more about riding. Treat, in general, suggestions in regard to horses made by Westerners as so much bull.

It is frequently a pleasure to be facetious. Caricature, as all politicians know, sticks in the mind longer than the best of portraits. An absurd or an unpleasant incident is, unfortunately, more dramatic than a pleasant one, save when the latter is heroic, and is always more dramatic than the usual pleasant average of intercourse. There is not much to say about the usual pleasant average of intercourse or the usual pleasant person. These things and persons stir your heart but do not stir your lips. The more you love a woman the less you like to talk about her; the better you like a friend the more the friendship becomes unconscious, like breathing or fine weather.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Burt. The next will appear in an early issue.



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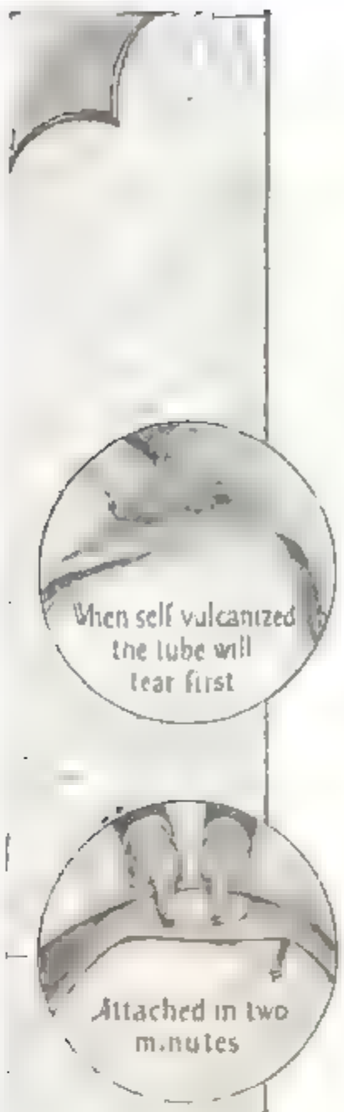

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THE BLACK GOLCONDA

(Continued from Page 11)

only actual cash that they ever put into the oil business. After establishing themselves as modest producers on the first lease, they organized the McMan Oil Company, utilizing the first syllable of one name and the last of another to form the corporation title. McFarlin and Chapman were good traders and were endowed with vision and courage. They increased their Glenn holdings out of receipts from oil sales, and when the Cushing and Healdton fields in Oklahoma, and subsequently Augusta, in Kansas, came in, they became important factors in all these areas. The golden touch was theirs.

The most remarkable and the culminating feature of their career was the sale in 1917 of all their properties—they included a pipe line, tank farms, with 2,000,000 barrels of oil, and undeveloped leases aggregating 80,000 acres—to the Magnolia Petroleum Company, one of the Standard group, for $35,000,000. Practically all this sum was paid with Magnolia stock, which immediately after rose considerably in value. Such was the dividend on the original $700 invested in a small Glenn pool lease. The story of oil probably contains no more extraordinary evolution of a small sum into such princely proportions.

The Glenn pool was merely the prelude to the Cushing field. Here was a spectacular development that focused the eye of the world on Oklahoma. It is one of the most remarkable chapters in the larger story of American oil.

In the spring of 1912 C. B. Shaffer was wildcatting in Creek County, almost in the geographical center of the state. In what came to be known as Wheeler sand—it got its name from the owner of the farm upon which the work was being done—he brought in a well which was the forerunner of the treasure of Cushing. Extensive exploitation of Cushing did not begin until the following year, when wells producing 10,000 barrels a day were no uncommon occurrences, with a 15,000-barrel gusher as an occasional diversion.

This matter of Wheeler sand requires no explanation. Petroleum is found in sands, as I explained in a previous article. These sands vary in different fields. Among oil men some fields are almost better known by their sands than by their official name. One of the richest of the Oklahoma strata is Bartlesville sand. North Texas has its Woodbine sand in the Powell and Mexia fields. In some areas there are half a dozen different kinds of oil sand. At Tonkawa you can see four wells closely spaced, each one having tapped a different kind of sand, which contains oil at different depths.

Eat, Drill and Be Merry!

Once Cushing field got under way, a drilling campaign of a character never before witnessed in the mid-continent region began. The roads, which were ribbons of mud during the wet season and beds of dust when dry, were alive every hour of the twenty-four with endless caravans. Thirty-four hundred producing wells reveal only part of the hectic tale of activity, for there were also many dry holes.

Representatives of the major companies and a host of independents swarmed in. Fortune played its usual pranks. The impoverished farmer of one week was rich the next from lease money and the prospect of huge royalties. Cushing, the nearest railroad point, which gave the field its name, had the usual magic transformation, although here was more law and order than prevailed at Kiefer. The paraphrased rule might well have been: "Eat, drill and be merry, for tomorrow the field may be dry."

Output soared. From 8,250,000 barrels in 1913 there was an expansion to 27,500,000 barrels in 1915, when the peak was reached with an average daily production of 315,000 barrels. This was a record until Powell in Texas and Signal Hill in California took the palm.

Haste always makes waste. Pipe-line construction utterly failed to keep pace with the frantic drilling. No adequate market existed for so vast a flood of high-gravity crude. High-gravity oil means oil with a large gasoline content. At that time the automobile had only begun to come into its own, and the gasoline demand was small as compared with today. What was to be done with this tidal wave of petroleum? The character of the soil as well as the quality of the oil prohibited the use of earthen storage except as an emergency measure and to afford temporary relief. The unprecedented situation demanded a key and this key was storage. Approximately 53,000,000 barrels of steel-tankage capacity had to be constructed to handle the flood.

The history of Cushing is the same narrative of rise and fall as that of every other one-time producing section. That daily average of 315,000 barrels is but a memory. At the time I write the original domain, together with all the adjacent pools, produces only 29,000 barrels a day, and this is steadily declining. It is only when you examine the fate of such pools as Glenn and Cushing that you begin to understand the uncertainty of the oil business, and understand why there must be an incessant hunt for new areas. Again you realize that uncertainty is the mother of production.

Cushing field brought fortune to many people, but to none with the same degree of picturesqueness as to Jackson Barnett. In him you encounter the first of the Oklahoma redskin millionaires.

Jackson Barnett is a full-blood Creek Indian and is now in his seventy-third year. He received an allotment of 160 acres of land in the Creek Reservation, which comprises a large part of Creek County, Oklahoma. Much of this land is rough and stony, and the surface is of value only for grazing purposes. The Cushing pool is in the heart of it.

The Rush for Cushing Leases

After the discovery well in Cushing was completed there was a scramble for leases, and in the natural course of things Barnett's acreage was sought. Technically, he is what is known as incompetent. An incompetent Indian is one who is either mentally or morally incapable of administering his affairs. In such cases—and there are many in Oklahoma where the Indians have such valuable land properties—a white guardian is appointed by a court.

In Barnett's instance incompetency was more than a technical appellation. In 1912 he knew scarcely a word of English, was illiterate and absolutely ignorant of business matters. His wants were simple and he spent his life hunting, fishing or tramping the countryside. His home was a rude cabin in a clearing in the woods. The one delicacy that he indulged in was a daily bowl of chile con carne.

When the competition for Cushing leases started, Barnett's allotment naturally figured in the running. Since he was unable to do business himself, a guardian of both his person and his property was named. This guardian immediately sold an oil-and-gas lease upon Barnett's holding for a cash bonus of $4600, reserving for the lessor the usual royalty of one-eighth on the oil and gas produced. This lease had to be approved by the Secretary of the Interior.

Barnett's farm—it was really only a farm in name—proved to be the most prolific tract in the whole Cushing field and has produced more than 8,000,000 barrels of crude oil in addition to a vast volume of natural gas. In bonus and royalties the Indian's estate—for so it is officially designated, although he is still alive—has been enriched so far by more than $2,000,000.

To the average person, regardless of color, such a swift influx of wealth would have turned the head and led to an orgy of spending. Not so with Barnett. With a fortune standing to his name, he found it impossible to spend more than his customary fifty dollars a month. All that he required to satisfy his wants was the old cabin in which he lived, a gun, a pipe and a pony. His guardian was in despair to find some means of spending the income. One day he bought Barnett an automobile. It was spurned, and the millionaire Indian rode off on his pony and spent the night in the woods. He was then tempted with a fine riding horse, but this also failed to appeal to him. He clung to his mustang.

What the male sex failed to accomplish with Barnett was achieved by the female. Two years ago he married a white woman who was able to increase his scale of expenditure somewhat. From her he has also learned a little English. The Barnetts now live at Beverly Hills, a suburb of Los Angeles. Despite the widening of his social

(Continued on Page 193)

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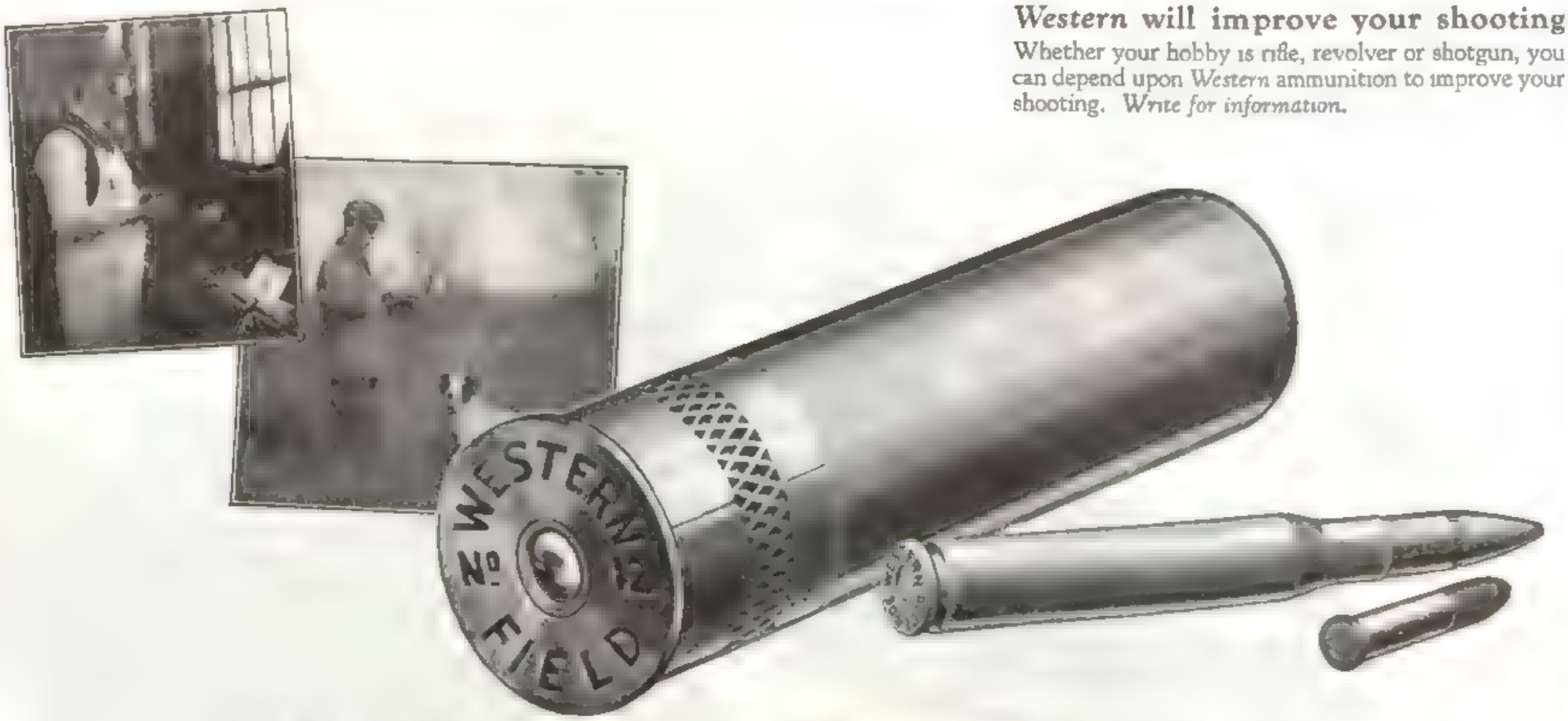

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(Continued from Page 190

horizon, he still regards chile con carne as the last word in food. The major part of Barnett's fortune is held in trust for him by the Department of the Interior, which has invested it principally in Liberty Bonds.

This reference to Beverly Hills reminds me of a story about some rich Oklahoma Creek Indians who moved to Hollywood to try to spend the royalties from their oil lands. They rented a furnished house in one of the best quarters of the community. The owner was the possessor of a blanket collection and had assembled them from all over the world. Some hung on the walls and some covered couches.

One day he went to take a look at his house. To his surprise he found that most of the blankets had been removed from where they hung or lay and were rolled up in the corners. He also observed that none of the beds seemed to have been slept in. Upon investigation he learned that the Indians had reposed on the floor with the landlord's fine blankets rolled around and under them.

For every Creek made superprosperous by petroleum there are scores of Osages. In consequence they are the richest group of people per capita in the world. Just as the Cushing pool was located on a section of the Creek allotment so does the Burbank field flow with wealth on part of the Osage Reservation. We now come to the real high spot, so far as human interest is concerned, in the Oklahoma oil drama.

Fully to understand this extraordinary turn in the tide of Osage affairs you must first get the background. The story of Oklahoma is essentially the story of the last stand of the North American Indian. What is now the state of Oklahoma was formerly Oklahoma and Indian Territories. Here the red man was segregated behind what was believed to be his final frontier. At the outbreak of our Civil War, Indian Territory and part of Oklahoma were owned exclusively by the so-called Five Civilized Tribes, who were the Cherokees, Creeks, Chickasaws, Choctaws and Seminoles. Like many of their bronze brothers, they had trekked from the far South to find hunting grounds west of the Mississippi.

The Lucky Osages

The Osage tribe, though less numerous and affluent, also had its Odyssey. Once it roamed Alabama and later settled in Kansas. These nomads were destined to still another change, this time to what is now a part of the state of Oklahoma. The reason for the transfer, which eventually proved to be the ill wind which blew gilded good, was that the Federal Government wanted the Osage lands in Kansas for the white farmers. It therefore purchased 1,500,000 acres in the then Oklahoma Territory from the Cherokees for about seventy cents an acre. The area became the Osage Reservation and is now Osage County. The proceeds of the sale, aggregating $1,099,137.41, was the nest egg, as it were, out of which the present Osage millions have developed.

Formerly all the Osage lands were held in common by the tribe. In 1907, under authority of Congress, a census, or what is more technically known as a tribal roll, was taken. The tribal lands were then subdivided and allotted among the members, each receiving 657 acres, or practically four quarter sections. This allotment carried title to the surface alone. The oil, gas and other mineral interests in the land were reserved for the tribe until 1946, when the acreage can be sold outright without reservation.

At the present time there are 2229 Osages, the remnants of a once powerful line. However, there is no need to indulge in any sentimental emotions over their plight. What man overlooked in his custodianship of them, Nature supplied.

For four years prior to the establishment of the tribal roll, oil and gas had been discovered in small quantities on the Osage holdings. The belief began to grow that here might be the scene of a big mineral development some day. It was one of the factors that dictated the tribal roll which enabled the Indians to share jointly in the proceeds. When the roll was made every Osage—and this included all the men, women and children alive at midnight on December 31, 1906—secured a headright which enabled him or her to have an interest in the tribe's bank roll. A headright is the unit of division of the lands and moneys of the tribe.

By this time the Osages had some inkling that their land was valuable. They were therefore eager to have as many headrights in the family as possible. Epectant mothers hoped that the expected would happen before the census flag fell. One boy who was born at 11:50 on the last night of 1906 was called Johnny-on-the-Spot. A luckless girl baby who came into the world half an hour after midnight was dubbed Mary-too-Late.

Yet some people contend that the American Indian has no sense of humor

There is such a wealth of fascinating detail in the romance of Osage wealth that it is difficult to know where to begin to tap it. Even the first lease, executed in 1896, had its element of drama. This was the so-called Foster lease upon the whole reservation, and was in favor of Edward B. Foster, of New York. In view of the many millions paid more recently for leases on small parcels, it is interesting to know that the Foster arrangement called for royalties of fifty dollars annually for each gas well and one-tenth of the oil produced. Equally striking is the fact that because of the inaccessibility of the Osage Reservation, due to the lack of highways, railroads and bridges, it was almost impossible to induce oil operators to go into the field. The output was therefore inconsiderable compared with the present yield Despite the handicaps, the Osages received $2,734,985.98 in royalties from oil and gas between 1903 and 1912.

The Marland Discoveries

One by-product of the Foster lease will serve to show how fortune early played its pranks on the Osage oil lands. The original Foster lease and all its interests were concentrated in 1902 in the Indian Territory Illuminating Oil Company, which executed a sublease upon a certain section of land in favor of Fred T. Boston. In oil history this place is known as the Boston farm. Four years later, Boston, for a consideration of $2500, transferred his sublease to the Gypsy Oil Company, the Oklahoma branch of the Gulf. The Gypsy organization at once began to drill wells and obtained good production. When the Foster lease expired in 1916, the Gypsy interest automatically ended with it.

Now for the striking phase. With the enhancement of the value of the Osage lands due to the increasing output of oil, the Federal Government decided to sell the leases by auction, and this plan has been adhered to ever since. The Boston lease went under the hammer, and the Gypsy Company, having the preference right to purchase renewal for the highest bid made by any other competitor, bought it by planking down a bonus of $1,178,955. Yet this same lease fetched exactly $2500 when the Gypsy Company first took it over.

The milepost that marks the beginning of Osage enrichment was set up with the discovery of the Burbank field, which is now the greatest of the Oklahoma producing areas. The element of chance, always present in the search for petroleum, asserted itself here. Large pools in Oklahoma have had a way of showing up in unexpected places, which means that they arrive in the face of every logical prediction to the contrary. Burbank developed in a portion of Osage County that was regarded with such little seriousness as an oil domain that the first leases brought less than ten dollars an acre. Within the last eighteen months they have been leased for $10,000 an acre. This is only the bonus for the right to drill. Once more you have the striking contrast that marks the petroleum business.

In May, 1920, E. W. Marland, one of the most persistent and successful of American wildcatters, who had turned from a fledgling law practice to production at twenty-one, bought a lease near the town of Burbank in the western section of Osage County for $2000. With his first test well he uncovered the Burbank pool, which since that time has produced 64,000,000 barrels of oil. It reached the peak in July of last year, when it averaged 118,000 barrels a day.

This output could have been considerably increased but for a gentleman's agreement entered into by all the operators in the field to cease drilling because of the overproduction in California and Texas. This agreement is the only one ever made between American oil operators to curtail production in an entire field, and was possible because the Government, as custodian of the Osage Indians, who pool their interests, did not compel the operators to

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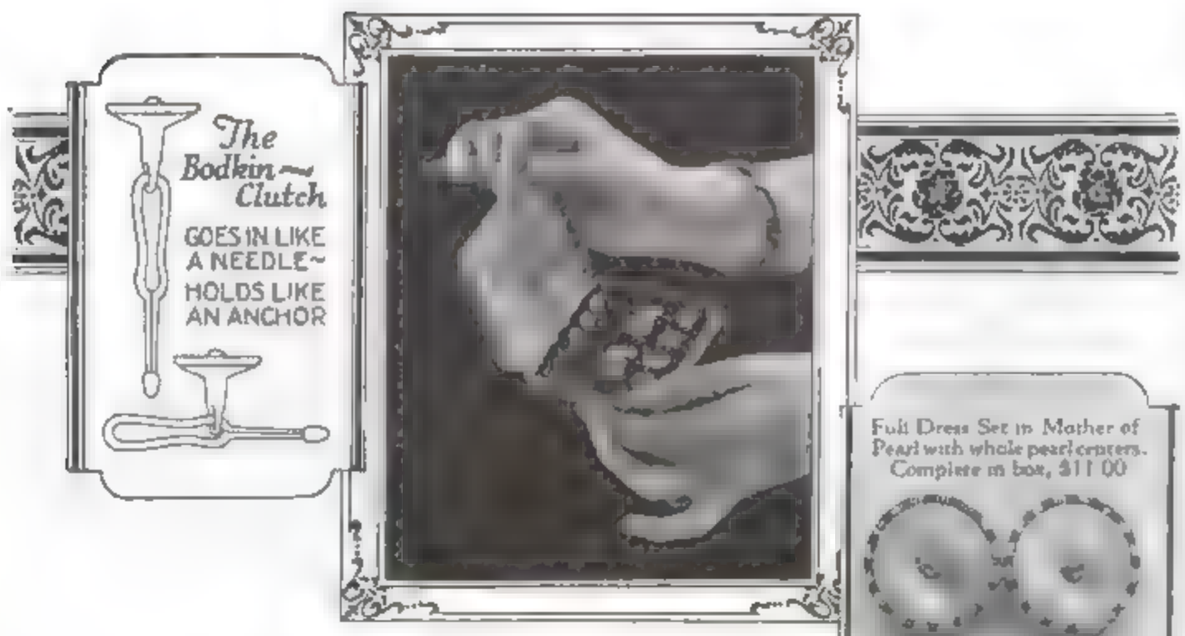
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drill. In ordinary circumstances, and because wells drain one another, every lessor wants his property developed as quickly as possible. Hence the rush production in so many fields. Moreover, any understanding between operators to limit drilling through mutual agreement might be a violation of the antitrust and anticonspiracy laws. With the Government as an interested party, the Burbank compact could be made.

The opening up of Burbank began an intensive development of the whole adjacent area. As always happens when a new field comes in, there was a rush for leases. At such times what is known as the lease hound has his inning. He is the individual who either scents the presence of oil or gets an inside tip about prospective production, and then mobilizes options on lands. Instead of dealing with the sometimes unsophisticated farmer, the operator must negotiate with him and it is an expensive performance.

A lease hound has been known to get a lease from a farmer for $100 and sell it to the operator for $10,000.

The Government wisely decided to sterilize the operations of the lease hounds. Hence the auction sale of all the Osage oil rights. These auctions take place at stated intervals—there is always an extensive advertisement of them in advance—at Pawhuska, the county seat of Osage County and also the seat of the Osage tribe. In summer they are held in the open air under what is known as the Million-Dollar Tree, and during the winter months in the council room of the Osage tribe in the agency building.

The Osage leases have brought the highest prices yet recorded in oil development. Prior to 1920 they fetched ordinary sums, which were as low as $800 for a quarter section. The moment Burbank began to boom the bonuses soared. In June, 1921, fourteen leases brought $3,256,000, while at the December sale in the same year eighteen realized $6,258,000. With 1922 came the first seven-figure prices. One lease went for $1,335,000 and another for $1,160,000. The June, 1922, auction represented a total of $10,504,000. It was at this sale that the Gypsy Oil Company paid $1,600,000 for a quarter section, which is about the record price for a lease so far. Between November, 1918, and up to April of last year, the Osage leases rolled up $37,614,000.

This huge sum, however, only represents a part of the Osage increment. In addition to the immense prices paid as bonuses for the right to drill, the Indians get a royalty, and a special one at that. On all leases that produce less than 100 barrels a day the royalty is one-sixth, or 16⅔ per cent of the gross product. Where the wells yield more than 100 barrels a day the return is one-fifth, or 20 per cent. The ordinary royalty is one-eighth of the oil.

Where the Money Goes

Analyze the Osage returns and you readily see why the red man and the red car are almost synonymous at Pawhuska. Up to the time I write, the Osages have received in bonuses for oil and gas leases alone the sum of $70,520,424.36. For rentals of various kinds the return has been $731,313.24. In oil royalties up to January first of this year there had been netted a tidy $56,044,849.28, of which nearly $12,000,000 represented the 1923 dividend. On natural gas the Osage bank roll has been increased by $6,337,235. From all sources the Osages have garnered a total of approximately $150,000,000. Since only part of the oil formations on the reservation have been developed, and further because the limit of the productive area of the Burbank field has not been defined, there is likely to be a steady increase over a considerable period of years.

At this point the question naturally arises, what disposition is made of all this money? Except the graduates of Carlisle and similar institutions, the average Indian is not equipped to handle or conserve a considerable sum. The Osages, however, given the opportunity, are the finest little spenders in the world. Hence Uncle Sam devised a plan to keep a check on extravagance as far as possible.

The Indians, of course, merely receive the income on their millions. Last year it averaged approximately $12,000 a head. Only in cases where the beneficiary is 100 per cent competent—that is, able to look after his own affairs with intelligence—was the full amount bestowed. The incompetents, such as I have already described, received $1000 every quarter, and this was usually handled by their guardians. Moreover, when a technically competent Indian begins to slather his thousands around he is usually taken in hand by the agent and a curb is put on his desires.

A large number of the Osages are competent, which means that each man has from $12,000 to $40,000 a year to spend. Some are not without a thrift sense. Tom Blackbird, for example, built a $50,000 house at Pawhuska and got a Kansas City firm to decorate and furnish it. Peter Kenworthy erected a $75,000 bank building at the county seat and receives a good-sized annual rental in addition to his headrights. A third, Charles Wah-hre-the, has saved nearly $100,000 and has it on deposit in a Pawhuska bank.

On the other hand, scores of Osages have acquired all the spendthrift habits of the palefaces. They are constantly in debt and daily importune the agent at Pawhuska for advances on their income. Like many of the white race, they regard the Volstead Act as still another crime against the noble red man, with the result that the bootlegger thrives in Osage County. Red liquor for the red man comes high.

The queen of the Osages, both in personal attractiveness and in the extent of her bank roll, is Mary Elkins. She is a full-blooded member of the tribe and recently passed her twenty-second birthday. In the gilded gallery of Indian fortune she is the star exhibit.

The Luck of Mary Elkins

Mary Elkins was alive on that memorable January 1, 1907, when the tribal roll of the Osages was prepared by the Department of the Interior. By reason of her enrollment, four quarter sections of land—640 acres—were allotted to her. Through the death of her parents and certain sisters and brothers, she has inherited the equivalent of seven and a half headrights. These, combined with her own headright, make her the possessor of eight and a half headrights in the tribe. It means that she owns over 5000 acres of Osage lands, and all of it is in the oil-bearing territory.

Although of legal age, Mary Elkins, being a girl, is technically incompetent in the eyes of the law and therefore incapable of transacting her own business. She has a guardian to whom all funds accruing to her are paid. Her return varies from year to year because the headrights depend upon the earnings of the oil land. During 1923 she got as her share $103,000, an income not to be despised. She also has a growing principal that is nearing the $1,000,000 mark. A portion of the funds in her guardian's possession is paid directly to Mary Elkins for maintenance. The remainder is invested in government securities.

Mary Elkins has received a fair education. She has been a student successively at the Haskell Institute, at Lawrence, Kansas, and at a well-known college for girls in Pasadena, California. She has been twice married, in each instance to a white man. With her second husband she now resides at Colorado Springs, Colorado. Notwithstanding her marriage, she is still known, personally and in business, as Mary Elkins.

Some of the original Osage women have intermarried into the best families of Oklahoma. The wife of a leading citizen of Tulsa is a full-blood Osage. She and her children have a good social position. The son of one of these mixed marriages is perhaps the best-known amateur golfer in the state, besides being a success in his business.

There is, unhappily, the other side of the picture. The Osage money tree has attracted the fortune hunter. More than one designing white man has landed a meal ticket for life by becoming the husband of one of these Indian heiresses. The Government is powerless to prevent such performances and can only put a check on expenditures. In the same way, white women, with the aid of conscienceless lawyers, annex the Indian males with one or more headrights. Before long their wrongs begin.

I went to Pawhuska to see these Indian plutocrats at close range, motoring up from Tulsa through the Burbank field, the source of much of the Indian wealth. I had scarcely entered the town limits when I saw a big black limousine driven by a white chauffeur with four Indians as passengers. The red father wore a red blanket draped over a hand-me-down suit, while topping

(Continued on Page 197)

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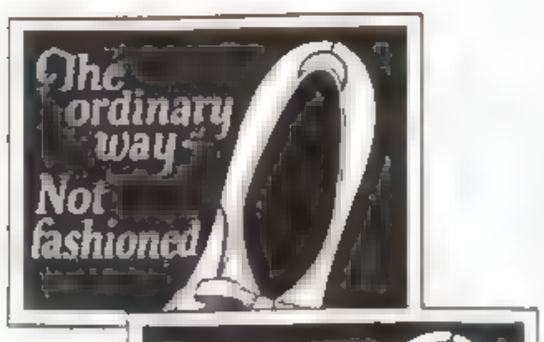

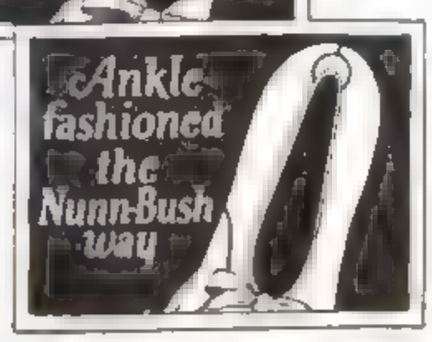

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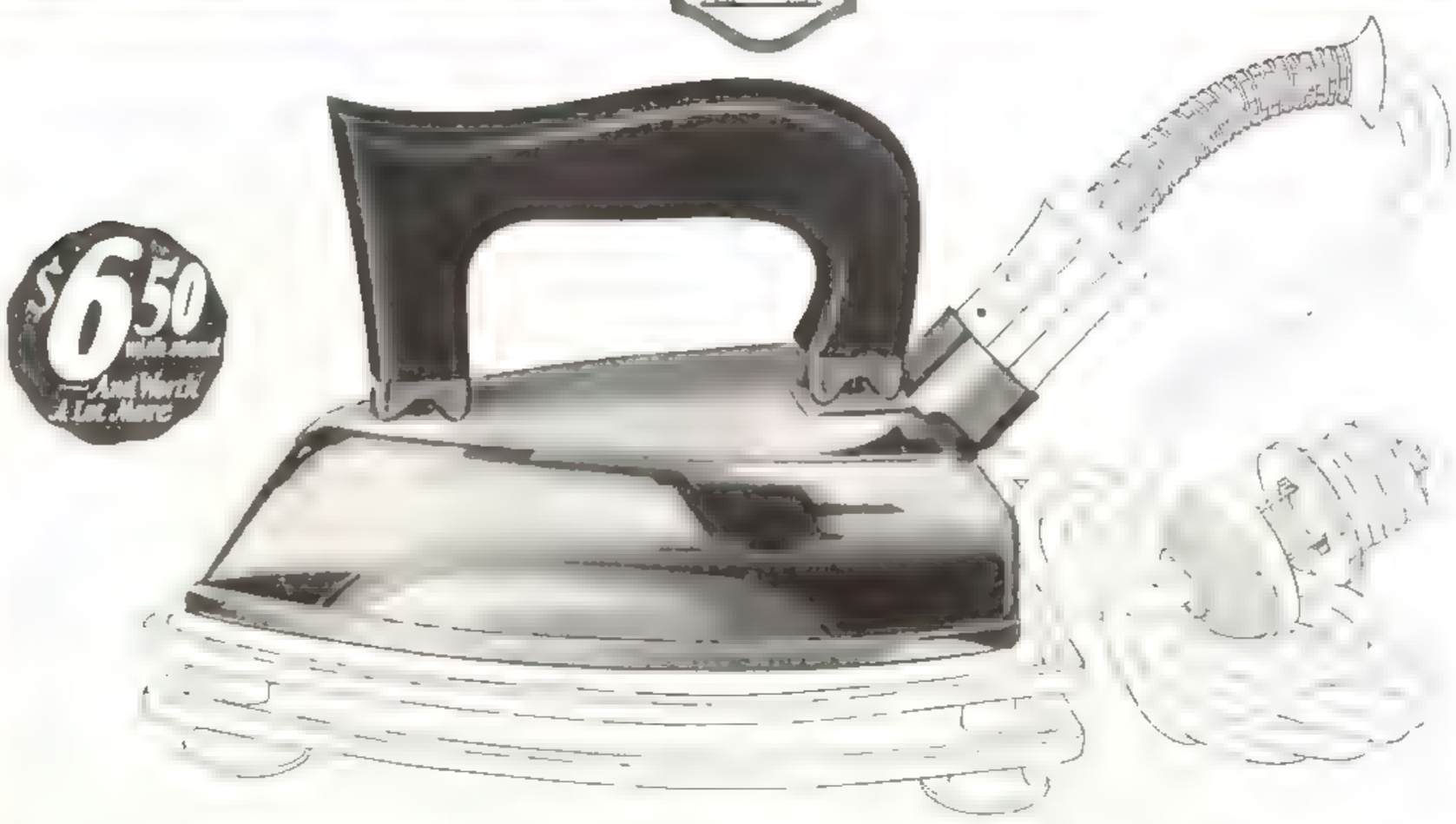

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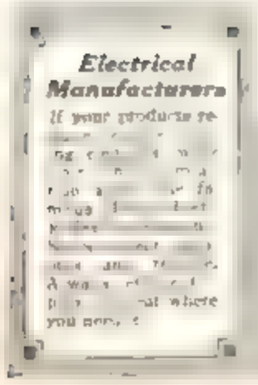
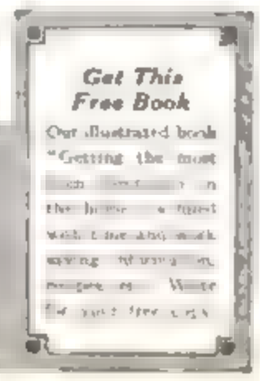

(Continued from Page 194)

his mane of coal-black hair was an old army hat. Puffing at a long fat cigar, he looked the picture of ease and contentment. His squaw wore a conventional dress, but she also had a blanket thrown around her instead of a cloak. The two daughters were real vamps. Their dusky cheeks were rouged; their hair was admirably coiffured; their frocks might have come out of a first-class shop, and as they alighted at the Indian agency I saw they had on silk stockings and neat patent-leather shoes. This ensemble is no uncommon sight at Tulsa.

I called on the Indian agent at his office. Parked in front of the big building were a score of touring cars and limousines, and all but one were owned by Indians. I venture to say that more expensive automobiles have been sold in Pawhuska than in almost any other town of its size in the United States. The red man has made this quota possible. Curiously enough, he seems to take a peculiar delight in having a white chauffeur, although a considerable number drive their own machines. One Indian got tired of riding in an ordinary car and acquired a motor hearse so he could stretch out and sleep as he traveled.

The temptation is strong to linger on this Indian episode, which is so unique in the annals of oil. The limitations of space press, however, and I must round out the chapter. It is doubtful if the aborigines of any other country have ever had such a windfall as these descendants of the first Americans.

As you continue the story of Oklahoma oil you discover everywhere manifestation of the distinctive individuality of the state in its relation to national production. Curtailment of output last year, which I have already indicated, is one feature, while conservancy, soon to be explained, is another. Even the fields have their marked characteristics. In Burbank there is no town-lot drilling. In many respects it is the most orderly field in the country. The Osage lease requires that only sixteen wells be put down to a quarter section, which means one well to every ten acres. This uniform development is of course less conducive to waste than hectic drilling.

Turn to the Tonkawa field, another of the major producers, and you find a different situation in many respects. Here you have the so-called big acreage—that is, acreage where there are no small parcels for development. This is common to most Oklahoma fields. At Tonkawa there are unique details. It produces more high-gravity crude—crude with high gasoline content—than any other mid-Continent section. The outstanding trait of the formation is the multiplicity of productive sands, which are technically called horizons.

Because of the variety of oil sands it is sometimes necessary to put down four wells to a single location in order to tap each one of the horizons.

The Tonkawa Field

Like Burbank, the Tonkawa field owes its discovery to E. W. Marland. The first well was drilled on a school-land lease jointly owned by the Marland and Cosden interests. This brings us to another interesting feature of Oklahoma oil.

When Oklahoma was opened to settlement, four of the thirty-six sections of land in each township were reserved for state school lands. By 1912 oil development in the state had progressed to the point where the State School Land Department wished to exploit its holdings. Bids were sought for development in various districts. Marland's proposition to drill twenty test wells in consideration for the leases was accepted. The discovery well at Tonkawa was one of these test wells

Instead of being one pool, as was the case at Glenn, Tonkawa is virtually a series of oil reservoirs, each underlying the other. The field is five miles from the town of Tonkawa, which derives its name from the Tonkawa Indian tribe, whose allotments are in the vicinity. During 1923 the peak of production was reached, with an output of 108,000 barrels a day. At present it averages about 40,000 barrels daily.

Though the expansion at Tonkawa has been free from the now-familiar romance of a rush and all the coincident excitement—it has proceeded with mechanical and efficient precision—you have the usual spectacle of the farmer who eked out a bare livelihood through arduous tilling made rich overnight by oil discovery on his land. Income from royalties have already totaled many millions. The Laura Endicott farm has netted the owner $1,000,000. The largest well on this lease has earned nearly $200,000 in oil royalties alone.

The royalty on the Tonkawa leases is the usual one-eighth. In many instances this royalty has been split up into small units and purchased by investors. The royalty on the John W. See farm establishes a precedent in minute parceling. It is so divided that some of the individual holdings amount to one three-hundred-and-seventy-eighth of the one-eighth originally held by the lessor. Reducing this to product, it means approximately one barrel out of the 3024 produced each day.

Burbank and Tonkawa are the stars of the Northern Oklahoma field. Then there is the east-central domain known as the Okmulgee district, one of the most active in the state, where there is a close coöperation among producers fostered by the Okmulgee District Oil and Gas Association

The southern section is not only vying with the northern in output but in at least one field Healdton—makes a strong bid for the prize in romantic interest. In 1907, when Oklahoma Territory and Indian Territory were merged into the state of Oklahoma, Roy M. Johnson, a young linotype operator, moved to Ardmore from Beaumont and established a Republican newspaper. Several years previously he had dropped his few hundred dollars of savings in a defunct Texas oil venture. His journalistic instinct was heightened by a desire to retrieve his vanished wad. This was because Oklahoma was beginning to loom as an oil El Dorado.

An Old Man's Hunch

Not only was the salvage from oil dubious but the community wondered at the temerity of an individual who would try to run a Republican paper in a stronghold almost so unanimously Democratic as to be called the Little Confederacy.

Johnson befriended a broken-down veteran of the Civil War whose only bed was a pile of papers in the newspaper office. The captain was an inveterate oil prospector. Night after night, after he had received his daily stipend of twenty-five cents from his benefactor, he regaled him with accounts of what he believed to be a rich oil field in Carter County.

Finally Johnson agreed to go with him and inspect the territory, which was in a red-bed region. They spent the night in the open around a camp fire and the next morning visited some water wells which the farmers had great difficulty in using on account of the large amount of oil that continually rose to the surface. The newspaperman was convinced that here was a petroleum field.

Now began a campaign extending over three years to raise enough money with which to purchase leases. It was difficult to keep the project secret, and the editor met with many jeers and gibes because of his unfaltering faith in the scheme. This was because no one believed in the oil possibilities of the area. John D. Archbold, of the Standard Oil Company, had declared that he would drink all the petroleum ever found in the red-bed country.

In 1913, after years of struggle to keep his paper and himself alive, and the even more difficult ordeal of financing his dream, Johnson gathered in enough leases to make a showing, and after many rebuffs persuaded a British oil exploration company to put down a well. Oil was struck at 1400 feet, which was a considerable depth for that time. Thus began Healdton, which led to a big development in Southern Oklahoma. The Hewitt, Fox, Graham, Brock, West Duncan, Velma, Milroy, Loco and Walters fields have followed.

The Southern Oklahoma field led to a striking reform—or rather readjustment of conditions—in the oil business. When Healdton and other fields began to flow in quantity, the Magnolia Petroleum Company laid a pipe line into the section and was the only purchaser. As production grew and some of the subsequent wells showed a lower quality of oil, a cheaper price for the south was established.

It was not until 1915 that their real troubles began. It was unfortunate for them that Cushing, with its 300,000 barrels a day, and Healdton doing 80,000 barrels daily, should both reach the climax of production at the same time. This overproduction, together with the loss of European markets at the beginning of the World War, sent the Healdton price down to

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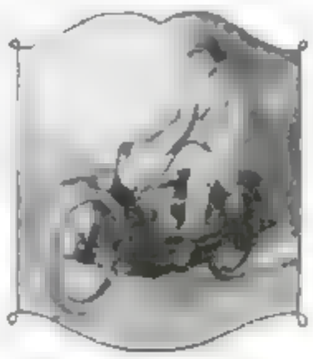

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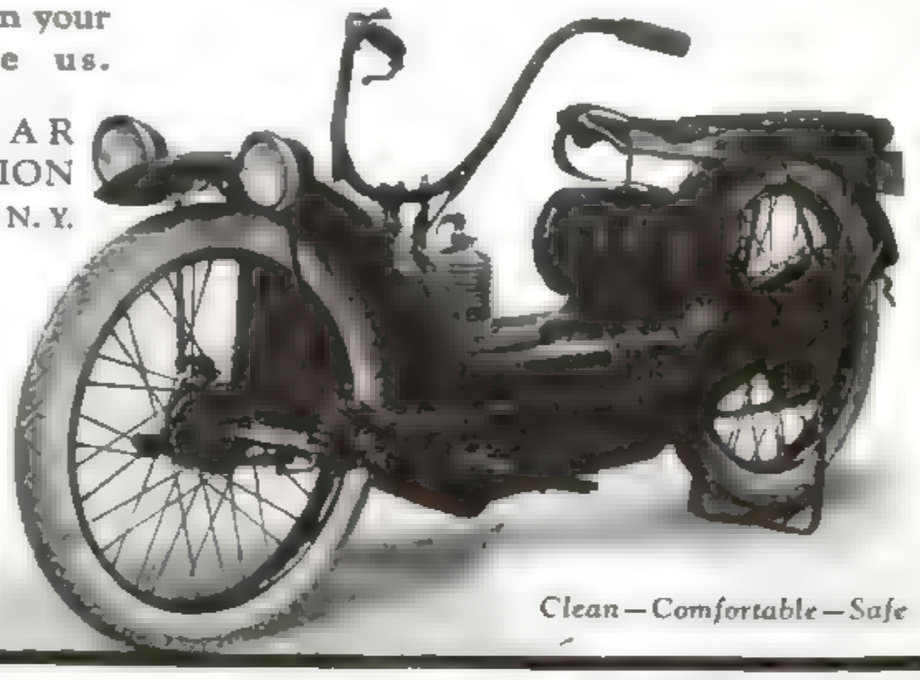

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thirty cents a barrel. Only about 6 per cent of the potential production was being run through the pipe lines. To add to their troubles, some of the major companies in Healdton began to drill and they had to offset their efforts. In the face of these conditions the operators found themselves up against it hard.

To meet this situation the Ardmore Oil Producers' Association was started, with Wirt Franklin as head. Oil men from other portions of the state, and especially Frank M. Breene, a well-known Tulsa independent operator, joined in what now became a significant movement. Largely at the instigation of these combined producers the Oklahoma legislature passed a law empowering the State Corporation Commission to establish a stewardship of some phases of the industry.

The first step was the enactment of the Yeager-Strain Act, named after the legislators who proposed it, requiring pipe lines or purchasers of oil from a common field to buy proratably in equal proportions from all properties when only a portion of the product was being purchased. This prevented a pipe-line company from running all its own production and refusing to run the oil from an independent neighbor who had no outlet for his petroleum. The act also made every pipe-line company engaged in the business of purchasing crude oil a common purchaser as well as a common carrier, applying the same pro-rata rule as in transportation.

This pipe-line legislation was the forerunner of a large part of the oil conservation laws now on the Oklahoma statute books. There are two sets.

The first group seeks to prevent wasteful production of oil and gas. Waste is defined to include, in addition to its usual meaning, the escape of natural gas into the open air, the intentional drowning with water of a gas sand or stratum, underground waste, causing a gas well to burn needlessly, and wasteful utilization of gas. To forbid such performances the law prescribes a variety of rules applicable to the physical operation of wells and the marketing of their products. The Oklahoma Corporation Commission has jurisdiction to enforce the statutes. There are regulations for the metering of gas, the plugging up of wells, the use of mud fluid to seal off sands, and forbidding gas pipe lines to take more than 25 per cent of the daily flow.

These regulations are similar to those prescribed by the Interior Department of the United States to govern the operations of oil and gas wells upon Indian lands and lands owned by the United States, all of which are enforced by the Bureau of Mines. They are clearly within the police powers of the state, and have been judicially sustained. They had their inception in the frequent practice of zealous operators in many cases of disregarding gas sands in their search for the more valuable oil. They do not have as their object the restriction of drilling, and give no power to the corporation commission to prevent so-called competitive and indiscriminate drilling during demoralization of the markets.

The Crude Oil Conservation Act, passed in 1913, goes further than mere policing, and really is an attempt to regulate the market price of the raw product. It defines "economic waste" as the production of oil at a time when there is no market demand for it equivalent to its actual value. "Actual value" is held to be the average value at retail of the by-products of oil when refined less cost, and a reasonable profit for production, transportation, refining and marketing.

Such is the varied and colorful panorama of Oklahoma petroleum. Behind it is the immense potentiality of the rest of the mid-Continent field. Within that vast mineral domain may repose the backbone of our future oil supply.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with American oil. The next will be devoted to Texas

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Table of Contents

April 12, 1924

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SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
The Tumtum Tree—*C. E. Scoggins*	6
Traveler's Joy—*Josephine Daskam Bacon*	12
Isles of Romance—*Richard Connell*	14
With Malice Toward None—*George Agnew Chamberlain*	18
Lady and Gentleman—*Sophie Kerr*	23

ARTICLES

That Pain in Our Northwest—*Garet Garrett*	3
Prestige for Sale—*Elizabeth Frazer*	5
The Black Golconda—Oklahoma the Oil Hub—*Isaac F. Marcosson*	10
Mister President—*Albert J. Beveridge*	16
The Nordic North—*Lothrop Stoddard*	20
About Foreigners and Food—*Marcus Eli Ravage*	21
To the Manner Born	22
The Diary of a Dude Wrangler—*Struthers Burt*	26
What is Taxation For?—*Albert W. Atwood*	33

SERIALS

The Rational Hind (Third part)—*Ben Ames Williams*	28
A South Sea Bubble (Sixth part)—*Roland Pertwee*	30
The Rawley Steeplechase (Conclusion)—*George Weston*	36

MISCELLANY

Editorials	32
Short Turns and Encores	34

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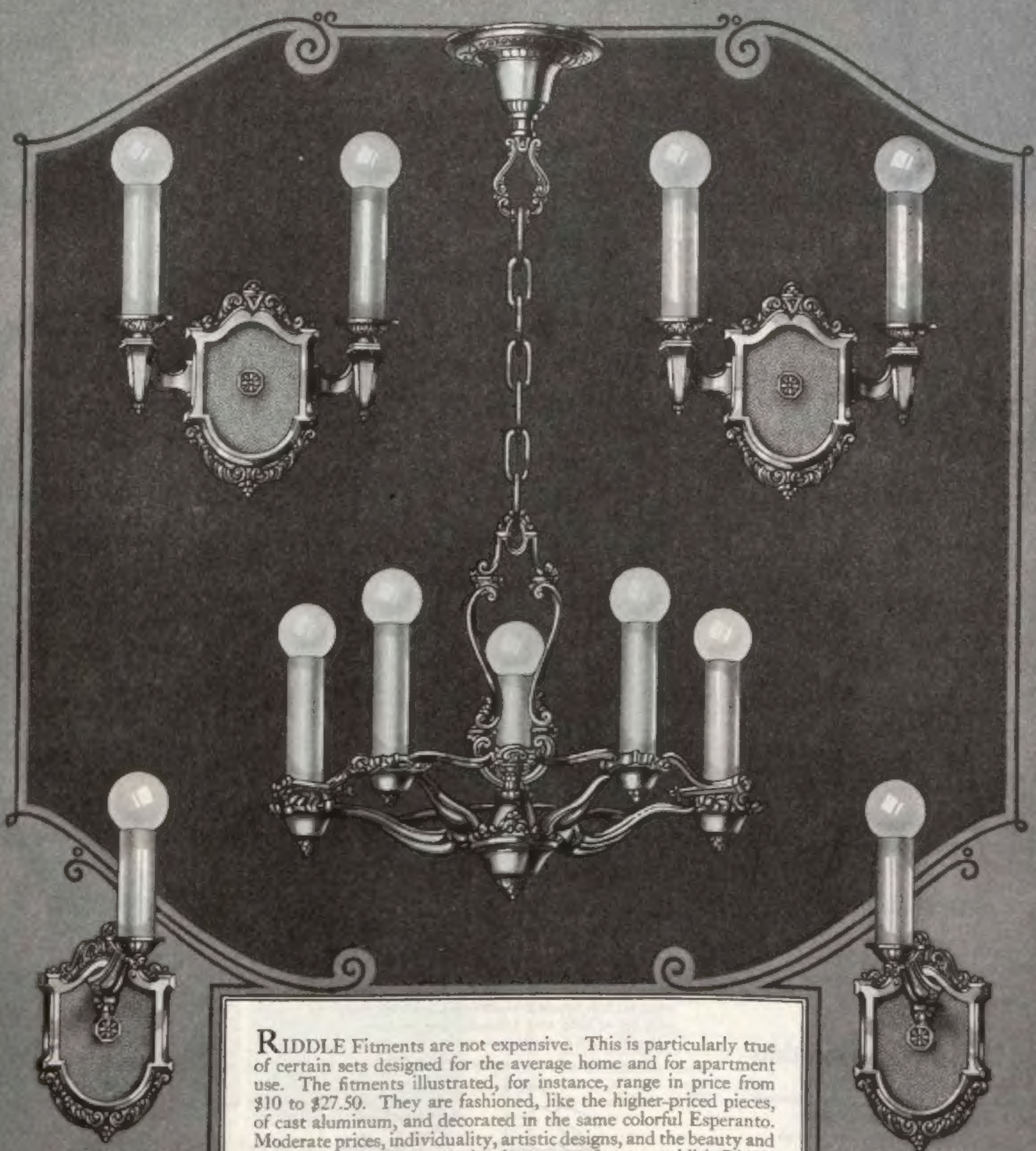
Riddle

DECORATIVE LIGHTING FITMENTS



RIDDLE Fitments are not expensive. This is particularly true of certain sets designed for the average home and for apartment use. The fitments illustrated, for instance, range in price from $10 to $27.50. They are fashioned, like the higher-priced pieces, of cast aluminum, and decorated in the same colorful Esperanto. Moderate prices, individuality, artistic designs, and the beauty and permanence of the decoration have gone far to establish Riddle Fitments as the standard of residential lighting.

THE EDWARD N. RIDDLE COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO

Riddle Fitments are sold only by Authorized Riddle Dealers

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House

A beautiful Dining-Room floor of Armstrong's Straight Line Inlaid Linoleum with a border of Armstrong's Plain Black Linoleum.

THE STORY *of a* WOMAN *and a* FLOOR

YOU are about to read the story of a woman who does her own housework and how she happened to get this beautiful linoleum floor. This woman was one of the millions of American women who look after their own homes—and of all her burdens the one that taxed her most was the job of making soft wooden floors look well. In dining-room and living-room, the floor was scuffed and heel-bruised. The boards had shrunk and, in between, there were cracks filled with trodden-in dust and dirt.

Every time the woman looked at that wooden floor, she sighed. The dining-room was the gathering place of the family. Three times a day their shoe soles rubbed the paint from its surface. Three times a day little feet bounded over it and hammered in more dirt and scuffed and battered and shabbied it.

She chose a linoleum floor

That wooden floor meant work, work, work for her—a constant demand for repainting, revarnishing, or refinishing. Then one day she heard of floors of Armstrong's Linoleum—smooth, unbroken floors, practically one-piece floors. She went to her merchant and she saw many different kinds—single color effects, Jaspé two-tone effects in gray and sage green, brown or blue; decorative tile effects; all-over carpet designs. Finally she chose the floor you see in the picture and had it laid by the store's expert linoleum layers.

A clean, easy-to-care-for floor

Dust? No more was there crack-hidden dust, hard-to-move dirt. She waxed her new floor, rubbing the wax in thoroughly. Then she went over it with a dry dust-mop to wipe off surface dust. No more scrubbing! No more grubbing! Glory be!

That floor did not get progressively shabby-looking. It became progressively better-looking. It gave that woman a chance for some pride, when callers came. It was, moreover, a sound-deadening floor; a glowing, smiling floor; an easy-on-the-nerves-and-feet floor—a beautiful floor which was as smooth as the ceiling, in color harmony with walls and furniture, a decorative part of the room.

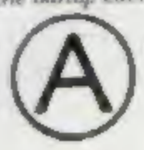
Millions of women should have and can have floors like that. We suggest that you visit a good merchant who sells Armstrong's Linoleum, and ask questions. Look at the many designs in Armstrong's Linoleum he will show you. If he does not have just what you want, ask him to let you see his copy of the Armstrong pattern book.

Write to us. Our Bureau of Interior Decoration will be glad to advise you on the subject of linoleum patterns and colors for different rooms. No charge.

"THE ART OF HOME FURNISHING AND DECORATION" (Second Edition)

By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe colorplates of home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

Look for the CIRCLE "A" *trademark on the burlap back*



ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, *LINOLEUM DIVISION*, 826 LIBERTY STREET, LANCASTER, PA.

Your greatest help for

Housecleaning

Quick-easy
Economical

Clean house with Old Dutch; it makes everything spick and span, quickly and easily.

It is most economical, too, because its flat-shaped particles *erase* the dirt without grinding it in. Due to their flat shape, these particles cover a greater surface. A little goes a long way.

The main thing is to get your cleaning done safely, hygienically, easily and economically. Old Dutch fulfills these requirements.

There's nothing else like
Old Dutch Cleanser